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THE STAR OF PICCADILLY

BY THE SAME AUTHOR

THE LIFE OF WILLIAM MAKEPEACE THACKERAY
THE THACKERAY COUNTRY
SOME ASPECTS OF THACKERAY
VICTORIAN NOVELISTS
THE LIFE AND LETTERS OF LAURENCE STERNE
THE LIFE AND LETTERS OF WILLIAM BECKFORD
OF FONTHILL
THE LIFE OF JOHN GAY
THE LIFE AND LETTERS OF TOBIAS SMOLLETT

THE LIFE AND LETTERS OF WILLIAM COBBETT
THE WINDHAM PAPERS. WITH AN INTRODUCTION BY
THE EARL OF ROSEBERY, K.G.
THE WELLESLEY PAPERS
THE BERRY PAPERS
THE LIFE OF PHILIP, DUKE OF WHARTON
LADY MARY WORTLEY MONTAGU: HER LIFE AND
LETTERS
THE FIRST GEORGE
"FARMER GEORGE"
"THE FIRST GENTLEMAN OF EUROPE"
AN INJURED QUEEN: CAROLINE OF BRUNSWICK
BEAU BRUMMELL: HIS LIFE AND LETTERS
THE BEAUX OF THE REGENCY
NELL GWYN: THE STORY OF HER LIFE
SOME ECCENTRICS AND A WOMAN
REGENCY LADIES
MAIDS OF HONOUR

THE LONDON SCENE. ILLUSTRATED BY AUBREY HAMMOND
BATH UNDER BEAU NASH
BRIGHTON: ITS FOLLIES, ITS FASHIONS, AND
ITS HISTORY
ROYAL TUNBRIDGE WELLS



Frontispiece

AUBREY
HAMMOND
By Aubrey Hammond

THE STAR OF PICCADILLY

T H E S T A R
O F P I C C A D I L L Y

A MEMOIR OF
WILLIAM DOUGLAS
FOURTH DUKE
OF QUEENSBERRY, K.T.

(1725-1810)

By

LEWIS MELVILLE

WITH A COLOURED
FRONTISPIECE BY AUBREY HAMMOND
AND SIXTEEN FULL-PAGE
ILLUSTRATIONS

1928

DOUBLEDAY, DORAN & COMPANY, INC.
GARDEN CITY, NEW YORK

Printed in Great Britain at
The Mayflower Press, Plymouth. William Brendon & Son, Ltd.

TO
MRS. E. CONSTANCE MONFRINO

THE BEAUTIFUL SULTANA.



MARIA BROWN *Late* M^{RS} MORTON.

THE BEAUTIFUL SULTANA

Facing page 6

PREFACE

THE primary sources for a biography of William Douglas, fourth Duke of Queensberry, K.T., commonly known as "The Star of Piccadilly" or "Old Q," are not so numerous as might be expected when his social eminence during some scores of years is remembered.

There is a collection of letters written by him between 1762 and 1780 in *George Selwyn and his Contemporaries*, edited by J. H. Jesse, and there are many references to him in the correspondence of Horace Walpole, George Selwyn, and the Marquis Cornwallis; in the memoirs of Sir Nathaniel Wraxall, Richard Lovell Edgeworth, William Wilberforce, Sir Thomas Picton, and Thomas Raikes; in the journals of Lady Mary Coke and the first Lord Auckland; in "*Old Q*" and *the Apothecary*, by H. Julian Fuller; in Dr. Burney's *History of Music*, and the Hon. Algernon Bourke's *History of White's*. Also, there are obituary notices in the issues of the *Scots Magazine* and the *Gentleman's Magazine* for January 1811.

In 1808, two years before the death of the Duke, appeared an extraordinary volume purporting to give his career, with the following title-page: "The Piccadilly Ambulator, or 'Old Q,' containing Memoirs of the Private Life of that Ever-green Votary of Venus! Throughout are interspersed Anecdotes of

the most noted Fashionables, his Contemporaries. By J. P. Hurstone. In two volumes. 'The coronet which gives and receives splendour, when fixed on the brow of merit, glistens on the worthless head, like a mark of disgrace, to render vice, folly, and inhumanity conspicuous.'—George Colman the younger. Printed by J——, Wardour Street, Soho. For G. Hughes, 212, Tottenham Court Road, and H. D. Symond, 20, Paternoster Row."

Three years later there was published a work of the same sort—the copy in the Library of the British Museum is marked, "The Fifth Edition, with Additions;" but it is possible that this "Fifth Edition" was the first and only one: "Memoirs of the Life of His Grace the Late Duke of Queensberry, humorously called 'Old Q,' The quizzical Beau of Piccadilly, With Amorous, Eccentric, and Whimiscal Anecdotes of his Sultanas, Their fashionable Intrigues and Settlements Including the singular character of Maria Brown (Late Mrs. Morton) of Newman Street, Formerly President of His Grace's Harem; with a true Copy of his Will, and Thirty-five codicils. Printed by W. Glendinning, 25, Hatton Gardens, and published by T. Brown, No. 154, Drury Lane."

There is mention of the Duke in Cobbett's *Memorials of Twickenham*, Cunningham and Wheatley's *London Past and Present*, Wheatley's *Round about Piccadilly*, E. Beresford Chancellor's *History of Richmond*, and George S. Street's *Ghosts of Piccadilly*; in Jesse's *Reign of George III*, FitzGerald Molloy's *Court Life Below Stairs*, Sir George Otto Trevelyan's *Early Life of Charles James Fox*, Walter Sichel's *Emma Lady Hamilton*, Horace Bleackley's *Life of John Wilkes*,

Sir Theodore Andrea Cook's *History of the English Turf*, and Frank Siltzer's *Newmarket*.

The Duke of Queensberry was attacked in verse by Burns and Wordsworth and was introduced by Thackeray in *The Virginians*. The article in the *Dictionary of National Biography* is by T. F. Henderson. In 1895, J. R. Robinson published '*Old Q, A Memoir of William Douglas, fourth Duke of Queensberry, K.T.*', which especially treats of his Grace's racing career; and, more recently, there appeared an account of the Duke in a volume of E. Beresford Chancellor's *Lives of the Rakes*.

Dr. J. M. Bulloch, the leading authority on the history and genealogy of the great Scots families, has very kindly furnished, for insertion in this volume, two pedigrees, "The Early Ancestors of 'Old Q'" and "The Later Ancestors of 'Old Q.'" I am indebted for information to Mr. William Maxwell Cooper, Assistant Librarian of the National Library of Scotland; Mr. Arthur W. Coaten; Mr. W. G. Perrin, O.B.E., Librarian of the Admiralty; Mr. Richard Northcott, the Archivist of Covent Garden Theatre, and a leading authority on the history of the Opera and the Theatre in this country; and Mr. Alfred Sydney Lewis, Librarian of the Constitutional Club, London.

LEWIS MELVILLE.

LONDON,

September, 1927.

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INTRODUCTION

“**H**IS GRACE seems to have fulfilled none of the present duties of society, self-preservation only excepted; and accordingly, his name will soon be forgotten by all but his legatees, unless in the equivocal records of Chiffney, the jockey, or in the less perishable volumes of *Weatherby's Racing Calendar*.” Thus runs a passage in the obituary notice, printed in the *Scots Magazine*, of William Douglas, fourth Duke of Queensberry, Marquis and Earl of Queensberry, Earl of Drumlanrig and Sanquhar, Earl of Ruglen, Earl of March, first Baron Douglas of Amesbury, Knight of the Most Ancient and Most Noble Order of the Thistle.

The writer of the obituary notice was wide of the mark, for the nobleman in question has come down to the present generation as an outstanding, even if notorious, figure in the social life of the eighteenth century. And how few of them there are! Beau Nash, and Beau Brummell, and “Old Q” or “The Star of Piccadilly,” as the Duke was called. The two dandies stand out because of their wit—some call it, perhaps not incorrectly, insolence. Nash was an entirely self-made man, but he was a man of iron will, and at Bath, where he was Master of the Ceremonies for many a long year, he was very much King of the Castle. He laid down a code for

dress at the Assemblies, and would not tolerate any infringement of it. When on one occasion the Duchess of Queensberry—cousin of our Duke—appeared at a ball in a white apron, Nash stripped it off, and threw it on one of the back benches, remarking, “None but abigails appear in white aprons.” To this Prior’s “Kitty, beautiful and young,” amused at the treatment of the offending garment—it was of point lace and worth some five hundred guineas—replied with ready wit and good temper by begging *His Majesty’s* pardon. The incident was duly commented on by Pope.

“If Queensberry do strip there’s no compelling,
’Tis from a handmaid we must take a Helen.”

Again, when one evening a man, just off a journey, entered the Assembly Rooms booted and spurred, and a whip in his hand, the Master of the Ceremonies was more than equal to the situation. He went up to the new arrival, and after welcoming him to Bath, begged humbly to remind him of something he had forgotten. “What is that, Sir?” asked the visitor, innocently. “Why, Sir,” replied Nash, “I see that you have got your boots, spurs, and whip, but you have unfortunately left your horse behind.” Even royalty could not infringe his rules. He decreed that the Assemblies should cease at eleven o’clock. Princess Amelia, daughter of George II, once, when that hour had struck, asked for one more dance, and when Nash looked at her in surprise, added, “Remember I am a princess.” “Yes, Ma’am,” said the autocrat, “but *I* reign here and *my* laws must be kept.”

Brummell ruled London society by as firm a hand as Nash at Bath. Though his grandfather was a

lodging-house keeper in Jermyn Street, his father was taken in to the Treasury by Charles Jenkinson (afterwards created Earl of Liverpool), and later became private secretary to Lord North, and remained by him during the twelve years of that nobleman's Administration. For his services he was appointed to sinecure places to the value of two thousand five hundred pounds a year, and after the retirement of Lord North he set up as a country gentleman at The Grove, near Donnington Castle. He died in 1794, and left a trifle of twenty thousand pounds or so to each of his sons. William, the younger, who was born in 1778, went to Eton, and Oriel College, Oxford, and on his father's death left the University, and was, at the instance of the Prince of Wales, whose favour he had won, gazetted Cornet in the 10th Hussars, of which regiment his Royal Highness was Colonel-in-chief. After two years of soldiering, he came upon the town, and almost at once became the dictator of White's and Brooks's. He arrived at this position by the perfection of his dress. His decision was the last word on costume. More than once he reduced the Heir-Apparent to tears by caustic comments on his clothes; and on one occasion, Tom Moore has put it on record, "the Prince began to blubber when told that Brummell did not like the cut of his coat." The Beau's greatest triumph was his neckcloth. The neckcloth was then an enormous clinging wrap, without stiffening of any kind, and sagging out in front: in a moment of genius he had his neckcloth starched! It was his manner and his wit, above all, his personality, that sustained him in his rôle.

The Duke of Queensberry was an Earl, and wealthy,

at the age of six. Society was at his feet. His racing exploits brought him into general note, and the wildness of his life, even as a schoolboy, attracted unusual attention. He was not one of the dandies, though, of course, he knew them all. He had sagacity in plenty, and when still quite young came to know his world well. He was pre-eminently a man-about-town. His correspondence is of the world worldly; of his conversation there is no record; and as he never did anything in the realms of politics, literature, or art, it must have been his personality, even more than his rank and money, that made him a conspicuous figure for three-score years. He was essentially what contemporary writers called a "votary of pleasure." He played at the tables at games of chance, but was careful to limit his stakes. He was very much a racing man, and so versed was he in the mysteries of the turf, that it is certain that his stud was a source of considerable profit to him. He kept mistresses just in the same way as he kept carriage-horses—they were part of the game. He sometimes did a kind act, and it has not been put on record by any recognised authority that he ever did a bad one. With all his faults, he was always *grand seigneur*.

All this is not to be taken as indicating that the Duke of Queensberry was a nice man; but it is difficult to believe that he was so bad as he has been represented to have been by nearly every one who has written about him—to have been so would have been a whole-time job for him, and there is no reason to believe that he essayed such a task.

The trouble is, that he was born in 1725, and lived to the age of eighty-five. That is to say, he outlived

nearly every one of his contemporaries. That is to say, that the manners and customs of society had vastly changed during his time—though the Prince of Wales and his immediate set did their best to preserve all that was worst in them. He, a great nobleman and a millionaire, independent of everybody and everything, did not choose to change his ways and fall in line with those who might have been his grandchildren. In those days, a Duke was indeed a Duke; in fact, he was, if possible, something more; and there was none save Majesty to say him nay. “Old Q” did not, as he may have expressed it, care a damn for anybody: he was a law unto himself; and so far as he was concerned, public opinion could go hang. If the senior Knight Order of the Thistle, as in due course he became, could not please himself as to the life he should lead, then, he may well have thought, who in the world could?

The Duke of Queensberry may have been more thorough in his adventures, but he was no more vicious than many of his contemporaries, who were just as open in their amours as he was. There was Augustus Henry, third Duke of Grafton, who had been a Secretary of State, and who was later to hold other high offices in the State: yet he appeared publicly at the Opera with his mistress, Nancy Parsons, and no one thought a penny the worse of him for so doing. Miss Ray did the honours at the Earl of Sandwich’s country seat. And Grafton and Sandwich were husbands and fathers; and Queensberry a bachelor. Even Horace Walpole invited to Strawberry Hill “Old Q” and his mistress, Contessa Rena, an Italian singer. “I have had Lord March and the

Rena here for one night," he wrote to Conway in the autumn of 1762, "which does not raise my reputation, and may usher me again for a Scotchman into the *North Briton*." It is a sign of the times that the Duke wrote to George Selwyn at Paris, asking him to consult with Lady Rochford, the British Ambassadress there, about the purchase of stockings, a cap and ribands for a little opera-girl, the Zamparini, in whom his Grace was pleased for a while to be interested.

Lady Augusta Stuart, a daughter of the third Earl of Bute, said of the Duke that he was a person most universally admired by the ladies. "Naturally a male coquet," she added, "he made love to every pretty woman of his own class, and bought it ready-made (in Quin's phrase) from everyone of a lower who set it to sale. He would have been held a great matrimonial prize notwithstanding—as a Duke's heir, with an earldom and a good estate in present—could any young lady have had reasonable hopes of winning him, but prudent mammas, frightened, sought to keep their daughters aloof, and it was pretty plain that whoever dared the adventure must pursue it at her own peril." In many cases he was more pursued than pursuing. "Known to be immensely rich, destitute of issue, and unmarried, he formed a mark at which every necessitous man or woman throughout the metropolis directed their aim." Wraxall remarked, "It is a fact that, when he lay dying in December 1810, his bed was covered with billets and letters to the number of at least seventy, mostly indeed addressed to him by females of every description and of every rank, from duchesses down to ladies of the easiest virtue. Unable, from his attenuated



NANCY PARSONS
After a portrait by R. Renold

Facing page 20

state, to open or peruse them, he ordered them, as they arrived, to be laid on his bed, where they remained, the seals unbroken, till he expired."

No man was vilified more than the Duke of Queensberry. The author of an *Imperial Epistle from Kien Long*, published in 1795, devoted a verse to him :

"And there, insatiate yet with folly's sport,
That polish'd sin-worn fragment of the Court,
The shade of Queensb'ry should with Clermont meet,
Ogling and hobbling down St. James's Street."

When there was a rumour of his death, some poetaster composed a scurrilous "Elegy on the Supposed Death of the Duke of Queensberry," in 1804, which is printed elsewhere in this volume. In 1808, one J. P. Hurstone published a scandalous work, entitled, *The Piccadilly Ambulator, or "Old Q," containing Memoirs of the Private Life of that evergreen votary of Venus*. It is a disgraceful, indecent, vulgar production, such as could not be openly published to-day without the author and the printer going to gaol. Hurstone accuses the Duke of cheating on the turf, of being an arrant coward, and gives stories of his (alleged) seductions.

Since the Duke's death, all sorts of legends have clustered round his memory. For one, there is the evidence of Sir Nathaniel Wraxall, a credible witness. "It is a fact," he wrote, "that the Duke performed, in his own drawing-room (in his house at Piccadilly), the scene of Paris and the goddesses. Three of the most beautiful females in London presented themselves before him, just as the divinities of Homer are supposed to have appeared to Paris on Mount Ida : while he, habited like the Dardan shepherd, holding a

golden apple in his hand, conferred the prize on her whom he deemed the fairest."

Many fabulous stories were circulated, and believed, respecting the Duke, even in his lifetime, most of which Wraxall wrote down as "idle tales." It was said that he used to apply raw veal cutlets to his cheeks to improve his complexion. It was reported that he indulged in milk baths. "There are still people living," Jesse wrote in 1842, "who remember the almost universal prejudice against drinking milk which prevailed in the metropolis, in consequence of its being supposed that this common necessity of life might have been retailed from the daily lavations of the Duke of Queensberry." If the story is true, it is at least to his credit that he bathed regularly in a day when such indulgence was unusual. Take, as a contrast, Charles James Fox. "Fox lodged in St. James's Street, and as soon as he rose, which was very late, held a *levée* of his followers, and of the members of the Gambling Club at Brooks's, all his disciples. His bristly black person, and shaggy breast quite open, and rarely purified by any ablutions, was wrapped in a foul linen night-gown, and his bushy hair dishevelled. In these cynic weeds, and with epicurean good humour, did he dictate his politics, and in this school did the Heir to the Crown attend his lessons and imbibe them."

Thomas Raikes, who had some slight acquaintance with the Duke, said that he "was of the same school as the Marshal Duc de Richelieu in France, and as great a profligate. . . . He was a little sharp-looking man, very irritable, and swore like ten thousand troopers ; enormously rich and selfish." Jesse, whose

knowledge of "Old Q" was at second-hand, gave a more favourable portrait. "The Duke," he wrote, "united with a passion for the race-course and the gaming-table, a taste for all the elegancies and refinements of life. He was unquestionably one of the most finished gentlemen of his day; his high-breeding was never questioned; and for nearly half a century his dress and equipage were regarded as the models of good taste by a host of obsequious admirers. Nor is this the highest praise that can be awarded him. Deficient neither in wit nor in general information; with a passion for music, and a redeeming taste for literature and the fine arts, and deeply versed in the knowledge of human nature and mankind, there was no individual who, independent of his high rank and fortune, had the art of rendering himself more generally popular in every society."

Thackeray, when lecturing on the Four Georges, had something to say. "Another of Selwyn's correspondents is the Earl of March, afterwards Duke of Queensberry, whose life lasted into this century; and who certainly as Earl or Duke, young man or greybeard, was not an ornament to any possible society. The legends about 'Old Q' are awful. In Selwyn, in Wraxall, and contemporary chronicles, the observer of human nature may follow him drinking, gambling, intriguing to the end of his career; when the wrinkled, palsied, toothless old Juan died, as wicked and unrepentant as he had been at the hottest season of youth and passion. There is a house in Piccadilly, where they used to show a certain low window at which 'Old Q' sat to his very last days, ogling through his senile glasses the women as they passed by."

The personality of the Duke has survived unto this day, and one of the best descriptions of him is to be found in Mr. G. S. Street's most delightful *Ghosts of Piccadilly*: "If one wanted to fix, among the eminent figures of our history, on a presiding genius for Piccadilly, one might wish, in a soft and gracious mood, to choose the Duchess Georgiana. Or if one wanted a world-wide name that left a deep mark on England and Europe, one might think of the Duke of Wellington. One might wish and one might think, but one would have to fix on 'Old Q.' He is there by right of familiarity and inveterate tradition. 'Old Q's' is altogether too strong a case, and, in fact, over some less lovely aspects of Piccadilly 'Old Q' is quite the proper spirit to preside. Devonshire House and Apsley House must give way to No. 138. Half a century ago there were scores of Londoners living who remembered the figure of him as he sat on a balcony of the house close to Hyde Park Corner, a parasol in his hand if the sun was hot, intent on observation since he could no longer act, up to the last moment of his life: a ruined monument of such open licence as London could never see again."

Born in 1725, only eleven years after the Hanoverian succession, he survived until 1810, the first year of the Regency. How many events he had seen! how many people he had known! Life had given him everything it had to give—a presence, charm, wealth, rank; and at the end, though his brain was clear, how weary he was of life. What memories he must have conjured up as he sat on that famous balcony hour after hour, day after day, year after year. "I always observe that the owners of your grand houses have some snug

corner in which they are glad to shelter themselves from their own magnificence," William Wilberforce has recorded. "I remember dining, when I was a young man, with the Duke of Queensberry, at his Richmond villa. The party was very small and select—Pitt, Lord and Lady Chatham, the Duchess of Gordon, and George Selwyn (who lived for society, and continued in it till he looked really like the wax-work figure of a corpse) were among the guests. We dined early, that some of our party might be ready to attend the Opera. The dinner was sumptuous, the view from the villa quite enchanting, and the Thames in all its glory ; but the Duke looked on with indifference. 'What is there,' he said, 'to make so much of in the Thames? I am quite tired of it—there it goes, flow, flow, flow, always the same.' "

THE STAR OF PICCADILLY

CHAPTER I

EARLY YEARS

WILLIAM DOUGLAS, third Earl of March and fourth Duke of Queensberry, was the only son of William, second Earl of March, and Lady Anne Hamilton, daughter of John, Earl of Selkirk and Ruglen. The date of his birth is variously given by different writers. It is, however, probably safe to follow that admirable scholar, the late Rev. John Anderson, who contributed the account of the Douglas family to the *Scots Peerage*. He sets it down as December 16, 1725. Also, the place of birth has not been traced, but it may well have been Edinburgh. The second Earl of March died on March 7, 1731, and his son succeeded to the title.

Nothing being known to the contrary, it must be assumed that the young Earl of March spent his earlier years with his mother, except, of course, when he was at school. But, again, no earlier writer has any idea where he was educated, though tradition has it that Edinburgh was the seat of learning that he

patronised. His tutors no doubt did their best with him, but the effect of their ministrations would appear to be negligible. For books he never had any taste all the days of his life. He could read and write; also he had a gift for figures—so far as calculating the odds on a race. His letters, as will presently be seen, were very much penny-plain: he set down just what he wanted to say without adornment of any kind. His knowledge of the classics was negligible, and it is even doubtful if he had anything more than a smattering of French.

On December 4, 1744, his maternal grandfather, the second Earl of Selkirk and Ruglen died, and his mother became in her own right Countess of March—the earldom of Selkirk, being limited to heirs male, went to the deceased peer's grandnephew, Dunbar Hamilton. The new Countess of March, after a long widowhood, married again on January 2, 1747, one Anthony Sawyer. It was stated that her fortune was twenty thousand pounds. On her death on April 21, 1748, her son succeeded to the earldom of Ruglen.

The Earl of March had probably left Scotland for England before this—probably not later than his attaining his majority in December 1746. It is known that in the following year he was elected a member of the Young Club at White's. The club at White's Coffee-house in St. James's Street had been founded in 1736. About 1745 there were so many candidates for election that a second club, known as the Young Club, was established there. It had the same rules as the Old Club, the members of which, as vacancies arose, were usually selected from the junior institution. It was not until 1781 that the two divisions were

amalgamated under the style of White's; but the Earl of March did not have to wait so long, for George Selwyn wrote in January 5, 1768, to the Earl of Carlisle: "Lord March's election at the Old is to be to-night." The Earl of March joined Brooks's Club in 1764, the year of its foundation, but he was not an original member.

Lord March was no doubt heartily welcomed in the fashionable circles of the metropolis. He was well-connected, young, good-looking, had a handsome fortune, and a dashing manner. His distant cousin, Charles Douglas, third Duke of Queensberry and second Duke of Dover, then a man about fifty years of age, had been married to Lady Catherine Hyde, second daughter of Henry, Earl of Clarendon and Rochester. As, after so long a period, there had been no issue of that alliance, the Earl of March, who was heir-presumptive to the dukedom, may well, in his own mind, have regarded himself as heir-apparent.

The Duke of Queensberry was one of the last people to control a wayward youth with a strong will to go his own way. He had been a Lord of the Bedchamber to George I, and George had appointed him Vice-Admiral for Scotland. John Gay in 1728 wrote the sequel to *The Beggar's Opera*, which was called *Polly*. Sir Robert Walpole thought that he and his mistress, Molly Skerrett (afterwards his second wife), were lampooned in it, and, at his request, the Lord Chamberlain of the day refused to grant a licence for its production. The details of the quarrel that ensued between the Duchess and the King are well known. The Duchess was forbidden the Court, and the Duke, in spite of his Majesty's protest, but acting on the

SIR WILLIAM OF DOUGLAS
(*d.* in the Tower, 1298)

James, Lord of Douglas
"The Good Sir James"
k. 1330

3rd Earl of Douglas
Earldom extinct *c.* 1491

Sir Archibald Douglas
Regent of Scotland
k. 1333

1st Earl of Douglas
cr. 1358 ; *d.* 1384

2nd Earl of Douglas
m. Robert II's daughter
Captured "Hotspur"
k. Otterburn, 1388

George Douglas
ancestor of Earls of Angus
Marquises of Douglas
Dukes of Hamilton

William Douglas, I of Drumlanrig (Dumfries)

William Douglas, II of Drumlanrig
(*d.* *c.* 1444)

William Douglas, III of Drumlanrig
(*k.* 1484)

James Douglas, IV of Drumlanrig
(*d.* 1498)

Sir William Douglas, V of Drumlanrig
(*d.* 1513)

Sir James Douglas, VI of Drumlanrig
(*d.* 1578)

Sir William Douglas, of Hawick
(*d. v.p.* 1572)

Sir James Douglas, VII of Drumlanrig
(*d.* 1615)

Sir William Douglas, VIII of Drumlanrig
Created Earl of Queensberry
See opposite page.

THE EARLY ANCESTORS OF "OLD Q"

The corrugated line shows that the 3rd Earl of Douglas, the 1st Earl of Angus (who was the ancestor of the Marquises of Douglas and the Dukes of Hamilton) and William Douglas, I of Drumlanrig (ancestor of the Queensberry Line), were all illegitimate. Also note the number of violent deaths among the early Douglasses. Sir James the Good, who was killed in Spain in 1330, was one of the great supporters of Robert the Bruce.

SIR WILLIAM DOUGLAS, VIII OF DRUMLANRIG

See bottom of opposite page

1st Lord Douglas of Hawick and Viscount of Drumlanrig, 1628

1st Earl of Queensberry, 1633 : *d.* 1640

2nd Earl of Queensberry

Sir William Douglas of Kelhead

3rd Earl of Queensberry

1st Marquis of Queensberry, 1682

(to heirs male whomsoever)

1st Duke of Queensberry, 1684

(to heirs male of body)

Sir James Douglas

of Kelhead : bart., 1668

m. his cousin

daughter of 2nd Earl

d. c. 1708

2nd Duke of Queensberry

d. 1711

1st Earl of March

cr. 1697

Sir William Douglas

of Kelhead

(1) James Earl of Drumlanrig

an idiot : roasted a boy, 1707

d. 1715, unmarried

(2) 3rd Duke of Queensberry

2nd Earl of March

m. Countess of Ruglen

d. 1731

had one child

Sir John Douglas

of Kelhead

Jacobite

d. 1778

Lord Drumlanrig

accidentally shot

in 1754

no issue

4th Duke of Queensberry

4th Marquis of Queensberry

"Old Q"

1725-1810 : *s.p.*

Sir William Douglas

of Kelhead

4th bart.

d. 1783

Sir Charles Douglas

of Kelhead : *d.* 1837

5th Marquis of Queensberry

Sir John Douglas

1779-1856

6th Marquis of Queensberry

7th Marquis of Queensberry

accidentally shot, 1858

8th Marquis of Queensberry

authority on boxing : 1844-1900

Lord Drumlanrig

accidentally shot, 1894

9th Marquis of Queensberry

1868-1920

Lord Alfred Douglas

Poet

10th Marquis of Queensberry

m. (1917) an actress, whom he divorced in 1925

THE LATER ANCESTORS OF "OLD Q"

The Dukedom of Queensberry (created 1684 for heirs male of the body) passed in 1810 (under a regrant of 1706, caused by the idiocy of the 2nd Duke's eldest son) to "Old Q's" distant kinsman, the 3rd Duke of Buccleuch (1751-1812). But "Old Q's" Marquisate, which had been created for heirs male whomsoever, went to the Kelhead line of Douglasses ; as shown above.

instructions of his wife, resigned his offices. The Queensberrys at once attached themselves to the rival Court of Frederick, Prince of Wales, and the Duke became one of his Royal Highness's Lords of the Bedchamber.

The Earl of March soon obtained a reputation for wildness in every direction. He dabbled on the turf; he played at cards, and staked at hazard; he certainly dabbled with fair women. Though a man of fashion he made no effort to become a Macaroni, as the beaux of his day were called. Of him, it could not have been written :

“ Sir Plume, of amber snuff-box justly vain,
And the nice conduct of a clouded cane.
With earnest eyes and round unthinking face,
He first his snuff-box opened, and then the case.”

One cannot imagine the Earl of March inventing a buckle for a shoe, like George IV, or introducing a starched tie, like Brummell.

The Earl of March had not been long in London before he fell in love—in love, that is, with a girl in his own station of life. This was Frances, daughter of Henry Pelham, who in 1743 was First Lord of the Treasury and Chancellor of the Exchequer, and Lady Catherine Manners, eldest daughter of John, second Duke of Rutland. The Earl of March—it is Sir Nathaniel Wraxall who tells the story—“nourished an ardent and a permanent passion, during several years, for a lady of distinction whom I well knew, daughter of a First Minister of Great Britain, Mr. Pelham. But her father, considering him as a nobleman of dissipated habits, character, and fortune, interdicted their union. It must be owned that the

Duke was fortunate in this prohibition, for she became the most infatuated gamester in the three kingdoms, unless Lady Elizabeth Luttrell formed an exception. When seated at faro, she sometimes exhibited all the variations of distress, or rather of anguish, in her countenance. Mr. Pelham having no son, bequeathed to her and her younger sister that charming retreat in Surrey, which Thomson justly celebrates when, tracing the vale of Thames, he mentions :

“ ‘ Esher’s groves,
Where, in the sweetest solitude, embraced
By the soft windings of the silent brook,
From courts and senates Pelham finds repose.’ ”

“ Miss Pelham, who found neither felicity nor repose among those shades, and whose whole faculties were concentrated in the occupation of play, dissipated her fortune, and, notwithstanding her great connections of every kind, reduced herself in age to become absolutely dependent for support on her sister’s affection.”

The account given by Wraxall is substantiated by a passage in the Journals of Lady Mary Coke :

“ Miss Pelham (Fanny) was an original character. A contemporary of hers who did not love her, and, as I suspected, had been her rival, applied to her those lines of Pope :

“ ‘ Strange flights and stranger graces still she had,
Was just not ugly, and was just not mad.’ ”

“ So an enemy might say, yet there was on her something wonderfully attractive (even when I knew her as an elderly woman) and a very speaking countenance. She had dressed better than anybody, been

better bred—more the fashion. Mrs. Abington, the famous actress, had some resemblance to her, and copied her manners, therefore represented a real fine lady more satisfactorily than any other on the stage. But poor Miss Pelham's misfortune was, that with good and noble qualities, and the power of being extremely agreeable, she had strong passions, a warm temper and no self-control. When she and Lord March were young, they had liked each other so well that he fain would have married her, but Mr. Pelham, aware of his libertine character, already established, refused his consent, and she submitted to her father's determination, not without reluctance, and ever after retained a sort of interest about the object of her first love, which operated in a jealous, fidgetting anxiety, so teasing to him that in revenge he took a pleasure in teasing her, flirting before her face with the youngest and prettiest girls he could find, and playing all the tricks of a male coquet. Sometimes she cried, sometimes she could not restrain her anger, either way exposing herself and diverting him. On one occasion she flew out and told him he need not try to make conquests with that old wizened face. He replied that his face must be pretty old, since he remembered hers so long. Poor Miss Pelham had always been fond of play, at which the impatience of her disposition made her always sure to lose. As she grew older all other passions merged into that of gambling, carried to a height equal to what it ever was in any man. She ruined herself, and would have ruined her sister, if the mild and excellent Miss Mary's friends had not risen in a body, and almost forced the latter to leave the house where they lived

together, and withdraw to one of her own, which the other never forgave. Poor, poor Miss Pelham! she was a person one could not help pitying, with all her faults. I have seen her at that villainous faro table, putting the guineas she had borrowed, on a card, with the tears running down her face—the wreck of what had been high-minded and generous.”

After the death of the then only surviving son of the third Duke of Queensberry, the Earl of March became heir-presumptive—and, for all practical purposes, heir-apparent—to the dukedom. The holder of the dignity increased his interest in his probable successor, desired him to marry, thinking that a wife and, most likely, children would be a drag upon his indulgence in dissipation. The one incursion they made in this direction is amusingly related in her Introduction to the Journals of Lady Mary Coke, by Lady Augusta Stuart, daughter of John, Earl of Bute, and Mary, daughter of Lady Mary Wortley Montagu :

“The Queensberrys, overwhelmed by the load of calamity which thus fell suddenly upon them, had retired to Amesbury, and there lived a year or two secluded from the world, keeping up hardly any correspondence with their friends. My mother [Lady Bute] was much surprised, therefore, when she received a letter from the Duchess, to say that, particular business calling them to town, they earnestly wished she would drink tea with them on the evening of their arrival. Of course, she obeyed the summons, and the meeting passed as it usually does between people so circumstanced, when pain has been deadened by time, and both parties strive to converse as if they had forgotten what the sight of each other never fails to

recall. Presently Lady Mary Coke appeared, who was welcomed with extraordinary kindness, and seemed to have been expected. She was all graciousness in return, but august beyond her usual dignity, like a person wound up to act a solemn part on some important occasion. Next arrived the Earl of March, looking excessively out of humour. He paid his respects sullenly to their Graces, made her Ladyship a very grave bow, then, spying my mother, cleared up his countenance, as if thinking, 'Ah! here will be a resource'; and sitting down by her, he began to rattle away upon whatever news occupied the town at that moment. The Duke and Duchess joined in the conversation whenever they had an opportunity, and were visibly anxious to make Lady Mary bear a part in it also; but they toiled at that pump in vain: dry monosyllables and stately bows of assent being all their utmost efforts could draw forth. I need not describe the pantomime, for you have seen it a hundred times, and I a thousand. At last, the Duchess perceiving her about to rise, caught her by the sleeve, and whispered, 'No, no: don't go; pray outstay them. I want to speak to you.' In the second that whisper lasted, Lord March contrived to turn on his heel and escape, without looking behind him. Lady Mary stayed a little longer, still magnificently silent, then departed, high and mighty as she came.

"When the door was fairly shut upon her, 'Now,' said the Duchess, 'do, I beseech you, tell us the meaning of all this?' 'The meaning of what?' asked my mother. 'Why of these two people's behaviour to each other.' 'Nay, how can I tell you anything about it?' 'Why, are not you in the secret? Don't you

know they are going to be married ? ’ ‘ Not I, indeed, it is the last thing I should have thought of. ’ ‘ Why truly, ’ rejoined the Duchess, ‘ it would not have occurred readily to *me* ; yet so it is : behold it under Lady Mary’s own hand ! ’ And she produced a letter in which Lady Mary announced that Lord March had been pleased to make his addresses to her : his preference assuredly did her great honour, and so forth ; but her high respect for their Graces induced her to defer giving him a favourable answer till certain of their entire concurrence : should either of them have the slightest objection, she would instantly put an end to the treaty. ‘ You may be sure we do not hesitate, ’ continued the Duchess, ‘ the object nearest the poor dear Duke’s heart is that March should give over his pranks and make a creditable marriage ; and none can exceed this for birth, fortune, and character. She has her foibles, undoubtedly ; but perhaps, a spirit like hers may do best to cope with his wildness. At any rate that is *his* affair. I wrote by return of post to say how happy the news had made us, and to assure her of our heartiest approbation. The Duke wrote the same thing to March, and without loss of time here are we come trundling up to London. He thought that you, as her relation and our friend, would be just the right person to meet them to prevent any awkward embarrassment. But they seemed determined not to exchange a word. What can possess them ? Have they been quarrelling already ? ’

“ My mother, who thought within herself that Lord March’s marrying at all was half a miracle, and his pitching upon Lady Mary a whole one, could give no clue to the mystery, which grew more incomprehensible

day after day, and week after week. The Duke and Duchess were at wits' end. The lover ingeniously eluded most of their invitations, but whenever they did force him to go into the company of his mistress, the same scene presented itself over again : he was as distant, she as imperial as at first. Another thing was much stranger yet : he had for some time *protected*, as your precious modern delicacy styles it, a certain Madame Arena, the *Prima donna* of the Opera. This protection, instead of being withdrawn, or modestly concealed, was now redoubled and paraded. You never drove into the Park, or through St. James's Street, without meeting him with the Arena in his chariot. The Arena sat at the head of his table ; the Arena hung upon his arm at Ranelagh : his attentions to the Arena on the Opera-stage were conspicuous in the face of the audiences, and under Lady Mary's own nose if she chanced to be present. Tired out, the Duchess of Queensberry resolved to attempt fathoming his intentions ; but set about it very gently, for even she was afraid of him.

“ ‘She hoped nothing unpleasant had occurred between him and Lady Mary ?’ ‘No : nothing that he knew.’ ‘And yet he must be sensible that there were circumstances which wore an odd appearance. If one might put so homely a question, Did he in earnest design to marry her ?’ ‘Oh, certainly : he should be quite ready at any time ; that is if her Ladyship chose it.’ ‘Nay, my dear March, this is no answer.’ ‘Why, what more would your Grace have ? I can't marry her unless she chooses it, can I ?’ ‘Now, do be serious one moment. You know very well what I allude to. Plainly, what must she think of the Arena's

remaining in your house ? ’ ‘ The Arena, ma’am ? The Arena ? Pray what has Lady Mary Coke to do with the Arena’s living in my house, or out of it ? ’ ‘ Bless me ! how can you talk thus ? Do not common decency and propriety require——’ ‘ My dear Madam, leave propriety and Lady Mary to protect themselves. She is no girl : she will act as she pleases, I dare say, and so shall I.’

“ The springs of this impertinence could not be divined ; but its drift was manifest ; and the Duchess having a real regard for Lady Mary next undertook the nice task of representing to her how poor a chance of happiness she would have with such a volatile husband ; and delicately hinting that it might be the wisest way to give the matter up, and draw off while she could still retreat with the honours of war : all which good counsel fell upon the ear of a statue. The Lady impenetrable and stately as ever, ‘ could not by any means permit herself to doubt of my Lord March’s honour ; nor had he given her any cause of offence.’ Thus baffled on both sides, the poor Duchess had nothing for it but to sit still and wait the event.

“ As far as her nephew was concerned, however, the whole club at White’s could have expounded the riddle. To them he was abundantly communicative, vowing vengeance against Lady Mary, and swearing she had played him the most abominable trick that ever woman played man. He saw, he said, that she had no dislike to admiration : she was a widow, independent ; of an age to take care of herself ; so thinking her tolerably handsome, to be sure, he supposed he might try his fortune in making a little

love. If it pleased her, why, well; if not, she knew how to repulse him. But the big, wicked word **MARRIAGE** had never once entered his head, nor issued from his mouth, nor yet anything ever so distantly tending to it; and would any woman in England past fifteen pretend she took him for a marrying man? To go, then, and get him into the hazard of disgrace with the Duke and Duchess of Queensberry by catching up his first civil speech as a proposal, was an exploit she would pay dear for. With all this impudence, he durst not give *them* this explanation; therefore let her help him out of the scrape as she had thrust him into it: the whole burthen should rest upon her own shoulders.

“He understood his antagonist ill. No chilling demeanour, no neglect, no affront, even with the Arena-flag openly hoisted, could provoke the enemy to leave her entrenchments. Finding her steadiness invincible, he had recourse to an opposite mode of warfare. He paid her a morning visit: what passed never fully transpired, but he got what he wanted, an outrageous box o’ the ear, and a command never to approach her doors again. Overjoyed, he drove straight to Queensberry House with a cheek tingling, put on a doleful face, and was mortified beyond expression at having unwittingly incurred Lady Mary’s displeasure. Who could account for the capriciousness of ladies? Though quite unconscious of any offence, he had tendered the humblest apologies, but she would listen to none: since everybody knew the noble firmness of her determination, he feared (alas!) he must look upon his rejection as final. Blind as you may think this story, he met with no

cross-examination, or perplexing inquiry into whys or wherefores ; for the good Duke and Duchess had been so teased by the conduct of both parties, and by that time were grown so sick of the whole affair, that they rejoiced almost as much as himself to see it at an end.

“Possibly his Lordship’s version of its origin should be received with grains of allowance : for, though one may well believe he neither mentioned nor thought of matrimony, yet it is likely that his professions of love had been more direct than he chose to allow. But granting them such as she might fairly take for a proposal, it was easy to ask him whether he had consulted his friends, and I suppose no woman but herself would have proceeded to inform them of it without his participation.”

Frances Pelham apparently could not recover from her passion, for about ten years after the above awkward incident, which must have happened about 1758, one reads : “Miss Pelham is going again to bathe in the sea to wash away the remains of her complaints ; but there is one the salt water seems to have no effect on, and that is her inclination for Lord March : formerly a leap into the sea used to be a cure for love, but I suppose it has lost its efficacy. I really pity her.” Miss Pelham died unmarried in her seventy-seventh year at Esher on January 10, 1804, possessed of vast wealth.

Whether this or any marriage the Earl of March contracted, at this period of his life, would have sobered him is a matter for individual conjecture. Certainly he never made the experiment.

About the time Miss Pelham was bathing at Brighton, the Earl was flirting with Lady Susan Stuart,

and being flirted with by one of the Misses Bladen, a sister of Lady Essex—perhaps the one who in 1771 married the Hon. Henry St. John. “I don’t know,” Lady Mary Coke wrote, “whether I told you that Miss Bladen is trying at Lord March as much as some other ladies have done, and probably it will be with the same bad success. She pays great court to the Duke of Queensberry. I saw her at the Imperial Ambassador’s come and shake him by the hand; but Lord March was cruel, and did not speak to her while I stayed.”

Also about this time Lord March’s name was mentioned in connection with the lovely Lady Henrietta Stanhope, fourth daughter of William Stanhope, second Earl of Harrington, by his wife Caroline, eldest daughter of Charles Fitzroy, second Duke of Grafton, who was one of the reigning beauties of the day. Lady Henrietta was said to resemble her mother in looks. There are, in the correspondence of the day, several references to the affair.

A rumour evidently reached the Earl of Carlisle, for in the autumn of 1767 he wrote to George Selwyn, “If Lord March remembers anything but Lady H. S., remember me to him.” The matter is slightly complicated by a further letter from the same correspondent early in the following year: “Is there any truth in a report that Lord March and Lady J. Stuart are to be married—but perhaps you are not in the secret.” This lady was evidently Lady Jane Stuart, daughter of John, third Earl of Bute, who in the same year married George, first Earl of Macartney. Selwyn, in July 1769, wrote to Lord Carlisle: “March will be talked of for the poor Lady Harriet till he



LADY HENRIETTA STANHOPE, AFTERWARDS LADY FOLEY

to get part of it gets him to loo with herself, old Boothby, and Lady Schaub. I pity poor Lady Harriet, who is too charming to be set up for sale." In the end, in 1776, Lady Henrietta Stanhope married Thomas, second Baron Foley. Five years later she died.

At this early period, indeed throughout his life, the most intimate friend of the Earl of March was George Augustus Selwyn, and it may be remarked that the only letters of Lord March that have been preserved are those addressed to him. Selwyn was born in 1791, and was, therefore, six years older than his friend. His father, Colonel John Selwyn, of Matson, near Gloucester, had been an aide-de-camp to Marlborough, and represented Gloucester in the House of Commons from 1734 to 1747, and was Treasurer of Queen Caroline's Pensions. His mother was Mary, daughter of General Farrington, who, after her marriage, was appointed a Woman of the Bedchamber to Queen Caroline. It is from her that her son is said to have inherited his wit. Selwyn went to Eton, where among his contemporaries were Horace Walpole and Grey; and in 1739 he went to Oxford, but left there to make the grand tour. Five years later he returned to the University; but after a short time he was rusticated, whereupon he took his name off the books. Before he came of age, his father had secured for him the sinecure posts of Clerk of the Irons and Surveyor of the Meltings of the Mint, but the pay attached was trifling, and it was supplemented by an allowance from his father. He was returned to Parliament for the family borough of Ludgershall; but it is not on record that he ever spoke in that

assembly, or, indeed, took any but a passive part in its deliberations. George Selwyn was regarded—not, perhaps, without some reason—as the bad boy of the family. He could not keep within his income and was always in debt, which, if it is true that his pay and allowance only amounted to two hundred and twenty pounds a year, is not exactly surprising. It would be an exaggeration to call him spendthrift, but he took but little care of the pounds. Evidently he assured his father of his intention to reform—which protestations were evidently not received with the pious fervour he desired. “I don’t yet imagine,” his friend, Sir William Maynard, wrote to him, shortly before the death of Colonel Selwyn, “you are quite established in his good opinion, and if his life is but spared one twelve-month you may have an opportunity of convincing him you are in earnest in your promises of a more frugal way of life.” A great change took place in his prospects when his elder brother John, member for Whitchurch, died in June 1751; and when his father died five months later he succeeded to the Matson estate.

At his country seat he was visited by Horace Walpole, who described it: “I stayed two days at George Selwyn’s house, called Matson, which lies on Robin Hood’s Hill. It is lofty enough for an Alp, yet it is a mountain of turf to the very top, has wood scattered all over it, springs that long to be cascades in twenty places of it, and from the summit of it beats even Sir George Lyttelton’s views, by having the city of Gloucester at its foot, and the Severn widening to the horizon. His house is small, but neat. King Charles lay here at the siege, and the Duke

of York, with typical fury, hacked and hewed the window-shutters of his chamber, as a memorandum of his being there. . . . The reservoirs on the hill supply the town. The late Mr. Selwyn governed the borough of them, and, I believe, by some wine, too."

Selwyn was always profoundly bored at Matson, and went there as seldom as the Earl of March went to Drumlanrig or Amesbury. "This is the second day I am come home to dine alone, but so it is," he once wrote from there to the Earl of Carlisle; "and if it goes on so, I am determined to keep a chaplain, for although I do not stand in need of much society, I do not relish being quite alone at this time of day."

Selwyn was now of importance in the political world, for his influence obtained for him the seat for the city of Gloucester, which he held from 1754 to 1780, and he could secure the return of two members for Ludgershall. According to the fashion of the day, he was rewarded for his loyalty to the Court party by another, and this time a lucrative, sinecure—the office of Registrar of the Court of Chancery in Barbados, which position, strangely enough, did not require residence in that colony.

If Selwyn never raised his voice in the House of Commons, he was a noted conversationalist at the dinner-table and at White's, to which club he was elected in 1744. He was noted for his dry wit, but the few sayings of his that have been handed down can scarcely be regarded as typical of his humour at its best. Selwyn in his young days, it is said, loved women; of his devotion to children—to one child at least—something will be said in a later chapter.

Selwyn had a passion for witnessing executions, and much fun was poked at him on this account. In "The Diaboliad" are the following lines :

"The murmurs hush'd—the Herald straight proclaim'd
S—l——n the witty in order named
But he was gone to hear the dismal yells
Of tortur'd Ghosts and suffering Criminals.
Tho' summon'd thrice, he chose not to return,
Charm'd to behold the crackling Culprits burn
With GEORGE, all known Ambition must give place,
When there's an *Execution* in the case."

Attached to these lines there is a footnote :

"I would not be guilty of injustice to any character. *George* does not want humanity ! nay, he has an uncommon portion of this virtue : it extends even to the *gallows* ; and is well known to have bedewed his cheeks with tears at the lamentable fate of that *pious personage*, commonly called, *Sixteen-String Jack*. As I may venture to assert, that he never saw a man hang'd in his life but, when the *sport was over*, he would have been really happy to have restored him to life. It requires a kind of knowledge which everybody does not possess, to reconcile the apparent contradiction in the human character. However, I shall not, at present, enter further upon the subject than to observe, that there are certain propensities in the mind, which being long indulged, become irresistible, and stand between men and their best interests. All the world knows that Mr. S—— is attached to gaming, and that when he games, he wishes to win. And there are many will tell you, that this love of play, when it has taken root, becomes the leading, if not the sole, propensity of the human breast. But in the character before me, there is an evident example of two leading propensities in the same mind, which, upon certain occasions, form a spirit of accommodation, and blend with each other. This very gentleman, though he had made a very considerable bet that he should not be at a certain execution, was, notwithstanding, discovered to be actually present at the *spectacle*, dressed like an old woman, in a Joseph and bonnet, and seated on horseback, etc. etc. This is a twofold irresistible propensity ! Nevertheless, *George* is a man of humanity."

This curious hobby even provoked George III into one of his unwonted excursions into the realms of humour. At a Court function, Selwyn, after the King had spoken to him, withdrew. George expressed his astonishment that Selwyn should not have waited to witness the ceremony of Knighthood that was to be

performed, observing that it looked as like an execution that he had taken it for granted that Selwyn would have stayed to see it. Selwyn heard of the joke, and did not like it. Lord Auckland wrote, "he is, on that subject, still very sorry." It was his reputation for the gruesome that made Lord Holland, during his last illness, give instructions that whenever Selwyn called, he was to be shown up: "If I am alive I shall be pleased to see him," he said grimly; "and if I am dead he will be glad to see me." Certainly his friends, if they went to an execution, at once sent him an account.

Anthony Morris Storer to George Selwyn

"1777.

"If I could transport my body as easily as my mind, I certainly should not be so long before I paid you a visit. I hope Mie-mie is in perfect health, and, if you consent, (which probably you may do for once, and especially in the present case), to be my proxy, I beg you will give a kiss to her for me.

"I should be very inclinable to obey your commands, which Lord March delivered me, respecting the fate of that unfortunate divine [Dr. Dodd], but though an eye-witness of his execution, as I never was at one before, I hardly know what to say respecting his behaviour. Another was executed at the same time with him, who seemed hardly to engage one's attention sufficiently to make one draw any comparison between him and Dodd. Upon the whole, the piece was not very full of events. The Doctor, to all appearance, was rendered perfectly stupid from despair. His hat was flapped all round,

and pulled over his eyes, which were never directed to any object around, nor even raised, except now and then lifted up in the course of his prayers. He came in a coach, and a very heavy shower of rain fell just upon his entering the cart, and another at his putting on his night-cap.

“He was a considerable time in praying, which some people standing about seemed rather tired with : they rather wished for some more interesting part of the tragedy. The wind, which was high, blew off his hat, which rather embarrassed him, and discovered to us his countenance which we could scarcely see before. His hat, however, was soon restored to him, and he went on with his prayers. There were two clergymen attending him, one of whom seemed very much affected. The other, I suppose was the Ordinary of Newgate, as he was perfectly indifferent and unfeeling in everything he said and did.

“The executioner took both the hat and wig off at the same time. Why he put on his wig again I do now know, but he did, and the Doctor took off his wig a second time, and then tied on a night-cap which did not fit him ; but whether he stretched that, or took another, I could not perceive. He then put on his night-cap himself, and upon his taking it he certainly had a smile on his countenance, and very soon afterwards there was an end to all his hopes and fears on this side the grave. He never moved from the place he first took in the cart ; seemed absorbed in despair, and utterly dejected, without any other signs of animation but in praying.

“I know the same thing strikes different people in many ways, but thus he seemed to me, and I was very

near. A vast number of people were collected, as you may imagine. I stayed till he was cut down, and put in the hearse. I am afraid my account cannot be very satisfactory to you, but I really do not conceive an execution with so few incidents could possibly happen ; at least my imagination had made it a thing more full of events than I found this to be. Adieu ! ”

Everybody loved George Selwyn, and Horace Walpole, who spoke of him as “ the great George,” hearing in March 1741 that he was ill, wrote anxiously from Florence to Henry Conway : “ You must judge by what you feel yourself of what I feel for Selwyn’s recovery, and [by the addition of what I have suffered from post to post. But as I find the whole town has had the same sentiments about him (though I am sure few so strong as myself), I will not repeat what you have heard so much. I shall write to him to-night, though he knows, without my telling him, how very much I love him. To you, my dear Harry, I am infinitely obliged for the three successive letters you wrote me about him, which gave me a double pleasure, as they showed your attention to me at a time when you knew I must be unhappy, and your friendship for him.”

Madame du Deffand, who liked him much, wrote of him, 1767 : “ *Je suis bien éloignée de croire M. Selwyn stupide, mais il est souvent dans les espaces imaginaires. Rien ne le frappe ni le reveille que le ridicule, mais il l’attrape en volant ; il a de la grâce et de la finesse dans ce qu’il dit, mais il ne sais pas causer de suite ; il est distrait, indifférent ; il s’ennuierait souvent sans une très bonne recette qu’il à contre*



MARTHA RAY
After a portrait by N. Dance

ennuie, c'est de s'endormir quand il veut. C'est un talent qui je lui envie bien ; si je l'avais, j'en ferais grand usage. Il est malin sans être méchant ; il est officieux, poli ; hors son milord March, il n'aime rien : on ne saurais former aucune liaison avec lui, mais on est bien aise de l'encontrer, d'être avec lui dans le même chambre, quoi qu'on n'ait rien à lui dire."

Certainly, Selwyn was devoted to the Earl of March ; but he had also a great regard and affection for Frederick Howard, fifth Earl of Carlisle, with whom he maintained a regular correspondence, whenever one or other was away from London. The letters from Selwyn to the Earl of March have, it is to be feared, been destroyed ; but those of Lord March were kept by Selwyn, and a considerable number are printed in later chapters of this memoir. In these, Lord March tells Selwyn everything about himself, his winnings and losses at racing and at the tables, and his mistresses. "Horace Walpole tells me I am in great favour," Lord March wrote to him in October 1762, "and I always have a great deal of prejudice for those that like me, which is one of the reasons why I love you more than anybody else."

Selwyn was at one time a heavy gambler, and occasionally lost considerably more than he could afford to pay at the moment—a habit throughout life he found it difficult to break himself of ; and it may have been his example that lead astray the much younger Earl of Carlisle, for in 1776 "Gilly" Williams wrote to him : "Don't lead your new favourite, Carlisle, into a scrape."

Robert Shafto (of Whitworth) to George Selwyn

"July 1765.

"I have this moment received the favour of your letter. I intended to have gone out of town on Thursday, but as you shall not receive your money before the end of this week, I must postpone my journey till Sunday. A month would have made no difference to me, had I not had others to pay before I leave town, and must pay ; therefore must beg that you will leave the whole before the week is out, at White's, as it is to be paid away to others to whom I have lost, and do not choose to leave town till that is done. Be sure you could not wish an indulgence I should not be happy to grant, if in my power. Newmarket is next week, and I must be prepared ; you know how necessary it is, and part of the money I owe is to those who will want it against that time. I should be glad to get out of town on Friday, if you could contrive it, as I want much to get to Newmarket this week. To-day I dine out of town ; shall return to-morrow against dinner, and beg to know from you, if I can get away on Friday."

Robert Shafto to George Selwyn

"July 4, 1765.

"I intended to have spoken to you last night, but had not an opportunity, in regard to the one thousand pounds you owe me. Your money I relied on, which has made me lose more than I otherwise should have done, and which I must pay before I leave town. On Monday early I must at all events go to Newmarket, and hope it will not be inconvenient to you to leave the money for me at White's either to-morrow or next



GEORGE AUGUSTUS SELWYN AND FREDERICK HOWARD,
FIFTH EARL OF CARLISLE, K.T.

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day. If you cannot so soon, I must beg the favour that you will give me your note, payable to me on order in a fortnight or three weeks, and I can get it discounted at my banker's. I should not have mentioned this affair to you, could I with convenience to myself do without it ; therefore I flatter myself you will excuse this application."

The Earl of March to George Selwyn

" Sunday Morning [1765].

" When I came home last night I found your letter on my table. So you have lost a thousand pounds, which you have done twenty times in your life-time, and won it again as often, and why should not the same thing happen again ? I make no doubt that it will. I am sorry, however, that you have lost your money ; it is unpleasant. In the meantime, what the devil signify the *le fable de Paris* or the nonsense of White's ! You may be sure they will be glad you have lost your money ; not because they dislike you, but because they like to laugh. They shall certainly not have that pleasure from me, for I will even deny that I know anything of it.

" As to your banker, I will call there to-morrow ; make yourself easy about that, for I have three thousand pounds now at Coutts'. There will be no bankruptcy without we are both ruined at the same time. You may be very sure all this will soon be known here, since everybody knows it at Paris ; but if you come as soon as you intend, perhaps you may be here first. All that signifies nothing ; the disagreeable part is having lost your money ; Almack's or White's will bring all back again.

“How can you think, my dear George, and I hope you do not think, that anybody, or anything, can make a *tracasserie* between you and me? I take it ill that you even talk of it, which you do in the letter I had by Ligonier. I must be the poorest creature upon earth—after having known you so long, and always as the best and sincerest friend that any one ever had,—if any one alive can make any impression upon me, when you are concerned. I told you, in a letter I wrote some time ago, that I depended more upon the continuance of our friendship than anything else in the world, which I certainly do, because I have so many reasons to know you, and I am sure I know myself.”

The Earl of March to George Selwyn

“NEWMARKET,

“*Monday Morning, [1766].*

“Lord Edward brought me your letter yesterday. I was always afraid having some bad accounts of you, though Bunbury told me you was higher than ever; but your bill of play lately has been so very desperate, that half an hour’s bad luck was more than sufficient to lose a greater sum than you have lost.

“I should be sorry, indeed, if I thought anything I could have done would have saved you. If you imagine it would, I believe you are mistaken, and then it only would have been an additional mortification.

“The weather has been so very fine, that I have continued here in hopes it would do me good. My intention is to be in town on Wednesday; to leave Newmarket after the race on Tuesday, and sleep at Hockerill. Think of the *cento pensieri*! The having

no debts to pay does not make the proverb worse, and in the midst of your misfortunes, if you compare yourself to those you meet at Almack's, you are perhaps the luckiest man there in point of play. Adieu ! ”

James Crauford to George Selwyn

“ GRAFTON-STREET,

“ *Monday, 1779.*

“ I lost £1300 last night, a thousand of which I owe to Kenney. I have lost a great deal more than what I won from you, and had lost between three and four thousand before I won anything from you. This being the case, you may guess my situation with regard to money. I really am reduced to great difficulties. Can you pay me whole or any part of what you owe me ? If you cannot pay me, I must get out of the scrape I am in as I best can, but I beg you will not let me remain under any uncertainty with regard to what I am to expect from you.”

It was on this occasion that the Earl of March, coming to the rescue of his friend, wrote : “ There will be no bankruptcy without we are both ruined at the same time.” And Selwyn was no less generous. “ I have lost my match and am quite broke,” Lord March wrote to him. “ I cannot tell you how much I am obliged to you for thinking of my difficulties, and providing for them in the midst of all your own.”

When Burke's economy bill was introduced into the House of Commons in 1782, and Selwyn was in danger of losing his sinecure of Registrar of the Court of Chancery in Barbados, it was Lord March who contrived to have it exchanged for the post of

Surveyor-General of the Works, to which a handsome salary was attached.

George Selwyn to the Earl of Carlisle

“*March 27, 1782.*

“The Cabinet Council kissed hands to-day. . . . The Duke of Queensberry brings me word from Court that I am safe, but how I do not comprehend. To take away my place, which is to be annihilated in two months of Burke’s bill is absurd, and a pension I would not receive, but as an appendix to a place or as a part of it. But the Duke, whose friendship for me is very *vif*, has fished this out for me. I could not go to Court, my temper would not permit. I could have seen my Royal master on the scaffold with less pain than insulted as he has been to-day. I am going out to hear all that passed, and how he bore it.”

Selwyn died in 1791, and was universally regretted. Anthony Morris Storer wrote to the Earl of Auckland : “George Selwyn died this day se’nnight : a more good-natured man or a more pleasant one never, I believe, existed. His loss is not only a private one to his friends, but really a public one to society in general. He has left or given upwards of thirty thousand pounds to Mdlle Fagniani ; in case of Mdlle Fagniani’s death without children he has left the reversion of twenty thousand to Lord Carlisle. The residuary legatee is the Duke of Queensberry, but I do not understand that there is any surplus after paying the legacies. Ludgershall and his landed estates go by entail to Lord Sydney.” The only person who did not regret his loss was the heir to the estates,

who wrote bitterly to Earl Cornwallis : “ I am going to Matson to settle my affairs, which I find under every embarrassment that folly, inattention, and malevolence could have occasioned. My good uncle has disposed of all that he had in his power in favour of Mdle Fagniani in the first place, then to Lord Carlisle’s children, with old Queensberry for his residuary legatee. You may perhaps be more surprised than flattered to hear, that the last words which he said to me were to desire his compliments to your Lordship.”

Frederick Howard, fifth Earl of Carlisle, who was born in 1748, was nearly thirty years younger than George Selwyn and twenty-three years younger than the Earl of March. At an early age he was sent to Eton, where among his contemporaries were Fox, James Hare, and Anthony Morris Storer, all of whom became his friends, and remained so throughout life. His career at Cambridge was undistinguished, and he left the University without taking a degree. He made the grand tour, and while still a lad of nineteen was elected a Knight of the Thistle.

The Earl of Carlisle to George Selwyn

“TURIN,
“ [March 1768].

“ I am now a Knight Companion of the ancient Order of the Thistle. The ceremony was performed this morning in the King’s Cabinet, the Royal Family and all the principal officers of the Court being present. As you have either read of Lord Hyndford’s or Sir Thomas Robinson’s, to relate the ceremony would be very tedious, and I believe it was very nearly the

same as your friend March went through in London. The King has shown me several distinguishing marks of civility ; especially, when my banker went to pay the duties for the entrance of the *paquet* which I received from England ; he ordered them to be delivered to me, without exacting any payment upon the entrance. I wish, when you see the Duke of Grafton, you would, in my name, thank him for the readiness he has shown to oblige me, and for his assistance and good offices in facilitating the obtaining so distinguishing a mark of the King's favour. I would have wrote myself to his Grace, but I know that at this time—

“ *In publica commoda peccem,
Si longo sermone morer sua tempora.* ”

“ I shall go in a month to Naples, but pray continue to send your letters here. I have been so hurried since the morning, that I have not time to write any more. Is it true that Lord M. Stewart is coming Ambassador here ? God bless you, my dear George.”

What Lord Carlisle had done to merit this distinction is a matter for guess-work. The Earl of March may have pressed the King to honour his friend, and to judge from the following letter of the Hon. Henry St. John to George Selwyn, the latter also had been at pains to bring influence to bear. “ Allow me,” he wrote, “ to wish you joy of your negotiations in contributing to get place for Lord March and a green riband for Lord Carlisle. That event is somewhat old now, but it is the first opportunity I have had of congratulating you.” The Earl of March had in the previous year been appointed Vice-Admiral of Scotland.

Lord Carlisle returned to England in 1769, took his seat in the House of Lords, and in the following year married Lady Margaret Caroline Leveson-Gower, daughter of Granville, first Marquis of Strafford. She was a charming girl, and her husband was devoted to her all her life—she died in 1824, thus predeceasing him only by a year. All the same, in the early days of his marriage the Earl was more in London than at Castle Howard. He lived the life of the ordinary young man of pleasure, and, as has been said, was for a time bitten by the mania for gaming. Having assisted in paying off some at least of Fox's debts, he had to go and retrench at his country house.

He was not really a wastrel, and set himself to take an interest in politics. In 1777 he was appointed Treasurer of the Household, and in the next year Lord North sent him as head of the Commission "to treat, consult, and agree upon the means of quieting the disorders in his Majesty's Colonies, Plantations and Provinces in North America"—the other members were Admiral Earl Howe, General Sir William Horne, William Eden (afterwards first Baron Auckland) and George Johnstone. It was typical of the blundering with which Britain dealt with America that a young untried statesman should have been entrusted with such a position. The mission failed, but in the state of feeling existing at that time in the colony probably no one could have achieved the desired result. While there, in the manifestoes issued by the Commission, there were several reflections upon the French Court and nation. These remarks General Lafayette chose to regard as emanating from private persons and not to the utterances of a public body. "I deign not to

refute the aspersions, but I desire to punish it," he wrote to the Earl. "It is from you, as chief of the Commission, that I demand a reparation as public as has been the offence, and which must give the *lie* to the expression you have used. M. Guinot, a French officer, will settle on my part the time and place of our meeting, to suit your Lordship's convenience. I doubt not but for the honour of his countrymen General Clinton will attend you to the field." Lord Carlisle very properly in the circumstances declined a meeting. "I have received your letter, transmitted to me from M. Guinot, and I confess I find it difficult to return a serious answer to its contents," he replied. "The only one that can be expected from me as the King's Commissioner, which you ought to have known, is, that I do, and ever shall, consider myself solely responsible to my country and my King, and not to any individual, for my public conduct and language."

Shortly after his return from America, the Earl was appointed President of the Board of Trade, and at the end of 1780 went to Ireland as Lord-Lieutenant, where he remained, doing good work and proving himself a sound politician, until the accession of the Marquis of Rockingham to power. There is no need to treat here of his subsequent political career.

Of the Earl of Carlisle's passion for gambling high, something may be gleaned from the following correspondence.

The Earl of Carlisle to George Selwyn

"CASTLE HOWARD,

"*Sunday* [1771].

"I was made very happy to hear this morning that you approved of my conduct, not only in regard to a

certain affair, but the manner in which the narrative is drawn ; and also that you found it in all respects consistent with the relation I had always given you.

“ I agree with Charles [Fox], (and I think my behaviour proves that I have made a great difference), that this is not to be treated like a debt incurred later in life ; but I only want to know in what light I am to regard that transaction. You seem to understand me so well, and as you are as much master of the affair as I am, I need not bore you any more upon this subject.

“ It gives me great pain to hear that Charles begins to be unreasonably impatient at losing. I fear it is the prologue to much fretfulness of temper ; for disappointment in raising money, and any serious reflections upon his situation, will (in spite of his affected spirits and dissipation, which sit very well upon Richard), occasion him many disagreeable moments. They will be the more painful, when he reflects that he is not following the natural bent of his genius ; for that would lead him to all serious inquiry and laudable pursuits, which he has in some measure neglected to hear Lord Bolingbroke’s applause, and now is obliged to have recourse to it and play, to hinder him from thinking how he has perverted the ends for which he was born. I believe there never was a person yet created who had the faculty of reasoning like him. His judgments are never wrong ; his decision is formed quicker than any man’s I ever conversed with ; and he never seems to mistake but in his own affairs. It is fair to think that he will not give his reason fair play in his own case. It seems to be extraordinary that he can make his understanding

useful to the whole world, but will not upon any account permit it to be of service to himself; and for his own private affairs he borrows one of some of the fools who tell him it is impossible but that, any morning he chooses, he may set his affairs right again. When he tells you that he will not talk to you upon his circumstances, he is certainly right; for if your head is not so much heated with chimerical schemes as his own, or if you are not prepared to hear of enchantment and miracles, you will never enter into his manner of reasoning, or derive any comfort from those resources which he brings into his picture. These he would willingly think are very near and on the foreground, but which to every other eye must appear flung far back in the distance.

“I have been attending little Caroline to her bed, which she does the honours of very divertingly. I thank you much for Stuart’s book; it appears very conclusive, if there was no other side of the question I think Lord M. a dirty dog, and I dare say twists the law about like a turnstile, as it is most convenient for his conduct and proceeding; but I cannot but say it is a little hard, but that any speech in Parliament should draw upon the speaker of it an answer after three years’ consideration: I think if Lord M. answers it, he is not bound to do it under six years.

“Adieu! my dear George! I have written a very dull letter. I sometimes am determined never to think about Charles’ affairs, or his conduct about them; for they are like religion, the more one thinks the more one is puzzled. The common way of acting, both in regard to our friend and religion, is to cut the matter short; to be perfectly indifferent what happens

to the one, and to disbelieve everything in regard to the other. I am sure you know I love him too well to adopt the first, and I hope you will not think I cant, when I tell you the last is very far from my real sentiments.

“ Little Caroline will travel with us to London. I mean this as a temptation to you to come down, or at least to meet us.”

The Earl of Carlisle to George Selwyn

“ CASTLE HOWARD,

“ *July 16th, 1772.*

“ I cannot help owning that your letter, which I had this morning, gave me a little vexation ; I mean that part of it which relates to Hare. When I left town, he seemed very desirous to come early to Castle Howard, and it really appeared to be his own choice to come. Then, and not before, I told him that it would be particularly agreeable to me this year, as Lady Carlisle’s situation would make me want a companion in my ride and walks. I was very cautious to urge this before, as I thought his friendship for me might induce him to put off something that might be more agreeable to him. As for Storer, the case is very different. He never gave me reason to expect him at any particular time. I hope, in general, I am not troublesome to my friends in these matters. If I am, it is you that spoil me by your attention. I trust you will not mention this to anybody. If I did not think Hare was set out, I believe I should keep this to myself till I saw you, lest you should endeavour to bring him contrary to his inclinations, which would be the last thing I should desire. I fear

you will think me too eager in what may appear but a trifle, but the idea of being neglected by one whom I have always looked upon and always treated as the warmest friend, is very painful to me, and the more I consider it the more disagreeable reflections I find attend it. Perhaps this is the first time that Hare has had an opportunity, by a little attention, of returning the civilities that Lady Carlisle and myself have been always anxious to show him. But I will say no more about it, nor would I have said so much, if I had not been sure you will not hint it to any person breathing.

“I hope you will not put off your journey. I shall expect you on Monday ; not that I should judge you so severely if you did not come, for I am sure your inclination is to come here. Perhaps my manner of life, spending some hours of every day alone more than I have been accustomed to, may make anything of this kind appear rather in blacker colours than it would at any other time. I hope it is an imaginary vexation ; if so, a little conversation with you will be able to dispel it ; but, both in love and friendship, if you once pierce the skin you cannot avoid making a very painful wound.

“You may be quite sure I shall do nothing more to the wing. It makes a very good lumber-room. I have hung up all the old portraits in it, to the great delight of Sheperdson. I think I have bored you enough. I could not help it, because my heart is full.”

The Hon. Richard Fitzpatrick to George Selwyn

“[1772].

“I am very sorry to hear the night ended so ill ; but, to give you some idea of the utter impossibility

of my being useful upon the occasion, I will inform you of the state of my affairs. I won four hundred pounds last night, which was immediately appropriated to Mr. Martindale, to whom I still owe three hundred pounds, and I am in Brooks's for thrice that sum. Add to all this, that at Christmas I expect an inundation of clamorous creditors, who unless I somehow or other scrape together some money to satisfy them, will overwhelm me entirely. What can be done? If I could coin my heart, or drop my blood into drachms, I would do it, though by this time I should probably have neither heart or blood left. I am afraid you will find Stephen in the same state of insolvency. Adieu! I am obliged to you for the gentleness and moderation of your dun, considering how long I have been your debtor."

The Hon. Horace Walpole to George Walpole

"YORK,

"August 12, 1772.

"I love to please when it is in my power, and how can I please you more than by commending Castle Howard? for though it is not the house that Jack built, yet you love even the cow with the crumpled horn that feeds in the meadow that belongs to the house that Jack's grandfather built. Indeed, I can say with exact truth, that I never was so agreeably astonished in my days as with the first vision of the whole place. I had heard of Vanbrugh, and how Sir Thomas Robinson and he stood spitting and swearing at one another; nay, I had heard of glorious views, and Lord Strafford also had told me I should see one of the finest places in Yorkshire; but nobody,

no, not *votre partialité*, as Louis Quatorze would have called you, had informed me that I should at one view see a palace, a town, a fortified city, temples on high places, woods worthy of being each a metropolis of the Druids, vales connected to hills by other woods, the noblest lawn in the world fenced by half the horizon, and a mausoleum that would tempt one to be buried alive, in short, I have seen gigantic places before, but never a sublime one. For the house, Vanbrugh has even shown taste in its extent and cupolas, and has mercifully omitted ponderosity. Sir Thomas's front is beautiful without, and except in one or two spots, has not a bad effect, and I think, without much effort of genius, or much expense, might be tolerably harmonized with the rest. The spaces within are noble, and were wanted; even the hall being too small. Now I am got into the hall, I must beg, when you are in it next read Lord Carlisle's verses on Gray, and then write somewhere under the story of Phæton these lines, which I ought to have made extempore, but did not till I was half way back hither :

“ ‘ Carlisle, expunge the form of Phæton ;
Assume the car, and grace it with thy own,
For Phœbus owns in thee no falling son.’ ”

The Earl of Carlisle to George Selwyn

“ *December 5, 1775.*

“ As for hazard, the depriving you of so great a pleasure, or of any pleasure, I am sure is very far from my intention; no one would wish more to contribute to them. We have both been shipwrecked upon that coast, and a very dangerous one it is. There are some who play with you who play (I mean

fairly) with such apparent advantages, that every farthing we have must at last get into their pockets. That is a disagreeable consideration. Somebody proposes to play with Harlequin at a game which he calls *à toi à moi*. First, one holds the money and rattles it, and then gives to the other, who does the same. Harlequin is delighted with the fairness of this new game, till he turns his back, and then the other runs away with all the money, and leaves him crying out, *à toi à moi*."

The Earl of Carlisle to George Selwyn

"June 5 [1776].

"My dear George, you may be sure when I talked of my circumstances, that I did not do it with a view of expectation that you should express yourself in the manner you have done. I thought it was one pauper complaining to another, from whom he could derive no advantage but compassion. I was very low the day I first wrote to you, and everything appeared in a worse light than it has since done. After what my friends have done for me, I do not look upon debts as inconveniences, but even as a sort of breach of my agreement with them, and as a perversion of their good intentions. It is no wonder that I should feel very much, when I found that I had not contained myself within the bounds which I flattered myself I should be able to do, though there is nothing very considerable I hope in my exceedings: yet, as they are debts, they frighten me."

The Earl of Carlisle to George Selwyn

“*July, [1776].*

“ I have undone myself, and it is to no purpose to conceal from you my abominable madness and folly, though perhaps the particulars may not be known to the rest of the world. I never lost so much in five times as I have done to-night, and am in debt to the house for the whole. You may be sure I do not tell you this with an idea that you can be of the least assistance to me : it is a great deal more than your abilities are equal to. Let me see you, though I shall be ashamed to look at you after your goodness to me.”

The Earl of Carlisle to George Selwyn

“*Sunday [1776].*

“ My letters I fear are always to begin with the account of some misfortune. Not to keep you in suspense, I was foolish enough last night to lose near £400. Having told you this, a circumstance which shame and anger would rather have obliged me to conceal, I must tell you all the incidents, in case any of them should strike you as an extenuation of my indiscretion, which perhaps upon your concurrence may induce me to become sooner by some months in humour with myself again. Your goodness to me upon this last occasion had made an impression upon me that nothing can efface ; and though I reflect upon it with great pleasure, yet there are moments when I cannot help feeling that by my extravagance I abuse your generosity.

“ I protest I never had a thought of having recourse to play as a resource ; yet I could not resist a wish

that by some means or other I could have diminished the weight of the account we have called in. A circumstance had happened in the course of the day which had extremely disordered me; the anxiety of my mind was intolerable; and the dread of going home to my bed, and of my reflections, got for once the better of my resolution. I sat down with hopes of diverting my attention from what had given me so much pain. My particular reason for wishing to win I have before explained to you. The attempt by no means answered, and I am as miserable as any one can be who has reason to despise himself, and who is oppressed with a million of other disagreeable circumstances. Brooks was, in the lists of debts I made out, a creditor for £100. He is now by my cursed folly £500.

“I know how dangerous it is to break a resolution, and know also that it justifies any fears you may have about my future conduct. But if you were to know what I have suffered from shame, vexation, and contrition for this first deviation from my system, you would, I am sure, think me more secure from what has happened. I have no reason to think I am again to be blown about in such whirlwind of passions as I was yesterday. The obligation to conceal them, added to my sufferings—in short, the whole transactions of yesterday appear to me like a dream, and a very painful one indeed. Well, I think I have at least given my sorrows vent. Gregg came yesterday, he dines with me on Tuesday, when I hope I shall be able to fix my journey. There is no news. Mie-mie I hope continues well. You have no idea how this thing has fretted me.”

The Earl of Carlisle to George Selwyn

“CASTLE HOWARD,

“February 18, 1777.

“I am always alarmed when I do not hear from you for some time, because I know your silence is never occasioned by common causes, such as forgetfulness, laziness, etc. I must confess I had embraced the same error with you, though I was much longer in coming into the opinion; for a long time never conceiving it possible that they would leave the child in their absence, till I found they had suffered you to procure a governess for her. This had more the appearance of their being in earnest, than anything that I could have observed before. I was removed at too great a distance to form an accurate judgment; and the conversation was infinitely too interesting to you to make me wish to begin upon it, when you did not solicit it yourself; or when I had nothing to acquaint you with, from whence I conceived you might derive consolation. I own I dreaded any investigation of the subject, for your nerves were by no means able to endure the severity of such an examination, as might have in some measure prepared you for the worst that could happen.”

Lord Carlisle was a man of many friends, and was much liked in literary circles. He aspired himself to be a man of letters, and was responsible for some verses, an “Ode on the Death of Gray,” for instance, and two tragedies, *The Father’s Revenge* and *The Stepmother*. Writing of the former, Horace Walpole says to the Earl of Strafford: “I have seen Lord

Carlisle's play, and it has a great deal of merit, perhaps more than your Lordship could expect. The language and images are the best part, after the two principal scenes, which are really fine." Dr. Johnson also said a kind word, "Of the sentiments I remember not one that I wished omitted. In the imagery I cannot forbear to distinguish the comparison of joy succeeding grief to light rushing on the eye accustomed to darkness. It seems to have all that can be desired to make it please : it is new, just, and delightful. With the characters, either as conceived or presented, I have no fault to find : but was much inclined to congratulate a writer, who, in defiance of prejudice and fashion, made the archbishop a good man, and scorned all thoughtless praise which a vicious churchman would have brought him. The catastrophe is affecting. The father and daughter both culpable, both wretched, and both penitent, divide between them our pity and our sorrow." Evidently Johnson referred to the following lines :

" I could have borne my woes ; that stranger Joy
Wounds while it smiles ;—the long imprisoned wretch,
Shrinks from the sun's bright beams ; and that which flings
Gladness o'er all, to him is agony."

CHAPTER II

WAGERS

THE Earl of March has his niche in the literary portrait gallery, for he figures somewhat considerably in *The Virginians*, owing to the fact that at Tunbridge Wells he made the acquaintance of the young, silly, brave "Fortunate Youth," Harry Warrington, the young American who is taken up by the terrible Lady Kew. If reports be true, Thackeray has given an extraordinarily accurate, as well as vivid account of the society of the day—though, of course, he has very severely bowdlerised the conversation :

"My Lord March has not one devil, but several devils. He loves gambling, he loves horse-racing, he loves betting, he loves drinking, he loves eating, he loves money, he loves women ; and you have fallen into bad company, Mr. Warrington, when you lighted upon his lordship. He will play you for every acre you have in Virginia.

" ' With the greatest pleasure in life, Mr. Warrington ! ' interposes my lord.

" ' And for all your tobacco, and for all your spices, and for all your slaves, and for all your oxen and asses, and for everything that is yours.' "

" ' Shall we begin now ? Jack, you are never without a dice-box or a bottle-screw. I will set Mr. Warrington for what he likes.' "

“ ‘ Unfortunately, my Lord, the tobacco, and the slaves and the asses, and the oxen, are not mine, as yet. I am just of age, and my mother, scarce twenty years older, has quite as good chance of long life as I have.’ ”

“ ‘ I will bet that you survive her. I will pay you a sum now against four times the sum to be paid at her death. I will set you a fair sum over this table against the reversion of your estate in Virginia at the old lady’s departure. What do you call your place ? ’ ”

“ ‘ We will show you Newmarket and the hunting-field, sir. Can you ride pretty well ? ’ ”

“ ‘ I think I can,’ Harry said ; ‘ and I shoot pretty well, and jump some.’ ”

“ ‘ What’s your weight ? I bet you we weigh even, or I weigh most. I bet you Jack Morris beats you at birds or a mark at five-and-twenty paces. I bet you I jump farther than you on flat ground, here on this green.’ ”

“ ‘ I don’t know Mr. Morris’s shooting—I never saw either gentleman before—but I take your bet, my Lord, at what you please,’ cries Harry, who by this time was more than warm with Burgundy.

“ ‘ Ponies on each ! ’ cried my lord.

“ ‘ Done and done ! ’ cried my lord and Harry together. The young man thought it was for the honour of his country not to be ashamed of any bet made to him. ”

As in *Esmond* the hero is made to write an essay in the manner of *The Spectator*, so naturally as actually to be mistaken for it, so in *The Virginians* Thackeray, who loved his little joke, imitates

Lord March's style of correspondence—it is evident that Thackeray had studied the letters in Jesse's *George Selwyn and his Contemporaries*. So admirable is the execution that it is perhaps not unfitting that in this volume which contains many of "Old Q's" letters Thackeray's effort should be printed for the purpose of comparison with the originals.

"TUNBRIDGE WELLS,

"August 10th, 1756.

"DEAR GEORGE,

"As White's, two bottles of Burgundy and a pack of cards constitute all the joys of your life, I take for granted that you are in London at this moment, preferring smoke and faro to fresh air and fresh haystacks. This will be delivered to you by a young gentleman with whom I have lately made acquaintance, and whom you will be charmed to know. He will play with you at any game for any stake up to any hour of the night, and drink any reasonable number of bottles during the play. Mr. Warrington is no other than the Fortunate Youth about whom so many stories have been told in the *Public Advertiser* and other prints. He has an estate in Virginia as big as Yorkshire, and with the incumbance of a mother, the reigning sovereign: but as the country is unwholesome, and fevers plentiful, let us hope that Mrs. Esmond will die soon, and leave the virtuous lad in undisturbed possession. She is aunt of that *polisson* of a Castlewood, who never pays his play-debts, unless he is more honourable in his dealings with you than he has been with me. Mr. W. is *de bonne race*. We must have him for our

society, if it be only that I may win my money back from him.

“He has had the devil’s luck here, and has been winning everything, whilst his old card-playing beldam of an aunt has been losing. A few nights ago, when I first had the ill luck to make his acquaintance, he beat me in jumping (having practised the art amongst the savages, and running away from bears in his native woods); he won bets of me and Jack Morris about my weight; and at night, when we sat down to play, at old Bernstein’s, he won from us all round. If you can settle our last Epsom account, please hand over to Mr. Warrington £350, which I still owe him, after pretty well emptying my pocket-book. Chesterfield has dropped six hundred to him, too, but his Lordship does not wish to have it known, having sworn to give up play, and live cleanly. Jack Morris, who has not been hit as hard as either of us, and can afford it quite as well, for the fat chuff has no houses nor *train* to keep up, and all his misbegotten father’s money in hand, roars like a bull of Bashan about his losses. We had a second night’s play, *en petit comité*, and Barbeau served us a fair dinner in a private room. Mr. Warrington holds his tongue like a gentleman, and none of us have talked about our losses: but the others do, for us. Yesterday the Cattarina looked as sulky as thunder, because I would not give her a diamond necklace, and says I refuse her because I have lost to the Virginian. My old Duchess of Q. has the very same story, besides knowing to a fraction what Chesterfield and Jack have lost.

“Warrington treated the company to breakfast

and music at the rooms ; and you should have seen how the women tore him to pieces. That fiend of a Cattarina ogled him out of my *vis-à-vis*, and under my very nose, yesterday, as we were driving to Penshurst, and I have no doubt has sent him a *billet-doux* ere this. He shot Jack Morris all to pieces at a mark : we shall try him with partridges when the season comes.

“He is a fortunate fellow, certainly. He has youth (which is not debauched by evil courses in Virginia, as ours is in England), he has good health, good looks, and good luck.

“In a word, Mr. Warrington has won our money in a very gentlemanlike manner, and, as I like him, and wish to win some of it back again, I put him under your worship’s saintly guardianship. Adieu ! I am going to the North, and shall be back for Doncaster.

“Yours ever, dear George,

“M. & R.

“To George Augustus Selwyn, Esq., at White’s
Chocolate House, St. James’s Street.”

Thackeray’s picture of the mania for betting is not exaggerated. In the clubs, and, indeed, elsewhere, men of fashion would wager about anything. There is a story of a country parson entering White’s on the morning of an earthquake, and hearing bets made as to whether the shock was caused by an earthquake or the blowing up of a powder-mill, went away in horror, protesting that they were such an impious set that he believed that if the Last Trump were to sound, they would wager puppet-show against Judgment.

Lord March would bet on any conceivable subject, from the distance a given man could throw a cricket-ball, or the time in which a flock of geese could be driven along a certain road, or the amount a man could eat. He once bet Sir John Lade a thousand guineas as to which could find a man to eat the most at a sitting. He was prevented being present at the contest, but he heard the result : " I have not time to state particulars, but merely to acquaint you that your man beat his antagonist by a pig and an apple-pie ! "

A curious bet was made at a dinner at Newmarket by a Mr. Pigot and a Mr. Codrington to " run their fathers "—without, it may be presumed, having previously consulted the gentlemen. The elder Pigot was over seventy, the elder Codrington but fifty years old. Lord Ossory, being consulted as to the handicap, computed it as 500 to 1600 guineas. Mr. Codrington, not approving, Lord March took over his bet. Now it so happened that unknown to any of the parties at Newmarket Mr. Pigot's father had died that very morning on his estate at Shrewsbury. Lord March claimed the 500 guineas, which, in the circumstances, Pigot declined to pay. Whereupon Lord March brought an action against him in the Court of King's Bench before Lord Mansfield. He contended that the wager was " play or pay," and that Pigot had not brought his man to the post. Pigot, for his part, protested, somewhat irreverently, some may think, that his deceased father was in the position of a horse that had died before the day of the race, in which case the wager would be invalid. The verdict was given in favour of the plaintiff. An appeal for a new trial was heard before Lord Mansfield on the ground that

the contract was void, being without consideration, but the judge refused to accede to the request. Of course, to-day no action would lie.

Lord March was very astute, and when betting, was at pains so often as possible to be on the winning side, as is evinced by the story told by Richard Lovell Edgeworth in his memoirs.

“A coachmaker’s journeyman had been taken notice of by Lord March, for his being able to run with a wheel upon the pavement with uncommon speed, which his Lordship had ascertained at leisure with his stop-watch. A waiter in Betty’s fruit-shop in St. James’s Street was also famous for running. His speed Lord March minuted, and upon some opportunity he spoke of the coachmaker’s running, as if he believed that the wheel assisted instead of retarding his speed. This brought on discussion, and Lord March offered to lay a wager, that the coachmaker’s journeyman should run with the wheel of his Lordship’s carriage, which was at the door, faster than the waiter who was in the room. The bet was taken up to a considerable amount, and the time and place determined. Lord March well knew that large bets would depend on each side among the frequenters of the turf; and that each of the competitors would be engaged to try their speed, that those who backed them might know what they had to depend upon. He, therefore, had the waiter carefully watched, and had his speed ascertained, he also had experiments tried by the journeyman coachmaker. By these means he thought himself about certain of success, and he and his friends took up as many bets as they could before the day appointed for the race. The gentlemen on the

other side had not been inattentive ; and having observed that the coachmaker always ran with one particular wheel, which was considerably lighter than that with which Lord March had betted he should run, and being well-assured by coachmakers, whom they consulted, that a man could not roll a small wheel nearly as fast as a large one ; they reckoned upon this circumstance as decisive in their favour, because the hind wheel of Lord March's carriage happened to be uncommonly small. By some means their hopes in the advantage was discovered, but not till the very day before the match was to be determined. Lord March immediately tried the rate of his racer with the wheel with which he was actually to run, and found such an evident difference from that upon which he had depended, as to leave him very little chance of success. He mentioned his distress to Sir Francis Delaval, who instantly suggested a remedy. He applied immediately to friends whom he had in the Board of Works, for a number of planks sufficient to cover a pathway on the course where these men were to run. By the help of numbers, with the aid of moonlight, he laid these planks upon blocks of a height sufficient to raise the nave of his low wheel to the height of that with which the coachmaker had been accustomed to run. The Jockey Club allowed the expedient, and Lord March won his wager."

In another case, also related by Edgeworth, Lord March was not so successful :

"Bets of this sort were in favour in those days, and one proposal of what was difficult and uncommon led to another. A famous match was at that time pending at Newmarket, between two horses that

were in every respect as nearly equal as possible. Lord March, one evening at Ranelagh, expressed his regret to Sir Francis Delaval, that he was not able to attend Newmarket at the next meeting. "I am obliged," said he, "to stay in London; I shall, however, be at the Turf Coffee House; I shall station fleet horses on the road, to bring me the earliest intelligence of the event of the race, and I shall arrange my bets accordingly. I asked at what time in the evening he expected to know who was winner. He said about nine in the evening. I asserted that I should be able to name the winning horse at four o'clock in the afternoon. Lord March heard my assertion with so much incredulity, as to urge me to defend myself; and at length I offered to lay five hundred pounds, that I would be in London, name the winning horse at Newmarket, at five o'clock in the evening of the day when the great match in question was to be run. Sir Francis having looked at me for encouragement, offered to lay five hundred pounds on my side, Lord Eglintoun did the same; Shafto and somebody else took up their bets; and the next day we were to meet at the Turf Coffee-House, to put our bets in writing. After we went home, I explained to Sir Francis Delaval the means that I proposed to use. I had been acquainted with Wilkins's 'Secret and Swift Messenger': I had also read in Hooke's Works of a scheme of this sort, and I had determined to use a telegraph nearly resembling that which I have since published. The machinery I knew could be prepared in a few days. Sir Francis immediately perceived the feasibility of my scheme, and indeed its certainty of success. It was summer time, and by employing a

sufficient number of persons, we could place our machines so near as to be almost out of the power of the weather. When we all met at the Turf Coffee-House, I offered to double my bet, so did Sir Francis. The gentlemen on the opposite side were willing to accept my offer; but before I could conclude my wager, I thought it fair to state to Lord March, that I did not depend upon the fleetness or strength of horses to carry the desired intelligence, but upon other means, which I had of being informed in London which horse had actually won at Newmarket, between the time when the race should be concluded and five o'clock in the evening. My opponents thanked me for my candour, reconsidered the matter, and declined the bet. My friends blamed me extremely for giving up such an advantageous speculation."

In the Betting-Book of White's Club, Lord March's name figures frequently over a period of many years :

October 18, 1749. Colonel Waldegrave bets Lord March fifty guineas that his Lordship does not win the chaise match. N.B. Lord Anson goes Col. Waldegrave halves.

June 14, 1751. Lord March wagers Captain Richard Vernon, alias Fox, alias Jubilee Duky, fifty guineas to twenty that Mr. St. Leger is married before him.

July 15, 1751. Colonel Vane wagers Lord March fifty guineas that the horse to which Mr. Vernon gives a stone in October next, wins his match. N.B. This is understood to be the match with Lord Trentham. This bet is to play or pay.

July 15, 1764. Lord March bets Lord Oxford that

Sir Robert Rich, Lord Ligonier, and General Guise are not all living on the 15th day of January 1765.

March 3, 1784. The Duke of Queensberry bets Mr. Grenville ten guineas to five, that Mr. Fox does not intend to stand a poll for Westminster if the Parliament should be dissolved within a month from the date hereof. N.B. If a coalition takes place between Mr. Pitt and Mr. Fox this bet to be off.

“Old Q” also appears in the Betting-Book as the subject of wagers :

May 8, 1809. Mr. G. Talbot bets Lord Charles Manners that the Duke of Queensberry is not alive this day two years.

November 17, 1810. Mr. C. H. Bouverie bets Mr. B. P. Blackford 150 guineas to 100 guineas that the Duke of Queensberry outlives the Duke of Grafton. [Mr. Bouverie lost his bet, for Augustus Henry Fitzroy, third Duke of Grafton, survived until March 14, 1811.]

The duration of the lives of others was always a popular subject :

November 18, 1743. Mr. Fox bet Lord Coke fifty guineas that Mr. Fitzackerley outlives Mr. Paul Foley.

December 6, 1749. Lord Leicester wagers Sir Jacob Downing fifty guineas that Mr. Cibber outlives Mr. Nash.

April 1, 1751. Lord Montford wagers Lord Downie one hundred guineas, that Mr. Cibber is alive on the 12th April, 1753.

April 1, 1751. Lord Montford wagers Lord Ravensworth one hundred guineas, that Mr. Cibber is alive on the 13th April, 1753.

April 25, 1751. Lord Leicester wagers fifty pounds



CHARLES JAMES FOX
After a portrait by Cipie

with Mr. Pelham and fifty with Lord Ravensworth, that 13 members of the House of Commons die before this day twelvemonth. N.B. Mr. Jeffery goes Lord Ravensworth halves.

November 4, 1754. Lord Montford wagers Sir John Bland one hundred guineas that Mr. Nash outlives Mr. Cibber.

December 16, 1754. Sir Edward Dering has given to Lord Montford forty guineas, in consideration of receiving twenty guineas per annum to be paid quarterly to him, his heirs, or executors during the life of Mr. Cibber, to commence from the date thereof.

The bet made on November 4, 1754, was cancelled because both parties to the wager committed suicide while Nash and Cibber were still alive. "Lord Montford's strange end," wrote Lady Hervey of Ickworth, better remembered as "Molly Lepell," "surprised me a good deal, as he seemed as happy as a great taste for pleasure and an ample fortune to gratify it could make him, with many friends, few disappointments, and a cheerful temper. I never heard of more coolness than that with which he put an end to his life. I as yet hear no reason assigned for this event, but that *tedium vitæ*, which is so frequent in this country. He had supped and played at White's as usual, the night before, but sent to a lawyer he made use of, to come to him the next day at eleven o'clock, having himself *business* at twelve. The lawyer, with Lord Montford, read over his will three times, examining very carefully every word, that there might not be any flaw or room left for a dispute. He then sealed up the will and the duplicate, putting the one into his drawer, and desiring the lawyer to take care

of the other ; went immediately into his bedchamber, and before the man could take his papers and get downstairs, Lord Montford shot himself through the head."

Wagers concerning intimate domestic affairs, Parliament, finance, were common ; and a small collection of these are printed here to give some idea of the " atmosphere " of the day :

April 15, 1748. Sir Charles Wyndham bet Mr. Fox two guineas that Lady Trentham has a son before Lady Marchmont.

April 5, 1752. Mr. Brudenell wagers Lord Hobart twenty guineas that Lady Rockingham has a child born alive before the Duchess of Hamilton.

May 10, 1758. Lord Downe wagers Mr. Fanshawe twenty guineas, that Lady Lincoln has a daughter, and Lord Downe wagers Mr. Fanshawe that Lady Winchelsea has a son.

November 12, 1753. Colonel Montague wagers Lord March twenty guineas that Lord Rockingham's horse Scampronade beats Lord Northumberland's.

May 22, 1754. Lord Montford wagers Mr. Fanshawe twenty guineas, that Elizabeth Canning will be transported.

Mr. Edgecumbe bets Mr. Colebrooke twenty guineas, that Mr. Harris has a child born alive within two years from the date of his marriage, viz., March 10, 1753.

January 23, 1757. Lord Eglintoune bets Mr. Vernon two hundred guineas that he finds a man who shall kill twenty snipe in three-and-twenty shots before the twentieth of May.

November 10, 1758. Mr. Rigby bets Sir John

Moore fifty guineas, that No. 2 in the present lottery is drawn before No 1.

Mr. Fanshawe wagers Sir Thomas Sebright twenty guineas, that preliminary articles for a peace with France are signed on or before the 5th of July, 1759.

Sir John Moore bets Colonel Burgoyne five guineas, that Mr. Shafto does not lose one hundred guineas at one sitting during his residence in Ireland in the year 1760.

May 9, 1767. Lord Weymouth bets Mr. Cadogan five guineas, that India Stock is at one time three hundred by the ensuing Christmas.

April 13, 1769. Lord Ashburnham bets Lord Weymouth twenty guineas, that Sir Peniston Lamb has a child born alive by Lady Lamb before Sir Wilkins Williams has by Lady Harriet Williams.

March 11, 1775. Lord Bolingbroke gives a guinea to Mr. Charles Fox, and is to receive a thousand guineas from him whenever the debt of this country amounts to one hundred and seventy-one millions. Mr. Fox not to have to pay the thousand guineas till he is a member of his Majesty's Cabinet.

February 27, 1783. Mr. Hare bets Mr. Fox five guineas, that Mr. Pitt is not the next First Lord of the Treasury, and five guineas that Parliament is not dissolved before the beginning of the next session.

March 16, 1798. Mr. Paget bets Lord Lorne and Mr. Brummell five guineas each, that Lord Craven marries Miss Charlotte Lascelles before this day twelvemonth.

March 28, 1807. Mr. Brummell bets Mr. Osborn fifteen guineas, that the Opposition do not divide

fifteen above the Administration upon Mr. Brande's motion.

1810. Mr Stewart bets Mr. Brummell five guineas that Lord Eldon is elected Chancellor of Oxford.

January 29, 1811. Mr. Brummell bets Mr. W. Howard six guineas, that the Duke of Norfolk will not have the Garter which is at present vacant.

When the members of White's were tired of individual bets they organised a sweepstake :

February 25, 1753. Sweepstakes for twenty guineas each, which has a child born alive first.

Lord Hobart	Lady Coventry
Lord Montford	Lady Hilsbury
Lord R. Bertie	Lady Caroline Duncannon
Mr. Maxwell	Lady D. Egerton
Mr. Jeffreys	Miss Shelby and Mrs. Onslow
Captain Vane	Mrs. Cholmondeley

Lord Montford wagers Mr. Maxwell thirty guineas to twenty guineas, that either he or Lord Hobart wins the sweepstakes.

CHAPTER III

THE CONTESSA RENA

WHEN Lord March first came to London, he became acquainted with his countryman John Stuart, third Earl of Bute, who at the time was Gentleman of the Bedchamber in the Household of Frederick, Prince of Wales. After the death of Frederick in 1751, he was appointed Groom of the Stole to young George, the Heir-Apparent, with whom he became very popular. Soon after he went to Leicester House, scandal coupled his name with that of Augusta, Princess of Wales, and after the death of her Consort tongues wagged even more freely. "It had already been whispered that the assiduity of Lord Bute at Leicester House, and his still more frequent attendance at Kew and Carlton House, were less addressed to the Prince of Wales than his mother," Walpole mentioned. "The eagerness of the Pages of the Backstairs to let her know whenever Lord Bute arrived, and some other symptoms, contributed to dispel the ideas that had been conceived of the rigour of her widowhood. On the other hand, the favoured personage, naturally ostentatious of his person, and of haughty carriage, seemed by no means desirous of concealing his conquest. His bows grew more theatric, his graces contracted some meaning, and the beauty of his leg

was constantly displayed in the eyes of the poor captivated Princess. . . . Her simple husband, when he took up the character of the Regent's gallantry, had forced an air of intrigue even upon his wife. When he affected to retire into gloomy *allées* with Lady Middlesex, he used to bid the Princess walk with Lord Bute. As soon as the Prince was dead they walked more and more, in honour of his memory." Nor was Walpole the only person to make comment on the relations between the Princess of Wales and Lord Bute. "It cannot be denied," Wraxall said, "that Lord Bute enjoyed a higher place in the favour of the Princess, if not in her affection, than seemed compatible with strict propriety. His visits to Carlton House (which were always performed in the evening), and the precautions taken to conceal his arrival, though they might perhaps have been dictated more by an apprehension of insult from the populace, to whom he was obnoxious, than from any improper reasons, yet awakened suspicion. He commonly made use on these occasions of the chair and the chairmen of Miss Vansittart, a lady who held a distinguished place in her Royal Highness's family : in order more effectually to elude notice, the curtains of the chair were close drawn."

On the accession of George III, Lord Bute was sworn of the Privy Council and appointed Groom of the Stole and First Lord of the Bedchamber. Although he only held office in the Household, he was, to all intents and purposes, Prime Minister—though the First Lord of the Treasury was the Duke of Newcastle, and Pitt and the Earl of Holderness were the Secretaries of State. It was on the advice of Lord

Bute that the King increased the number of the Lords of the Bedchamber from twelve to eighteen, either for the purpose of additional state, or what is far more likely, for influence. Lord Bute was always on the look out for supporters, and he remembered the Earl of March, a territorial magnate, who controlled several seats in the House of Commons. He offered him one of the new posts, and Lord March accepted it. In the following year he was made a Knight of the Thistle—of which august Order he was at the time of his death the senior Knight. Also, in 1761, Lord March was chosen one of the sixteen representative peers of Scotland, and was regularly re-elected, serving in that capacity until 1790.—“By which,” so runs a passage in the obituary notice in the *Scots Magazine*, “a vote was attached to a dependent office, that might be taken away. With that condition his Lordship was content: for he never aspired to the palm of eloquence, or the hardihood of independence; being satisfied with a simple affirmative to the propositions of all the Ministers of the day.” It is, indeed, not on record that he ever spoke in the House of Lords.

The Earl of March, the duties of a Lord of the Bedchamber being far from arduous, had leisure to devote himself to society, and plenty of time for the twin pastimes of racing and women.

“About 1757, or 1758, an Italian lady, a Countess L——, wife, it is said of a Count of the Holy Roman Empire, appeared in London,” so runs a passage in the *Memoirs of the late Duke of Queensberry*. “The Count had deserted his wife in a fit of jealousy while visiting Paris. The deserted Countess was befriended by a wealthy French official, who settled an annuity

on her. Further it would be unwise to follow her career in the gay city. She is next found following an English nobleman who had once been enamoured of her in London. But her arrival here was a little tardy, as her English admirer, to her great chagrin and dilemma, had just married. Soon after her advent, Lord March met the Countess at a *ridotto* in the Haymarket. To beg an introduction at the hands of a common acquaintance was the work of a few moments for the infatuated March, who found favour with the Countess by asking her to walk a minuet with him. This ceremony both accomplished so gracefully that it was considered the best performance of the minuet ever witnessed in these rooms. The result of this meeting was the establishment of relations between the parties which lasted for some years."

It may be presumed that the lady in question was the Contessa Rena, about whom Horace Walpole was curious, and sought information. "Here is arrived a Countess Rena, of whom my Lord Pembroke bought such quantities of Florence, etc., " Walpole wrote to Horace Mann at Florence, on November 20, 1757. "I shall wonder if he deals with her any more, as he has the sweetest wife in the world [Elizabeth, sister of the Duke of Marlborough], and it seems to me some time since the Contessa was so. Tell me more of her history : antique as she is, she is since my time."

Among the Duke's many mistresses, the Contessa Rena took the first place for many years, and though he was openly unfaithful to her, he, for his part did not discard her, and she, for her part, suffered his infidelities, if not gladly, at least with patience. Who she was it is not easy to discover : in fact, no

information concerning her can be discovered. Horace Walpole knew her, for he wrote from Strawberry Hill on September 9, 1762, to Seymour Conway : " I have had Lord March and the Rena here for one night, which does not raise my reputation in the neighbourhood, and may usher me again for a Scotsman into the *North Briton*." In April 1763 Walpole was in direct communication with the lady :

" Monsieur Walpole est très sensible aux bontés de Madame la Comtesse Rena, et la remercie infiniment de la peine qu'elle s'est bien voulu donner pour sçavoir de ses nouvelles et celles de Madame sa nièce. La pauvre Milady Waldegrave est aussi touchée qu'elle doit l'être d'une perte si grande : elle pleure le meilleur mari, l'amant le plus tendre, et l'homme le plus respectable de son siècle. Monsieur Walpole qui ne quitte pas une nièce si véritablement affligée, aura l'honneur de remercier en personne Madame Rena quand il retournera à la ville. En attendant, il l'assure de sa vive reconnaissance et de son respect."

The correspondence of the Earl of March with George Selwyn gives a bird's-eye view of his occupations and interests, and contains mention of " the Rena " as well as occasional references to " the Tondino," upon whom his Lordship also for a while bestowed his favours.

The Earl of March to George Selwyn

" SEYMOUR PLACE, [LONDON]

" October 20, 1762.

" I have received all your letters. You make me wish very much to be with you, but I scarce think it

will be possible, though I should like to come, were I to stay but a week. The Rena has not quite fixed her setting out, but I believe it will be in ten days at farthest.

“As to any news from here concerning politics, or the administration, you are sure to have better information from the Duke and Duchess than I can give you. I shall let Lord Huntingdon know that you are thought to have a better pronounciation than any one that ever came from this country. Augustus Hervey will be appointed Colonel of Marines, and Keppel will have a flag. I dine to-day with Lady Hervey [of Ickworth], have visited Lady Mary Chabot, and had a note from her. How monstrously you envy me! This is all you can do at your return, and perhaps more. This cursed peace, that I have expected every day for these two months, I begin now to despair of. Hervey is waiting for me, so I shall finish this epistle after dinner.

“I have just returned from the Hôtel de Milady [Hervey]. At dinner, Lord and Lady Stormont, Mrs. Dives, Stanley, Morris, Augustus [Hervey], and myself. Never was anything so French as her dinner, and the manner of its being served. It is a charming house, and as I have rather a partiality for the French, I am very glad to have the *entrée*. Horace Walpole, who was in town yesterday, tells me I am in great favour, and I always have a great deal of prejudice for those that like me, which is one of the reasons why I love you more than anybody else. I intend sending your gazettes of the King and Queen by Stanley, if he goes before the Tondino.

“Monsieur de Nivernois [French Ambassador at

the Court of St. James's] is the most agreeable man in the world. The more I see him the more I like him. He is not yet got into his new house. I never had an opportunity of seeing Miss Newton, so I have not been able to make your excuses. Metham recruits but slowly. He assures us he is to be married to Miss (I forget her name,—Lady Jane Coke's heir), as soon as he is recovered, and has told the Tondino that he is immediately to ask for a peerage. Perhaps he may be satisfied with an Irish one—Lord Viscount Montgomery and Baron Metham of North Cave. None of your acquaintances are in town; scarce a number of any sort to make either a dinner or a supper here. I am just now going to Duchess of Hamilton's, who is much better."

"NEWMARKET,

"*Wednesday Morning, April, 1763.*

"It is decided to stay here to-day, to-morrow, and Friday, in order to dine with you at Old Almack's, if you are not engaged, or at your own house, whichever you like best. Let them know at my house that I shall be in town between three and four. You talk to me of Wilkes' affair as if I had been in London. I only know that he deserves to be put in the pillory for his abuse of Government, and I shall be very glad to hear that he is severely punished. I have lost a little, on the whole, by the last meeting. Adieu! till Friday.

"P.S. As my coach-horses will not be in town, I wish you would order your servant to hire a coach for the Tondino, that she may have an equipage for Ranelagh."

“ *Tuesday, after dinner [June 1763].*

“ I received your letters from Paris at the Lodge, where I stayed the whole week. I won the first day above £2000, of which I brought off about £1500. As all things are exaggerated, I am supposed to have won at least twice as much.

“ I can say nothing to you about Paris or Spa, because I am quite undetermined, and there is always something to do here that I wish to stay for. The Duchess of Hamilton sets out for Paris Wednesday week, and the Duke and Duchess of Ancaster will go about the same time. I was to-day at Leicester House, to kiss hands for the riband. Lady Augusta inquired after you in the most gracious and good-humoured manner that could be imagined. She said you had saved your fine coat for the King’s birthday. I told her I was sure you would not be so economical upon another occasion, and that you intended to return on purpose to pay your respect to her.

“ The masquerade was very numerous and very fine. Old Gunning was there in a running-footman’s habit, with Lady Coventry’s picture hung at his button-hole like a *croix de St. Louis*. Tom Hervey has advertised his wife, which advertisement Williams is to give you an account of. Lord Tavistock dined here to-day, with d’Uson, and M. de Fleury. Madame de Boufflers was at Lady Mary Coke’s for two days in the Ascot week ; she is now at Sion Hill.

“ I have eat so much dinner that what I have already written makes my head ache, so I am just going to take a walk in the park, it being now past eight, and the finest evening that ever was. I will write again

soon, and more intelligibly, and when I know what I intend doing I will let you know it. *Tondino è in collera, dicendo che la littera non è andata subito.* Farewell, my dear George ! ”

“ SEYMOUR PLACE, [LONDON]

“ *Tuesday, 21 June, 1763.*

“ *Vous êtes charmant pour les commissions*, and the best correspondent in the world ; I like everything you have sent me as well as if I had chose them myself.

“ My tailor Davenport is going to Paris in a few days. I have given him directions about my clothes, and I have desired he will consult you, which I do that he may not impose upon me as to the price, which you will take care of. My going abroad appears every day more uncertain, so that I am very glad you went without staying for me.

“ I have not seen the Duchess of Bedford and the Duke, only for a few minutes at court. They are now at Woburn. Madame de Boufflers went there last Sunday, and from thence she goes to the Duke of Grafton at Wakefield. I have some thoughts of going to Woburn on Thursday : that is a visit I must absolutely make, and I should like to have done it when Madame de Boufflers was there : and a great many foreigners are to dine here to-morrow. I believe you was gone before the Margrave came. You know he is very nearly related to the royal family, and a sovereign prince. My dinner is a rebound of one we had at Eglinton’s.

“ I saw [George James (‘ Gilly ’)] Williams this morning at White’s ; he inquired after you. Coventry is going in a few days to the country to entertain the

Duke of York, who is to make him a visit in his way to Scarborough. Pray make my best compliments to M. de Nivernois. The little Tondino is now writing you a letter. She has had a *spiriti bassini*. Adieu, my dear George, I have a visit to make the Duke of Queensberry, who goes to-morrow to Scotland. It is past six, and I am not yet dressed."

"HÔTEL DE TONDINO,

"*Saturday Morning.*

"When I returned from Shelburne's, I was quite surprised to find you were gone. I did not get up till near two, and I promised to be there at three, dinner being ordered at that time that Madame de Boufflers might be in time for the play. I found them at dinner when I came, Lady Mary C[o]ke and Monsieur and Madame d'Uson. I expected it would have been a larger party.

"I am now setting out for Newmarket. The Tondino is a good deal better; and as she thinks the air of the country will do her good, I shall take her with me, though I return to-morrow. I have called on M. de Nivernois to take leave, but he was not up, so I shall call again. The d'Usons and Boufflers are set out this morning upon their progress. Adieu, my dear George."

"SEYMOUR PLACE,

"1 July, 1763.

"Upon my return from Newmarket last Wednesday I found your letter, by which I find you wholly despair of me. Whether I shall come or not is rather uncertain. If I do, it will be immediately after Huntingdon, which is the last week in this month.



GEORGE, PRINCE OF WALES
After a portrait by Sir William Beechey

"I did not go to Woburn, so I have that visit to make. This week I have been in waiting, and to-day, being Friday, I have nothing further to do. The King did not take his Lord of the Bedchamber to the review last Monday, so that I had that day and Tuesday at Newmarket. The Horse Guards are to be reviewed next Monday; Elliot's the Monday following.

"Since this letter was begun I have been at Madame de Boufflers, who returned last night from her expedition to Woburn and Wakefield, and seems perfectly satisfied with everything here. Beauclerk was at Woburn. She goes on Sunday to stay a week with Lady Holderness at Sion Hill in Lord H.'s absence, who sets out to-morrow for Yorkshire, and the 23rd for Paris. Williams suspects you begin to be a little *seccatored*, and that you would like as well to sit down to Saunders' turtle, which is just going to be served up, as to any dinner you can have where you are. I know of nothing new or entertaining to send you. Everything goes on as when you left us, and I am always, as much as it is possible."

"Tuesday, July 10, 1763.

"I shall send the message and things by Lady Holderness, who sets out on Thursday, and has promised to take them.

"Madame de Boufflers goes on Saturday. They all dine with me to-morrow, and I go the next day to Newmarket, and from thence to Huntingdon which begins next Monday. There is no such thing as lampreys at this time of the year, and they will keep, to be sent here, as the Cherubim assures me, upon thorough information. All my stockings have been seized,

by not being taken out of the paper and rolled up, which would have made them pass for old stockings.

“It is extremely uncertain when the marriage¹ will be, but I should think undoubtedly not sooner than the latter end of September, therefore do not order any clothes for me till I write to you again.

“I have fixed nothing about moving to France. Lord Coventry talks of being at Paris in three weeks. I have been all the morning at Petersham with Madame de Boufflers. She dined at Sion Hill. The Duke of Queensberry, Essex, and Hervey dined with me, so that I have not had a minute to myself all day, and for fear this should be too late for the post, I have only time to add, that I am always

“Yours most affectionately,

“M. & R.”

The only reference to the Cherubim, mentioned above, is in a letter from Mackreth, the proprietor of White's Club, to George Selwyn, April 5, 1763 : “Having quitted business entirely, and let my house to the *Cherubim*, who is my near relation, I humbly beg leave, after returning you my most grateful thanks for all favours, to recommend him to your patronage, not doubting, by the long experience I have had of his fidelity, but that he will strenuously endeavour to oblige.”

The Earl of March to George Selwyn

“FONTAINEBLEAU,

[? September 1763].

“You desire to know what I intend to do, which is more than I can tell myself, but I shall certainly be

¹ The marriage between Princess Amelia, sister of George III, and the Prince of Brunswick-Wolfenbüttel took place on January 16, 1764.

here on Sunday, and for some days afterwards. I supped at Berringen's the first night; the next day made my visits, but found nobody but mother Praslin. She asked me to supper, and has sent me another card since, so that I find I am quite well there. I sup to-night with the Prince Soubize; to-morrow, with Madame de Choiseul; and Monday, with the Duke de Chartres; in short, there is business for every night, and I am in no danger of being on the *pavé*. I dined to-day at what is called no dinner, at Madame de Coingnie's. The Queen asked Madame de Mirepoix, '*Si elle n'avoit pas beaucoup entendu médire de Monsieur Selwyn et elle?*' Elle a répondu, '*Oui, beaucoup, Madame.*'—'*J'en suis bien aise,*' dit la Reine. Monin will be excessively glad to see you. I have not had time to go and see him, though he is but a mile from here, and has pressed me very much to come.

"Pray say something for me to the little Tondino, if I should not have time to write. I was not quite well this morning, and could not get up, or I should have wrote to you both. Farewell, for I must go out.

"P.S. There was no room taken for Fox, so I have taken the best I could get in this house, which is not a very good one, but there are lodgings enough to be had."

"NEWMARKET,

"*Thursday, October, 1763.*

"I had your letter yesterday, and you would have heard from me sooner had I had any good news to send you. The rich people win everything. Sir James Lowther has won above seven thousand. Maxwell will bring you an account of our bad success

with Scapeflood. It cost me much less than I expected, but more than I can afford, for I am at this time, as you know, exceeding poor.

“ I am very sorry to hear that you are still *throwing out* as well as me. I fear, if luck does not come soon, it will only find us at five pound stakes, and it must be a d—d long run to bring us home at that rate. Adieu ! my dear George ! I will not think of desiring you to come here, because I do not know that you like it, and I shall see you in London on Monday. I have one little push to make on Saturday. Adieu ! ”

In the month in which the above letter was written, the Earl of March came for the first time into the limelight of politics—and it must be admitted that he cut a sorry figure. It has already been mentioned that he was indignant with John Wilkes for his attacks on the Government in the famous No. 45 of the *North Briton*, published on April 23, 1763. The proceedings subsequent to that issue are known to every reader of history. Wilkes went for a while to Paris, but returned to London in September. He renewed his attacks on Government, and the Earl of Sandwich, who had succeeded the Earl of Egremont as Secretary of State, decided that action must be taken—the trouble was, to know what action. Just at this time, however, there came into his hands a copy of Wilkes’ flagrantly indecent burlesque of Pope’s *Essay on Man*, entitled *An Essay on Woman*, dedicated to a notorious courtesan of the day, Fanny Murray, with notes ascribed to Bishop Warburton, and including an obscene paraphrase of the *Veni Creator Spiritus*. When Parliament met on November 15,

the House of Lords, on the motion of Lord Sandwich, included the essay and *Veni Creator* in one censure as a breach of privilege (Bishop Warburton being a member of the House) and as an obscene and impious libel. "To obtain a copy of this work, and by its means to prosecute and crush the popular demagogue as a convicted blasphemer and libeller, was the paramount object of Grenville and his colleagues," Jesse wrote in his *History of the Reign of George III.* "Had their zeal, instead of having for its object the ruin of a troublesome political foe, been prompted by a true regard for the interests of religion and morality, one might have half forgiven even the unworthy means by which the Ministry attempted to secure his conviction. But, as it happened, nothing could be more unjustifiable than those means. Wilkes, it should be borne in view, had made no attempt to foist his obnoxious *Essay* upon the public. No single innocent mind had been tainted by its lasciviousness ; no single Christian faith had been disturbed by its profaneness. Only thirteen copies had been printed, the circulation of which had been restricted to a few intimate congenial spirits, doubtless as hardened in debauchery as Wilkes himself. Moreover, to prevent publicity, he had printed the work at a private press of his own in Great George Street, which, so long as private documents only issued from it, he had a right to expect would remain uninterfered with by the law. Under the circumstances, the Government, as may easily be imagined, had encountered no slight difficulty in obtaining a copy of the work. Sandwich had in all probability received a presentation copy ; but even Sandwich, we presume, would

have shrunk from converting into a legal instrument of oppression, the confidential gift of a friend. Another copy had fallen into the hands of Government at the time of the seizure of Wilkes's papers, but, in this case, the means by which it had been obtained had been denounced as illegal, alike in too high a quarter and at too recent period, to admit of its being turned to the arbitrary account for which it was required. In this dilemma one Kidgell, chaplain to the profligate Lord March, afterwards Duke of Queensberry, came to the assistance of the Ministers, and by means of bribing one of the printers employed by Wilkes, obtained a copy of the poems which he placed in the hands of the Solicitor of the Treasury. Of the men of rank and pleasure who had recently courted Wilkes's company and enjoyed his social wit, one of the most intimate with him, as well as one of the most licentious, was the new Secretary of State, the Earl of Sandwich. Yet Sandwich it was, who with inconceivable baseness and effrontery, now undertook the sorry business of bringing the *Essay on Woman* under the notice of the House of Lords, with the avowed object of blasting the reputation and ruining the fortunes of his friend. Parliament assembled on the 15th of November, up to which time no suspicion seems to have been entertained by Wilkes of the pitiless storm which was about to burst over his head. On that day, even before the King's Speech could be taken into consideration, Sandwich placed his friend's poem upon the table of the House; at the same time denouncing it in a pharisaical speech as a most blasphemous, obscene, and abominable libel. Among those who listened to him with astonished ears was his old

Medmenham Abbey associate, Sir Francis Dashwood, now Lord Le Despencer. Never before, he said, had he heard the Devil preach."

It is easy to believe the amazement that prevailed, not at the action, but at the fact that it was undertaken by, of all people in the world, the Earl of Sandwich. He was notorious for immorality, and certainly was the most profligate of the Bedford party; also he, the Earl of March, and Sir Francis Dashwood had been associated with Wilkes in the infamous brotherhood of Medmenham. Wilkes contented himself with writing of "the spotless morality of Lord Sandwich"; but public opinion was more outraged against Lord Sandwich than against Wilkes. Evidence of this was clearly forthcoming at Covent Garden Theatre, where *The Beggar's Opera* was being revived. When Macheath came to the words, "That Jemmy Twitcher should peach I own surprises me," the audience in one shout of applause indicated that they had marked the application. Henceforth, the nickname of "Jemmy Twitcher" clung to the Earl of Sandwich. Lord Chesterfield also had something to say on the matter, and said it with caustic irony in a letter to his son: "It is a great mercy that Mr. Wilkes, the intrepid defender of our rights and liberties, is out of danger, and may live to write a fight again in support of them; and it is no less a mercy that God has raised the Earl of Sandwich to vindicate and promote true religion and morality! These two blessings will justly make an epoch in the annals of this country."

The Rev. John Kidgell, chaplain to the Earl of March, lived with his patron, and devoted more time

to the pleasures of a man about town than to his duties as a clergyman—he held the rectories of Godstone and Horne in the county of Surrey. For having bribed the printers of the *Essay on Woman* to give him a copy, he was mercilessly scarified by Charles Churchill; while Wilkes killed two birds with one stone in his *Letter to the Electors of Aylesbury*: “The neat, prim, smirking chaplain of that babe of grace . . . the Earl of March, was highly offended at my having made an *essay on woman*.” Kidgell defended himself in a pamphlet. “A genuine succinct Narrative of a scandalous, obscene, and exceedingly profane Libel, entitled *An Essay on Woman*” which did nothing to improve his standing. So low, indeed, had his reputation fallen that not even the influence of Lord Sandwich, and presumably that also of Lord March, could secure him the living of St. James’s, Westminster.

CHAPTER IV

RACING

THE Earl of March soon interested himself in the turf. "Newmarket," many years later wrote J. P. Hurstone, "proved to be the starting place, whence he commenced his fashionable career; for, having attended one meeting at that race-course, the most celebrated in the world, he acquired such an unconquerable taste for the turf, that he quickly deserted the *sombre* walls of the University, changed his gown for buckskins, and a coloured jacket—his square cap, for a jockey's bob; and, putting a small edition of *Ovid's Art of Love* into one pocket, and the *Racing Calendar* into the other, quickly appeared within the roped-ring, a knowing one, and a buck of the first water. He was soon a match for all the jockeys of the day; and like a certain Duke, lately deceased, made it a practice never to place reliance upon any of the slippery gentry whose tricks have not infrequently ruined greenhorns, and placed them within the walls of the King's Bench, or the Fleet,—ere they could obtain a seat in that august assembly; whose members have wisely provided for their own personal safety to the discomfiture of many an honest trader! Lord Marchmont, therefore, might *in this respect*, be said to have acted wisely; he depended solely upon his own ability and exertions, and how far he was favoured by them will appear

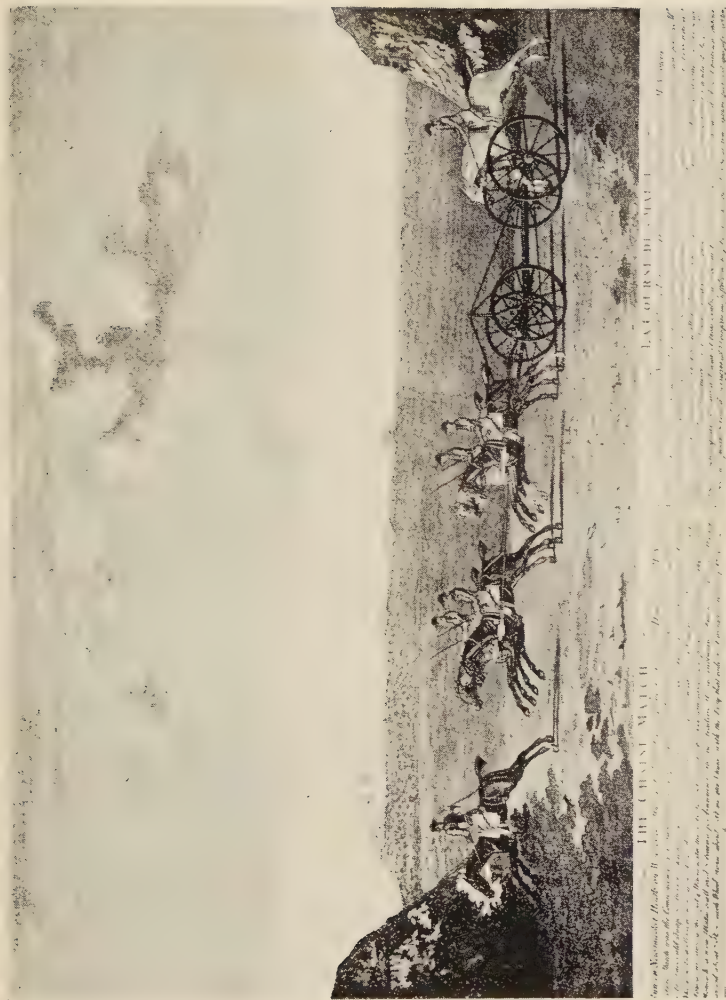
from the recital of two memorable achievements which will never be forgotten by the disciples of the whip."

Lord March, apparently, began his racing career in 1748 at Newmarket. There in April of that year a chestnut gelding of his won a match of an hundred guineas, twelve months later a grey gelding of his won a similar stake; and at the beginning of 1750 a bay mare brought him in a twenty-guinea cup. This may be considered as an auspicious start for a lad only twenty.

However, he first came into general notice in the summer of 1750, consequent upon a chaise-match that has become historic. This arose out of a wager of a thousand guineas laid by himself and the Earl of Eglington against Theodore Taafe and Andrew Sproule, that four horses could draw a carriage with four running wheels, with a person in or on it, nineteen miles in one hour—the layers reserving to themselves choice of time and place.

The affair attracted much attention at the clubs and in sporting circles generally, and many other bets, some of very considerable amount, were made. "As it had already been discovered," so runs a contemporary account, "that a race-horse might be urged to such a degree of speed as to run over a mile a minute, this, which allowed about three to the mile, did not appear so surprising to the knowing ones, for a short space of time; but the continuance of such rapid motion, during a whole hour, staggered their belief, and many were completely outwitted."

Much, if not everything, depended, of course, on the carriage. Messrs. Taafe and Sproule, when they



THE CHAISE MATCH
 From a contemporary engraving

accepted the wager, had in their minds, no doubt, the lightest of the carriages then in vogue, and satisfied with this, made no stipulation as to the vehicle to be employed. The Earl of March, however, had imagination. Convinced that with any ordinary vehicle he would lose, he boldly decided to have built something quite special. He applied to Wright, the then well-known coachmaker in Long Acre, who, after many experiments, turned out a "machine," the like of which had never been seen. The following is an account given in a little volume, entitled *The Chaise-Match*, in which there is an illustration by Seymour of the carriage :

" To satisfy the accommodating terms of the match, ' to carry a man,' it was not requisite to have a body fitted on the ' carriage ' ; this, then, was discarded at once as being unnecessary in weight and requirement. Therefore the term ' carriage ' was adhered to pure and simple, and was on lines familiar to all—the ' brake ' used by horse-breakers, etc., but without the high perch or of the solid character these vehicles are. The back carriage of Lord March's machine was united to the fore by means of the usual bar, which had also cords fixed to springs from small uprights to keep the bar steady and in line, as well as to avoid the jolting and swerving of the occupant of the seat, slung on leather straps, and covered with velvet, between two hind wheels. The boxes of the wheels were brass, to which were fixed oil drop-cans for lubricating purposes. The pole and bars were of thin wood lapped with wire to strengthen them, while steel springs were used in both carriage and bars. So much for the vehicle, on which much thought and

money were expended before its satisfactory production.

“ For harness recourse was had principally to silk and whalebone ; the breeching of the horses were wholly made of the latter, while silk was used entirely for the traces. The latter were ingeniously housed in boxes, regulated by a kind of check-spring, so that should one of the horses—wheelers presumably—have ‘ held back,’ the ‘ slack ’ of the trace would have run into the box and prevented entanglement.

“ The total weight of carriage and harness was two and a half hundredweight, a mere feather for four horses to draw, even though ridden by postillions. The horses by which this match was to be won or lost gave just as much concern to the noble lords as the vehicle. Here, again, the favourable conditions of ‘ time and place ’ on which Lord March had based the difficulties which would beset him, gave ample opportunity for trials and training. This fortunate clause was ‘ his own time,’ perhaps somewhat hazarded by a two months’ notice as to the week the match should take place in, but with liberty to select any day or time specified in that. Therefore, when horses able to undergo the ordeal were found, the only thing required was to keep them fit and well for two months ; not by any means so easy a task as it appears. It is said that some six or seven horses died during training, at a loss to the co-partners of six or seven hundred pounds.

“ At last four horses were got together who stood the ordeal of training, three of them were platers—indeed, had obtained winning brackets, or distinguished themselves otherwise. It appears, by inference, that

to prevent the match falling through by the sickness of one or other of the horses on or before the day specified, either five or six horses were kept in training—a wise precaution.

“The four horses who ultimately did battle for Lords March and Eglinton were: Tawney, a brown, lately the property of a Mr. Greville—this animal was awarded the post of ‘near fore’; his companion, Roderick Random, who fortunately belied his cognomen, was a dark grey, late the property of a Mr. Stanford. These leaders carried about eight stone each; this included saddles, harness, etc. The ‘near wheel’ horse, Chance, a chestnut, which had lately been in the possession of the Duke of Hamilton, a connection of Lord March, possessed the most appropriate name, perhaps, by which a racehorse can be called. The selection of the fourth, the ‘off wheeler,’ testifies that even dignitaries of the Church were laid under tribute to aid the match, as this horse, called Little Dan, a grey, was purchased from ‘Parson’ Thompson of Beverley, Yorkshire; though I shall record that his appearing as a competitor on the day of the match was not altogether anticipated.

“The ‘wheelers’ carried, including trappings, etc., about seven stone; a reference that will serve to bring the riders of the team into notice. That a match of this character required a nice judgment of pace goes without saying. Therefore William Everatt, Evatt, Ebertt or Everett (he has been recorded by all four names), a groom in the employ of William Panton, Esq., was selected to regulate the rate of speed by riding the ‘off fore’ horse Roderick Random. The riders of the three others were lads

in Lord March's stable. His Lordship's groom was the 'passenger,' who 'sportod' his master's colours in a somewhat curious manner: red silk stockings and black cap, while in place of the jacket usually associated nowadays with colours he wore a white waistcoat. The riders appear to have been looked upon more as postillions, as they are described as wearing blue satin waistcoats (jackets), buckskin breeches, white silk stockings, and black velvet caps; while only those who rode the leaders wore spurs."

Lord March, with a thoroughness of which he had not hitherto been suspected, left as little to luck or chance as possible. On the racecourse at Newmarket, he and his associate put into training for the purpose eight or ten blood horses, to prevent any likelihood of disaster from lameness, accident, or design. Until the last, he kept secret, even from his own staff, the names of the horses he proposed to run, and did not tell his grooms which of them would serve in the enterprise. Not until the day of the race, August 29, 1750, were horses and men named, when they were duly entered by the Clerk of the Course.

What was then considered a vast concourse assembled on the ground, and it was much interested in the quaint carriage. The course started at a place near Six-Mile Bottom, and thence ran between the Beacon Hills, north of the Warren and Upper Hare Park, entering the Beacon Course near the King's Four Mile Stables, came through the Ditch at the Running Gap, then turned to the right and ran three times round a piece of corded ground of about four miles, encircling the Long Gallop and the Flat, and thence back to the start.

When the signal was given, and the race began, the horses took fright and ran away for a distance of about four miles, but fortunately keeping to the course. The wager was won in fifty-three minutes and twenty-seven seconds—that is to say, with six minutes and thirty-three seconds in hand.

It is, perhaps, worth while to print a paragraph from the *Times* of December 24, 1794, of a somewhat similar incident :

“Lady Lade and Mrs. Hodges are to have a curriole race at Newmarket at the next Spring Meeting, and the horses are now in training. It is to be a five-mile course, and great sport is expected. The construction of the traces is to be on a plan similar to that of which Lord March, now Duke of Queensberry, won his famous match against time. The odds at present are in favour of Lady Lade. She runs a grey mare, which is said to be the best horse in the baronet’s stable.”

Now, the story of the chaise-match is derived from fact. As a change from history, take the alleged incidents narrated in *The Piccadilly Ambulator* :

“Shortly after the carriage achievement, already made mention of, his Lordship engaged to run a famous bay colt, which more than once had won the day for him, against the celebrated horse (Potatoes), the property of a titled Hibernian.

“The weight of the jockey who rode the former being very inferior to that of him who managed the latter, he, of course, was loaded in the usual way, and not in a very *unusual* way, before the first heat had been accomplished, the weights were thrown away, picked up by a confederate of the *honest* rider, and

slipped into his jacket, previously to his being put into the scales.

“All this was not performed with such dexterity as to evade the scrutinizing eye of the owner of Potatoes, who, seizing his lordship’s jockey (he proving to be the victor), threatened to apply his horsewhip to his shoulders, unless he acknowledged at whose instigation the deceit had been practised.

“The *upright* jockey, after some hesitation, ‘cast the vile reproach’ upon his master, who, being taxed with the fact, answered in such a manner as tended to irritate the fiery disposition of the Hibernian.

“When we inform our readers, that this fiery gentleman was no other than the celebrated fire-eater, or duellist, who flourished about half a century ago, and of whom it is related, that having thrown an impertinent waiter out of the window, replied to the remonstrances of the landlord, by saying, ‘Charge the fellow in the bill!’

“When we say, this was the person whom his Lordship insulted, we need hardly add, that he *honourably* resented the affront, or, in other words, sent Lord Marchmont a very polite, though laconic note couched in the following terms :

“ ‘My Lord,

“ ‘I shall be happy to meet you by five o’clock to-morrow morning at —, and if your Lordship will have the goodness to bring a friend, a surgeon, and a case of pistols, with you, I doubt not but our little misunderstanding will be settled in less than five minutes.

“ ‘I have the honour to be etc.,

“ ‘x x x x x x x’

“In reply to this *billet amie*, as his lordship considered it, an equally polite epistle was returned, accepting the invitation contained in the former.

“Accordingly at the appointed time, Lord M——, accompanied and accoutred as his friend had directed, appeared on the ground, where he was shortly afterwards joined by the gentleman who had so kindly invited him thither ; but how great was his astonishment, on perceiving a man approaching with a large black coffin upon his shoulder, which having carefully laid down, his lordship perceived that it bore a plate, whereupon was inscribed, ‘Earl of Marchmont, who departed this life on the — day of — 1751.’

“The date was that of the very day upon which the meeting took place, and on Lord Marchmont’s expressing in tremulous accents, his surprise at such a proceeding on the part of his opponent, the latter replied—‘Why, my dear fellow, you are, of course, aware that I never miss my man ; and as I find myself in excellent trim for sport this morning, I have not the shadow of doubt, but this oaken great coat (pointing to the coffin) will shortly be better calculated for you than your present dress.’

“Such an effect had these words upon his Lordship, together with the sight of the coffin, that dropping upon his knees, he made a most abject apology for his past misconduct. This submission the eccentric Irishman readily accepted, but the effect of the *rencontre* did not end here, for it is a well-known fact that Lord Marchmont ever afterwards so strongly bore in mind the recollection of it, as never to resent any insult, however gross, that was offered to him. In part proof of the truth of this assertion, we shall lay

before our readers another anecdote, in some respects analogous to the foregoing.

“A few months subsequent to our hero’s attaining the title of Duke of Quiz, he happened to be one evening at the celebrated gaming house in St. James’s Street, then kept by Renny.

“*Another* Hibernian, known by the appellation of *Savage Roche*, engaged with his Grace, and in the course of play, a dispute having arisen relative to the cast of the die, Q— rather peremptorily contradicted his companion, who, without much ceremony, laid hold of the unfortunate nobleman’s ears and elevating him above his head, exhibited him to the gaze of a crowded room, at the same moment exclaiming with all the marrow of the brogue—‘You see, gentlemen, how I treat this contemptible little cock-sparrow. *As a man*, he is too much beneath me, or I would treat him like a gentleman.’

“Degrading as was this affront, the poor Duke never sought any atonement for it, but probably calling to mind the *coffin-adventure*, wisely determined to *bury* his resentment.

“It may not be *mal-à-propos* to mention in this place, that *Savage Roche*, one of the most noted gamblers of his time obtained the said title in consequence of a gaming trick, commonly denominated *cogging* the die. This is practised by placing a false die between the joints of the little finger and dexterously concealing it from the view of the other players. The sharper then bets upon a certain throw, shakes the box, makes a feint of casting; but instead of throwing the die contained in the box, he retains it, and only lets the concealed die slip from his fingers,

having previously so fixed it, that it will exhibit such a number as he has wagered upon.

“A certain general, who had much distinguished himself in the cause of his country, having sat down to hazard with Roche, attempted to practise this deceit, the latter, however, perceived his antagonist’s intention, and seizing a fork which lay near him, at the moment when the gallant soldier was pretending to throw, stuck his hand to the table with the aforesaid instrument, at the same time coolly observing—‘By J-s-s, General, I may be wrong;—if I am, I will patiently undergo any punishment you may think proper to inflict.’

“Roche, however, was not wrong. The cheat was discovered; the general was dubbed a *black-leg*; and Roche (very justly) a *savage*.

“By what we have said relative to the courage of the subject of these memoirs, we would not have it considered that we countenance duelling; on the contrary, we abhor the practice, and are firmly of opinion, that the nobleman who endeavours to arrest the progress of so great an evil, acts in a manner more truly great than the gladiator, who upon all occasions, seeks to risk his own life, and the lives of his compatriots.

“But it was evident that cowardice, more than a sense of the greatness of the crime, swayed the conduct of the nobleman in question, in both instances; and therefore it was that we exposed him to that ridicule of which he is so deserving.”

The Earl of March having, from the chaise-match, acquired in sporting circles a reputation for shrewdness and enterprise, now decided to take up

racing seriously, and soon, with his unquestionable ability, he was more deeply versed in the mysteries of the turf than most.

According to the obituary notice of him in the *Scot's Magazine*, "The Earl collected a choice stud, and was equally particular in the selection of his groom-boys, whom he dressed in scarlet, none of whom knew who was to be entrusted, until put in the scales to be weighed."

The Jockey Club was founded in 1750, and when, three years later, it purchased the race-course at Newmarket, Lord March bought a house there, in which he spent a good deal of time every year. "Entering from the London side," Mr. Frank Siltzer has written in his instructive and entertaining work on Newmarket, "we find that the first house on the right, which was one of some importance, belonged to the Earl of March, afterwards Duke of Queensberry and better known as 'Old Q.' It had a courtyard, while behind the house was a large garden at the end of which was a windmill; there was a good-sized paddock on the west side. The building must have stood approximately on the spot where Lord Wolverton's house is now erected. Next came stables belonging to Mr. Popham and Mr. Wentworth; then a house owned by Mr. 'Jockey' Vernon, with quite a large property in the rear; the neighbour was Panton, keeper of the race-horses at Newmarket to George III until 1784, when the office was abolished." Also Lord March owned a large stud farm at Saxham, near Bury St. Edmunds. Lord March was occasionally in his younger days his own jockey. "The first of these races occurred in 1756, when his Lordship

properly accoutred in his velvet cap, red silken jacket, buckskin breeches, and long spurs, not only backed his own horse for a considerable sum, but actually rode him," so wrote J. P. Hurstone. "This contest, which took place on the race-ground at Newmarket, when the Earl had attained his twenty-sixth year, was not, however, with an inferior in birth, *accomplishments*, or *understanding*, for his antagonist was no other than a Scotch Nobleman, who was addicted to the same sports as himself, and whose family, like his own, had been allied to the kings of his native country. The trial of skill between the Achilles and Hector of horsemen, of course attracted the notice of the public, and, at an early hour, the ground exhibited a display of all the fashionables of that period. The two youths appeared, on the course, mounted upon horses which as far as regarded appearance, might have disputed the palm with those that Phaëton of old, undertook to guide: the race commenced,—and, although the utmost skill and jockeyship was evinced by his opponent, Lord Marchmont was the victor; to him was given the meed of fame, and no conqueror at the Olympic games, ever received greater plaudits; the gentlemen denominated him a first-rate blood, and the ladies declared that he was a charming fellow."

Hurstone evidently refers to the race mentioned by Mr. J. R. Robinson as being run in 1751 for an hundred guineas between Lord March's Staring Robin and the Duke of Hamilton's Yellow Jacket, owners up, which he says his Grace won. The authoritative account is given by Mr. Frank Siltzer: "In 1753 Lord March rode a match over the Beacon Course at

Newmarket against the Duke of Hamilton, in which most records give him as the winner. But the writer has good reason to suggest that this was not the case. He was first past the post, but for once his astuteness was at fault ; for some unknown reason he could not draw the weight, so the match was awarded to the Duke."

Mr. Siltzer, who is the leading authority on the history of racing at Newmarket, gives some interesting particulars of the Duke of Queensberry's career as an owner :—

"His most successful horse was probably Dash, by Florise, who in 1789 won him in stakes upwards of 3000 guineas in 6 months. . . . His favourite jockey among the many he employed was Dick Goodison, known at Newmarket as Hell-Fire Dick, who came from Selby, Yorks, at ' Old Q 's ' bidding, and afterwards became trainer to his employer. . . . If sporting records are open to credence, this nobleman is reputed to have netted upwards of a quarter of a million on balance in the course of a long life. . . . His memory is immortalised at Newmarket as the giver of the Queensberry Plate, which is run annually for in the Houghton Week."

The Earl of March was always willing to bet on anything to do with horses, as well, indeed, as on anything else. At White's, in 1751, " Lord March takes fifty guineas from Col. Vane, that the horse to which Mr. Vernon gives a stone in October, in the match with Lord Trantham, wins, play or pay." Also at White's, he wagered twenty guineas with Col. Mostyn, " that Lord Rockingham's horse Scampsonade beats Lord Northumberland's." To pass over

a score of years—he bet that Godolphin Arabian and not Bay Bolton, was the sire of Mogul, and, with a curiously persistent suspicion, that Bay Bolton was not the sire of Whistlejacket.

The Vernon mentioned above was Richard Vernon, usually styled the “father of the Turf.” About the same age as the Earl of March, he had entered the army, but presently accepted a position in the Board of Green Cloth. An intimate of John Russell, fourth Duke of Bedford, he was returned to Parliament by the influence of that nobleman, in which he sat from 1754 until 1790. It was about 1751 when he became the racing partner of Lord March, and from contemporary accounts it seems that this association was extraordinarily profitable. Vernon is stated to have converted a patrimony of three thousand pounds into a hundred thousand pounds, during the period of his connection with the turf. He was, according to Thomas Holcroft, “a gentleman of acute notoriety on the turf.” There is at least one *bon-mot* to his credit. When in 1791 there was the much-discussed enquiry of Chifney, the Prince of Wales’s jockey, Vernon remarked that his Royal Highness having the best horses and the best jockeys, was “best off the turf.”

To bet with the Earl of March was as dangerous as to bet with Richard Vernon, for he was a careful student of coming events, and there was little or nothing that he did not know about horses and courses. As Henry Constantine (“Chillaby”) Jennings, of Shiplake, the famous virtuoso, and for a while a noted figure in the racing world, wrote, “Queensberry was always honourable in his bets, only he was

a far better jockey than any of us." And Jennings wrote from his heart, for it was commonly believed that it was the great sums he had lost to Lord March that in 1777 sent him to reside within the Rules of the King's Bench Prison and compelled him to sell his valuable collections.

Mr. Siltzer, who has a soft place in his heart for the Duke of Queensberry, relates the following story : " Lord Orford, on a certain occasion, issued a challenge to the whole world with one of his dogs ; but though the world is a large place, he had the bad luck to clash with ' Old Q,' who appeared negligible as an opponent, since he had not a single greyhound to his name at the time. Ingenuity, however, plus wealth can work marvels ; and with the assistance of an elderly Berkshire courser of no mean celebrity, Lord March found his dog, and beat Lord Orford's crack."

More than one writer has stated that Lord March retired from the turf when he succeeded to the Dukedom in 1778, but this is inaccurate. In the letters from George Selwyn to the Earl of Carlisle (published subsequent to Jesse's day) there is mention of the Duke's racing afterwards. " I did not come hither to-day," Selwyn wrote from Richmond in August, 1789, " because I was resolved to stay to see the Duke set out, and which he did this morning for Newmarket, from whence he goes with his doctor to York. He said that he should not go to Castle Howard, which I looked upon as certain, as that the Princes would be there. It would have been in vain to have held out to him the temptation of seeing his god-daughter, and I knew that if I had suggested

it, he would have laughed at me, which would have made me angry." As a matter of fact, the Duke of Queensberry gave up his house at Newmarket in 1791; but, with the exception of one year, he continued to run his horses until 1805, when he retired from the turf; after an association with it for seven-and-fifty years, probably because he was too old to go racing.

CHAPTER V

GAMING

THE mania—it cannot be called anything else—in the latter half of the eighteenth century was extraordinary. Lord March played, of course, but contrived not to impair his fortune. “From what we have already related,” writes the author of *The Piccadilly Ambulator*, “it is almost needless to add, that gaming was, and in fact is, among the number of Quiz’s vices; but the ill-consequences which might otherwise result from his indulgence in the baneful pleasures of the hazard-table are counteracted by the mode of playing which, even in his minority, he adopted, and has since practised; that is to say, he puts fifty pounds, and no more into his pocket,—proceeds to St. James’s Street, and, if Fortune frown upon him loses to the extent of that sum only: if she smile, he pockets his gains; but however great they may be, he invariably pursues the fifty pounds’ plan, which he has found to answer his purpose so well, that it is said, Messrs. C[outts] & Co. his bankers, attribute nearly as many of his Grace’s lodgements to the score of hazard, as that of rents, etc.”

If Lord March was fortunate—it may be that he was careful—not so, many of his contemporaries. The stakes were incredible. Lord Stavordale lost



PUSH-PIN—THE DUKE OF QUEENSBERRY
After a caricature by James Gilray

eleven thousand pounds in an evening, but recovered it by one great hand at hazard. He swore a great oath—"Now if I had been playing *deep*, I might have won millions!"

Frederick Howard, fifth Earl of Carlisle, and his intimate friend, George Selwyn, lost heavily, and so did many of their acquaintances.

"The play at present is pretty much confined, and not very deep," Selwyn wrote to Carlisle, December 5, 1775. "There are but two or three *capable de perdre*, as Affligio used to say, and these are Cholmondely, Stanley, and Stavordale; the last will, I think, one of these days have a *culbute*, *donc il ne reviendra facilement*. There is young Lord Morrow, who shows a pretty propensity, and has been initiated. He has a very pretty figure and address and is extremely well spoken of, but I do not apprehend can have great opulence. Charles struck his cousin Stavordale the other night for 300,000, which did not produce any fruit. I dunned him last night about Spenser's annuity, by showing him Gregg's letter to me. He said *qu'il y mettroit ordre, et il n'y songera plus*, unless you will address, petition, and remonstrate. So much for gaming and gamesters, among which I beg not to be ranked at present. I dread at present all the consequences of losing any considerable sum, so that I have flattered myself that I shall not exceed certain bounds. But if you repeat your Alas, alas, alas! I beg to offer myself to you tied and bound, and I will not set foot into the House of Almack's or of any other where a game of chance can be found, till I see you next, and to do then what you shall in your best advise or think most meet."

This last was a reference to a recent letter the Earl of Carlisle had addressed to Selwyn. "I did not think you were drunk, as St. John said, but only mad with delight while the hazard-table was lighting-up," he had written. "And so we have only a little low play, it can hurt none of us, and it moves in a circle, and at the end of the year the difference will be trifling. Alas! Alas! Alas! and we do nothing but drink gin-negus, and two or three other such febrifuges all the time: and then, looking at the candle for nine hours together is so good for the eyes."

Men were so afraid of playing high that they bound themselves in bets not to do so. From the Betting-Book of White's Club two typical cases are given :—

April 4, 1751. Lord Chesterfield wagers Sir William Stanhope that his Lordship never makes a bet of above one guinea after August 20, 1751.

February 1, 1757. Mr. Shafto bets Mr. Turner ten guineas, that he shall not play at hazard before the April meeting at Newmarket.

George Selwyn and Lord Carlisle in 1774 made a self-denying ordinance not to play. Apparently this came to an end, for on December 9, 1775, Selwyn implored his friend to bind him over :—

"The comparison of me to Arlequin I allow to be in a great measure just. The events have frequently called him to my mind. But I beseech you do not say that you do not desire to hinder me from a favourite amusement. If it was an innocent one also, *passe*, but it is not only dangerous, but in its consequences criminal, and there is no dependence upon

any man breathing, who pursues it with the *chaleur* which I have done. How can I expect another man to trust me, if I cannot trust myself? Therefore, although March has dissolved the tie, I beg that you will lay me under some restriction about it. I do not speak this from now having suffered, for I have not, as I told you before, since March last; that is, by the event. But I have been susceptible since then more than once, and it has been my good fortune and not my prudence which has kept me above water. What I propose is, to receive a guinea, or two guineas, and to pay twenty, for every ten which I shall lose in the same day, above fifty, at any game of chance. I reserve the fifty for an unexpected necessity of playing in the country, or elsewhere, with women. All things considered, it is the best tie, and the tax the easiest paid, and restricted enough, and twenty guineas you will take; and if you tie me up, I beg my forfeitures may go to the children—and then perhaps I may forfeit for their sake, you'll say. I really think it will be a wise measure for me, and a safe one; and let this tie be for this year only, and then, if it is demonstrable that my fortune is impaired by not playing, the tie will be over, and not renewed the next."

Perhaps the most reckless of all the gamblers of his time was Charles James Fox, who at the request of his father, Lord Holland, had been introduced to town life by Lord March—a strange choice for a father to have made, but then Lord Holland notoriously had curious ideas about the upbringing of his children. Fox once played for twenty hours and lost on an average four hundred pounds an hour.

His father came again and again to the rescue and paid his debts to the extent, it is said, of one hundred and seventy thousand pounds. This availed naught. Horace Walpole wondered what Fox, who was immensely popular, would do when he had sold the estates of all his friends! Fox was a fine whist player, and was reputed as a young man to have made about four thousand a year; but he voted whist dull, and turned to games of chance. When it was remarked that Fox did not distinguish himself in the debate on the Thirty-Nine Articles on February 6, 1772, Walpole confessed himself not surprised: "Fox had sat up playing at Hazard at Almack's from Tuesday evening, the 4th, till five in the afternoon of Wednesday, the 5th. An hour before, he had recovered twelve thousand pounds that he had lost, by dinner, which was at five o'clock, he had ended, losing eleven thousand pounds. On the Thursday, he spoke on the debate, went to dinner at half-past eleven at night, from thence to White's, where he won six thousand pounds, and between three and four in the afternoon he set out for Newmarket. His brother Stephen lost ten thousand two nights afterwards, and Charles eleven thousand pounds on the 13th, so that in three nights the three brothers, the eldest not twenty-five, lost thirty-two thousand pounds."

"At Almack's of pigeons I'm told there are flocks,
But it's thought the completest is one Mr. Fox.
If he touches a card, if he rattles the box,
Away fly the guineas of this Mr. Fox.
He has met, I'm afraid, with so many hard knocks,
That cash is not plenty, with this Mr. Fox.
In gaming, 'tis said, he's stoutest of cocks;
No man can play deeper than this Mr. Fox."

O, ye hawks, sure your hearts must be harder than rocks,
 If you win without pity from this Mr. Fox.
 And he always must lose, for the strongest of locks
 Cannot keep any money for this Mr. Fox.
 No doubt such behaviour exceedingly shocks
 All the friends and acquaintances of this Mr. Fox ;
 And they wish from their souls they could put in the stocks,
 And make an example of this Mr. Fox.
 He's exceedingly curious in coats and in frocks,
 So the tailor's a pigeon to this Mr. Fox ;
 Nay, his clothes and his shirts, and her ladyship's smocks,
 Would be pawned for a guinea by this Mr. Fox.
 He delights much in hunting, though fat as an ox ;
 I pity the horses of this Mr. Fox.
 They are probably most of them lame in the hocks,
 Such a heavy-made fellow is this Mr. Fox."

Then the following verses appeared "From the Hon. Charles Fox to the Hon. John Townshend, cruising," written, as a matter of fact, by Richard Tickell :—

"But come, dear Jack, all martial as thou art,
 With spruce cockade, heroically smart ;
 Come, and once more together let us greet
 The long-lost pleasures of St. James's Street.
 Enough o'er stubbles have I deigned to tread ;
 Too long wert thou at anchor at Spithead.

"Come, happy friend ! to hail my wished return,
 Nor vulgar fire, nor venal light shall burn ;
 From gentle bosoms purer flames shall rise,
 And keener ardours flash from beauty's eyes.
 Methinks, I see thee now resume thy stand,
 Pride of Fop Alley, though a little tanned.
 What tender joy the gazing nymphs disclose !
 How pine with envy the neglected beaux !
 With many a feeble frown and struggling smile,
 Fondly reprove thy too adventurous toil ;
 And seem with reprehensive love to say,—
 ' Dear Mr. Townshend, wherefore did'st thou stray ? '

"Soon as to Brooks's thence thy footsteps bend,
 What gratulations thy approach attend !
 See Gibbon rap his box ; auspicious sign
 That classic compliment and wit combine.

The lingering black-ball lags in Boothby's hand.
 Important Townshend ! what can thee withstand ?
 And friendship give what cruel health denies.
 See Beauclerk's cheek a tinge of red surprise,
 E'en Draper checks the sentimental sigh,
 And Smith, without an oath, suspends the dye.

" That night to festive wit and friendship due,
 That night thy Charles's board shall welcome you.
 Salads, that shame ragouts, shall woo thy taste ;
 Deep shalt thou delve in Weltjie's motley paste.
 Derby shall send, if not his plate, his cooks,
 And, know, I've bought the best champagne from Brooks.
 From liberal Brooks, whose speculative skill
 Is hasty credit, and a distant bill.
 Who, nursed in clubs, disdains a vulgar trade,
 Exults to trust, and blushes to be paid.

" On that auspicious night, supremely graced
 With chosen guests, the pride of liberal taste ;
 Not in contentious heat, nor maddening strife,
 Not with the busy ills, nor cares of life,
 We'll waste the fleeting hours ; far happier themes
 Shall claim each thought, and chase ambition's dreams.
 Each beauty that sublimity can boast
 He best shall tell, who still unites them most.
 Of wit, of taste, of fancy, we'll debate,
 If Sheridan for once be not too late.
 But scarce a thought to ministers we'll spare,
 Unless on Polish politics with Hare.
 Good-natured Devon ! oft shall then appear
 The cool complacence of thy friendly sneer.
 Oft shall Fitzpatrick's wit, and Stanhope's ease,
 And Burgoyne's manly sense unite to please.
 And while each guest attends our varied feats
 Of scattered covies and retreating fleets,
 Me shall they wish some better sport to gain,
 And thee more glory, from the next campaign."

Once at least the brokers were in at Fox's apartments in St. James's Street, an incident which was the talk of the town and the subject of innumerable letters to friends in the country.

George Selwyn to the Earl of Carlisle

“ LONDON,

“ May 29, 1781.

“ You must know that for these two days past, all passengers in St. James’ Street have been amused with seeing two carts at Charlie’s door filling, by the Jews, with his goods, clothes, books, and pictures. He was waked by Basilico yesterday, and Hare afterwards by his *valet de chambre*, they being told at the same time that the execution was begun, and the carts were drawn up against the door. Such furniture I never saw.

“ Betty and Jack Manners are perpetually in a survey of this operation, and Charles, with all Brooks’s on his behalf, in the highest spirits. And while this execution is going on in one part of the street, Charles, Richard, and Hare are alternatively holding a bank of £3,000 ostensible, and by which they must have got between them near £2,000. Lord Robert since his bankruptcy, and in consideration of his party principles, is admitted, as I am told to some small share in this.

“ What public business is going on I know not, for all the discourse at which I am present turns upon this bank. Offly sat up last night till four, and I believe has lost a good part of his last legacy. Lord Spencer did not sit up, but was there punting at 4. Now the windows are open at break of day, *et le masque levé, rien de surprend qu’à qui tout soit nouveau, et ne ressemble à rien que l’on ait jamais vu depuis le commencement du monde.* There is to-night a great ball at Gloucester House; it is the Restoration day,

and the birthday also of the Princess Sophia. Lady Craufurd is now dressing for it, with more roses, blood, and furbelow than were ever yet enlisted. My love and thanks to my dear boy for his letter, which I will answer."

"LONDON,
"May 31, 1781.

"The diversion of seeing Charles's dirty furniture in the street, and the speculations which this execution has caused, *avec tous les propos, et toutes les plaisanteries qui en resultent*—all that is now over, and he is established either at his Pharo table, or at his apothecary's Mr. Mann, who, as a recompense for the legacy which was left by his father, and not yet paid, has Charles for a lodger. Jack Manners does not scruple to say that he knows for a certainty that this bank has won to the amount of £40,000; but then Jack does not scruple to lie when he chooses to do. I cannot conceive above half the sum to have been won; but then most of it has been paid.

"Trusty's advancement to a share in the bank, and his new occupation of dealing was what I had a great curiosity to see; and although he is, as you know, *fort chiche de ses paroles*, he is obliged for the time that he is upon duty to say 'The King loses,' and 'The Knave wins,' and this for some hours, while Charles and Richard are in bed. Hare is also indefatigable, but what his share is, or what have been his profits, I know not. Never was a room so crowded, or so hot as this was last night. I could not stay, nor chose so to do. The punters were Lord Ossory, Lord C. Spencer, Admiral Pigot, General Smith, Lord Monson, Sir J. Ramsden, etc., etc."

“ LONDON,

“ November 30, 1781.

“ I supped last night at Brooks’s with Lord Ossory, and chiefly on his account. There was a large company besides, the D[ukes] of Q[ueensberry] and of Devonshire, Percy Windham, Charles Fox, Hare, Lord Derby, Mr. Gardiner, Richard Belgiosioso, etc. I stayed very late with Charles and Ossory, and I liked my evening very much. A great deal of political system from Charles, which he expatiated upon in such a manner as gave me great entertainment, although, in all things which regard the K[ing] and his Government, I differed from him *toto coelo*. Lord D[erby’s ?] nonsense was the only drawback upon the rest. He is the most *méchant singe* I ever knew.

“ Hare opened the Pharo Bank in the great room, but had so few and such poor punters that Charles and Richard were obliged to sit down from time to time as decoy ducks. The Bank won, as Hare said, about a hundred, out of which the cards were to be paid. I do not think that the people who frequent Brooks’s will suffer this pillage another campaign. Trusty was there to go into the chair, when he should be called upon. I told him I was extremely sorry that he had quitted the *Corps de Noblesse pour se jeter dans le Commerce*, but it is at present his only resource. I cannot help thinking that, notwithstanding our late disasters, Bob’s [Lord Robert Spencer] political tenants will be tardy in remitting him their rents. But between Foley House and the run of Mr. Boverie’s kitchen, with his own

credit at Brooks's, and his share in and affinity to an opulent Bank, and flourishing trade, he may find a subsistence."

Lord Carlisle, in his splendid seclusion at Castle Howard, though he had now seen the error of his ways and had abandoned gaming, was still sufficiently interested in the subject to like to be kept informed of what was going on in the world of play. There is an interesting letter to him from James Hare, of whose life a brief account is given, because it is typical of so many of the fashionable set of the day. Hare's popularity in society was so considerable that the Duchess of Gordon described him and his associates as "the hare and many friends." He was the intimate friend of Lord March, Lord Carlisle, Selwyn, Fox, and Anthony Morris Storer. When he came down from Oxford his wit was generally acknowledged, and great things were expected from him when he entered the House of Commons in 1772. It has been put on record that when Fox was congratulated on his first speech in that assembly, he said, "Ah! wait till you hear Hare"; but Hare broke down in his maiden address, and never rose again. He gambled exceedingly, and at the age of thirty he was already in sore financial trouble. As was the pleasant custom of the day his friends rallied to his aid with their purses and their influence—Eden wrote to Selwyn that a vacant Commissioner of Bankruptcy, with one hundred and sixty pounds a year, would suit your friend as an introduction to something better. Later, when he was in the direst straits the appointment of Minister Plenipotentiary in Poland was

obtained for him—to his great distress, for he could hardly bring himself to leave his beloved St. James's Street. In 1799 Storer left him a legacy of one thousand pounds. Three years later Hare was ill in Paris, and his devoted friend Fox used to go across to see him and cheer him up. In 1804 he died, in his fifty-fifth year. "Poor Hare," Fox remarked, "one can hardly be sorry he is released, but an intimate friendship of forty years, and not once interrupted, must make one feel."

James Hare to the Earl of Carlisle

"December 29, 1781.

"I stayed at Foxley till the middle of October, and then came to Town, whence for want of any other amusement, I chose to take the diversion of Hazard at the House in Pall Mall and lost near £4000 in three nights to a set of fellows whom I never saw before, and have never seen since. Though it has generally happened to me to begin the winter without a guinea, I did not make up my mind to it this year so easily as I have done formerly, because I knew that I deserved to be poor for having been fool enough to lose money at Hazard instead of saving it for Pharo.

"Richard played at the same place, and lost 8,000 gs., which he paid immediately, though he had declared to me a few days before that he had not a quarter of that sum in the world; but you know how to estimate his veracity on these subjects as well as anybody.

"Charles, in the October meetings, lost about £10,000, the greatest part of it on races, and the

rest to General Smith at picquet. The general opinion was, that Charles was extremely partial to horses of his own confederacy ; this he denies, and of course is angry to hear suspected, but you and I shall not be very backward to believe it to have been the case.

“ Most of the joint annuitants agreed to a proposal made to them by Richard and Charles, *viz.* to receive £6,000 immediately, and the remainder by instalments in three years. One of them refused to accept this proposal, and seized soon after the meeting four of Charles’s horses, which were of trifling value, and therefore bought in again at a small expense by Derby, in whose name they now stand ; whether some time or other his protection may not be insufficient, I shall not pretend to say, but it is not quite out of the reach of possibility.

“ Thus, you see, the Bankers did not meet at the beginning of the winter in the same opulent circumstances as they had parted in at the end of the last campaign. Lord Robert and I proposed to have our share increased from a twelfth to an eighth. Charles consented, but Richard refused, and we remain on our former footing. The Bank has already won considerably, and would probably have done still better if money was not very scarce, as most of the punters retain their passion without the means of gratifying it.

“ You will be surprised when I tell you that Richard is our most valuable punter and has lost this year full as much as his share of the winnings of the Bank ; and as he would not agree to my having a larger share, I have no remorse in taking his money. Last night he lost £13,000, and Charles above £5,000 ; all

the other players won something, but not a sum at all equal to our partner's losses. Pray do not mention this, unless you hear it from some other person, as probably you will.

"The club at Brooks's is very ill attended, and Brooks enraged to the last degree that gentlemen should presume to think of anything but making his fortune. He complained to Charles that there was £17,000 owing to the house, which is a most impudent lie; and even if it were true he would have no reason to complain of the balance as he has £15,000 belonging to the proprietors of the Bank in his hands, for which he pays no interest, though he receives 5 per cent for all money owing to him.

"There are two Clubs lately formed, both consisting of young men, and chiefly of different parties in politics. Goosetree's is a small society of young men in Opposition, and they are very nice in their admissions; as they discourage gaming as much as possible, their Club will not do any harm to Brooks's, and probably not subsist a great while; it seems to be formed on the model of the celebrated Tuesday Night Club. The other is at Weltzie's, in St. James's Street, consisting of young men who belong to Government, and poor John St. John, whose age and zeal for Government particularly qualify him to be a member, has hitherto met with objections on the ballot, which I hope will be withdrawn on another trial of his interest, and that the Town will have the advantage of his management at the next Masquerade, which that Club is to give after Xmas.

"Richard has been a long time an admirer of Mrs. Benwell, but she did not at first do justice to the

Colonel's merit. The successes of the Pharo Bank contributed to open her eyes, and at the end of summer she was established as his mistress *en titre*, which respectable situation she has held ever since, but on a very liberal footing; not to the absolute exclusion of other lovers, amongst whom is a young Prince who makes her frequent visits, to prevail on her, as she tells Richard, to give up her present connection, and to be kept by him. This she refuses, and is in all respects inexorably cruel; and though he stays with her sometimes three or four hours together, she has been able to persuade Richard that she always sends him away dissatisfied; and he relates these things to me without seeming to entertain a doubt of the whole being true. What an enviable disposition his is, and how desirable it is to be imposed upon, where knowing the truth would destroy one's happiness.

"If he perseveres in his attacks on the Bank, I suspect he will find himself less firm in Mrs. Benwell's affection; indeed he told me last night that he had had a violent quarrel with her, and had been forbidden the house, but this he considered only as proceeding from her resentment of some coolness on his side, and consequently as a symptom of her love."

Many stories are told about Fox and his gaming. He borrowed so heavily, and was so persistently dunned in person by his creditors, that he called his ante-room the Jerusalem Chamber.

"But hark! the voice of battle shouts from far,
The Jews and Macaronis are at war;
The Jews prevail, and thundering from the stocks,
They seize, they bind, they circumcise Charles Fox."

Fox was only one of many reckless gamblers. Lord Hertford, Lord Sefton, royalty in the person of the Duke of York, lost vast sums. The ultimate winners were few and far between. The Duke of Portland was one of the fortunate ones, and he and George Canning's father-in-law, General Scott, won two hundred thousand pounds. General Scott's success was more due to good judgment than to luck: he confined himself to whist, of which game he had a deep knowledge, and, in a day when heavy drinking was almost universal, his sobriety was notorious—which gave him a very distinct advantage. A fortunate man was Colonel Aubrey, also a fine player at whist and picquet; he made two fortunes in India, lost them both at Hazard, and made a third at play from five guineas a friend lent him. General Fitzpatrick and Lord Robert Spencer lost their fortunes at Brooks's; but the members not objecting, with borrowed capital they kept a Pharo bank. The bank won, and Lord Robert never played again: with his share of one hundred thousand pounds he bought the estate of Woolbeding, in Sussex. Mrs. Delany tells of a Mr. Thynne, "who has won this year so considerably that he has paid off all his debts, bought a house and furnished it, disposed of all his horses, hounds, etc., and struck his name out of all expensive subscriptions." A sensible man; but few had the sense to make or the strength to keep such a resolution.

Another instance, but far more tragic in the end, is that of "Beau" Brummell. Very shortly after he came upon the town, which was in or about 1798, he became the arbiter of fashion and the acknowledged leader of the dandies. The Prince of Wales

deferred to his sartorial taste, and nearly wept when Brummell disapproved of the cut of one of his Royal Highness's coats. The Duke and Duchess of York were among his most intimate friends; Lord Alvanley was his daily companion. His standing was so considerable that he survived even a quarrel to the death with the Prince Regent, whom he nicknamed "Big Ben," in allusion to the great man's figure, about the size of which he was very susceptible. It was said at the time that the Beau said of his royal enemy: "I made him what he is, and I can unmake"—knowing that the remark would be repeated to his Royal Highness. Whereupon Tom Moore—who had also quarrelled with Carlton House—in one of his "Intercepted Letters," inserted the following lines supposed to have been written by the Prince of Wales to the Duke of York :

"Neither have I resentments, nor wish there should come ill,
To mortal—except, now I think on't, Beau Brummell,
Who threatened last year, in a superfine passion,
To cut me, and bring the old King into fashion."

On attaining his majority, Brummell came into his patrimony of about £20,000—a nice round sum in those days, though not comparable to the fortunes of most of his cronies. He was not extravagant, and his income was sufficient for his needs. In his younger days, Brummell had little use for cards and dice. Later, following in the footsteps of his associates at the clubs, he became bitten with the passion for play. It was unfortunate that in the first year that he yielded to the vice he won very heavily—one estimate gives £26,000 as the sum. This doubtless encouraged him. Then the luck changed. The next year he lost about



GEORGE BRYAN BRUMMELL

From an engraving after a miniature by John Cook

£10,000. On the fifth day of a miserable run of bad luck he begged someone to bind him over never to play again. Pemberton Mills volunteered to do so, giving the Beau ten guineas, the latter to forfeit a thousand if he played during the next month. A week later he saw Brummell at the tables. Good-naturedly he did not claim forfeit, but he said plaintively : " Well, anyhow, you might at least give me back the ten guineas you had from me the other night."

Brummell's ill-fortune continued. He fell deeper and deeper into financial difficulties. He borrowed all he could from generous friends, he went to money-lenders. For a while, as the present writer has said in his biography of the Beau, he dreamed of recovering his fortune by a run of luck ; but he almost entirely gave up this hope when he lost his lucky sixpence. He often referred to this mascot in later days. " He used," one of his friends at Caen told Captain Jesse, " when talking about his altered circumstances, to say, that up to a particular period of his life everything prospered with him, and that he attributed this good luck to the possession of a certain silver sixpence, with a hole in it, which somebody had given him years before, with an injunction to take good care of it, as everything would go well with him so long as he did and *vice versa* if he happened to lose it. The promised prosperity attended him for many years, whilst he held the sixpence fast ; but having at length, in an evil hour, unfortunately given it by a mistake to a hackney-coachman, a complete reverse of his previous good fortune took place, and one disastrous occurrence succeeded another, till actual

ruin overtook him at last, and obliged him to expatriate himself. On my asking him why he did not advertise, and offer a reward for the lost treasure, he said, 'I did, and twenty people came with sixpences having holes in them to obtain the promised reward, but mine was not amongst them.' 'And you never afterwards,' said I, 'ascertained what became of it?' 'Oh, yes!' he replied, 'no doubt that rascal Rothschild, or some of his set, got hold of it.' If you think the foregoing *plaisanterie* worth inserting, do so, I can vouch for its authenticity, as it occurred in conversation with myself."

In the spring of May 1816 he fled to Calais, a broken man. Some idea of his plight may be gathered from the letter he wrote on his arrival in France to Lord Charles and Robert Manners:

"CALAIS,

"May 18, 1816.

"DEAR LORDS CHARLES AND ROBERT,

"Persecuted to the worst extent by those to whom I was indebted; without resource, or even the hope to evade or protract the execution of those menaces which, I was well assured, would have instantly been enforced against my personal liberty; I have been driven to the only alternative yet left me upon earth—that of quitting my country for ever. I am, indeed, most sensible, most acutely so, of the heavy wrongs that such a step must inflict upon those who from their former friendly regard for me were induced to impose upon themselves a future charge for my immediate assistance. I will not endeavour

to palliate the past or present—such an endeavour would be vain, and only, justly, prove an aggravation of my misconduct. I have no extenuation to advance, beyond the desire to retain the only blessing, if such it can be called, still within my reach—which is personal freedom—and even that I would voluntarily have yielded could I have felt assured its surrender might in any way have exonerated you from the trust in which you have been involved on my account. The responsibility would still have existed the same on your parts, had I forfeited myself to a gaol.

“In acknowledging my obligations to you, for great they are; and in lamenting my inability to repay them, I still feel anxious in the wish to realise the promised power of future remuneration. It was very far from my deliberate intention to retire to another country, and encumber you with the responsibility incurred for my service, without even indemnifying you from risk in the event of my death by insuring my life, but that would now have been of no avail, for my departing from England would have annulled the policies. It was the pressure of circumstances which compelled me to adopt so precipitate, and, I will say, so disgraceful a measure at the exigence of the moment.

“The last remaining hope of my broken fortunes consists in a considerable sum now vested in the Court of Chancery, which must ultimately become mine. The reversion I abandon legally and willingly to you—it is the last proof of honourable feeling I can leave in your hands, to show that, though unfortunate and inconsiderate, I am not so destitute

of strong feeling and gratitude towards those who have been so seriously my friends.

“Whatever construction you may place upon my past conduct, I trust you will do me the justice to believe that in this last act of retribution I deprive myself of every worldly support—I abandon my country a beggar, and I can look forward to no means of subsistence beyond the year—yet I feel some remote satisfaction in the idea that the slight reparation I am offering is everything that is left to your former friend,

“GEORGE BRUMMELL.”

CHAPTER VI

THE STORY OF "STELLA"

ATTENTION has already been drawn to the fact that women played a great part in the life of the Earl of March from his youth until the end of his days. To his passing fancies there is no need to refer. His outstanding passions were the Contessa Rena, the Tondino, and the Zamparini. When he was in Paris in October 1765, he was attracted by Adélaïde Félicité Bruiart, daughter of the Marquis de Sillery, who was the second wife of Louis Charles César de Telbin, Maréchal d'Estrées. "March's passion, the Maréchale d'Estrées, is affected, cross, and not at all handsome," Horace Walpole commented on the *affaire* in a letter to Thomas Brand. He might have added that she was not in her first youth, for she was married in 1744. Another woman whom Lord March, now Duke of Queensberry, honoured was the notorious Kitty Frederick, for whom he built a house—No. 133 in Piccadilly.

In the *Memoirs of the Life of His Grace the late Duke of Queensberry*, there is a portrait of "Maria Brown (late Mrs. Morton), of Newman Street, formerly President of his Grace's Harem," under which are the following lines :

"The liberal mind by no distinctions bound,
Thro' nature's glass looks all the world around,
Would all that's rich and noble together join
And like 'Old Q' live up to joys divine."

The Duke did not parade his "conquests," but he did not hide them, and as the years passed, and especially when he was nearing the end of his long life, he was generally regarded as the most notorious of all the roués of his day. This opinion was duly stressed by the authors of *The Piccadilly Ambulator* and the *Memoirs of the Duke of Queensberry*, who, finding their knowledge of the facts of his Grace's intrigues insufficient for their purpose, invented incidents to bolster up their contentions to make "spicy" reading.

No excuse is needed for the insertion here of one of these fanciful tales, given by J. P. Hurstone in *The Piccadilly Ambulator*. Perhaps the most extraordinary thing about this preposterous book is that its two little volumes bear on the title page the date 1808—that is to say, two years before the death of the Duke of Queensberry. It may be that it was held in readiness for publication on the death of his Grace, who was already in the eighties and could not expect long to survive, and that it was put on sale when a rumour of his death circulated round the town. So far as is known, the Duke took no action in the matter. The work is interesting as a sign of the times when it was issued, for, leaving aside the lack of literary skill which it displays on its every page, no publisher to-day would issue it, and no bookseller or circulating library stock it. Yet it was only one of many such works—among others, Elizabeth Chudleigh, the bigamous Duchess of Kingston, was subjected even more strenuously to similar persecutions during her lifetime. From the biographical point of view, *The Piccadilly Ambulator* has value as showing what

stories were related about the Duke : no one in his senses, it may be presumed, believed them in their entirety even then, but they probably pleased the middle-classes who still pinned their faith to the existence of the bold bad baronets of the novelettes and the melodrama.

THE STORY OF STELLA

Although a propensity for the amusements of the turf, and the equally dangerous one of the gaming table, was a prominent feature in the character of our hero, yet he even sacrificed more profusely to Venus than to Olympius and Fortuna.

Without fatiguing or disgusting our readers by creating particulars of King's Place midnight orgies, at the celebration of which, Q—— in his early days, not unfrequently assisted, we shall proceed to relate the circumstances of those private amours of his, which hitherto have not been made public, and which, in some respects, are unexampled in the annals of gallantry.

The first female that fell a victim to the amorous desires of Earl Marchmont, or at least the first, relative to whom we have been enabled to gain any authentic information, was the daughter of a city merchant, a lovely girl, whom we shall denominate Stella. Her mother had been snatched from the cares of this life at an early age, and, in fact, before Stella had attained her second year. Her father who loved his deceased partner with the most unqualified affection, experienced so much grief from the loss he had sustained in her, that he found himself unable to turn his attention to business.

The consequence was that he became deranged ; his credit was irretrievably gone ; and after struggling against misfortunes for a considerable period, he died of a broken heart, leaving Stella, at the tender age of twelve years, a dependent on the bounty of a relation, who, like himself, was a son of commerce.

This person, to whom we shall give the name of Wilkins, was in easy circumstances, and having no other claimant on his bounty than Stella, he might, had not Nature given him the heart of a trader, have provided for her in a manner which would have rendered her happy during her life, and probably have averted the evils, with which she was afterwards overwhelmed.

Avarice, however, had usurped its hateful empire over his disposition, and incited him to place Stella, when she had not been more than two years under his protection, in the shop of a dressmaker, at the west-end of the town.

Whether he was aware of the dangers to which such a situation exposed her, we will not pretend to determine ; but if his imprudence, or more probably indifference, exposed her to the attacks of libertinism, Providence had armed her with a sense of virtue, and female dignity, which proved a bulwark against the sighs, the smiles, and the splendid offers of those who, to the disgrace of the characters which they are bound to support, consider every unprotected daughter of Eve as fair game.

Stella had attained her sixteenth year, when an event took place which promised fair to form the basis of her future felicity.

A young counsellor (who now, by the by, is a

grave dispenser of justice) had cast the eyes of desire upon our orphan, whom he had frequently seen passing and repassing the windows of apartments which he occupied in Bruton Street, Bond Street.

That the grave son of Lycurgus should entertain sentiments of a tender kind in regard to Stella, will not perhaps appear surprising from the following delineation of her personal beauties.

She was above the middle size. Her shape was as near perfection as possible. Her air possessed something celestial, which, at the same time that it fascinated the beholder inspired him with sentiments of profound respect. Her countenance was the most lovely that imagination can depict. Her complexion was delicate : in it neither the lily nor the rose predominated : it resembled the happy combination which skilful painters of the old school so well know how to bestow upon the visage of a Madonna. Her eyes were large, black, and brilliant. Her nose united the beauties of the Grecian and the Roman schools ; neither exhibiting the too delicate outline of the one, nor the harshness of that of the other. Her mouth was small : the hue of her lips vied with that of a ripe tempting cherry ; and when opened disclosed two rows of pearls, for no other comparison can we find sufficiently forcible to convey our idea of the fineness of her teeth. Her locks were jetty, and elegantly twined around the face, to which each ringlet seemed emulous of adding a pre-eminent grace. Her chin——, but were we to expatiate upon the perfections of Stella's features and figure, our limits would be exceeded in the accomplishment of the design.

In brief then

“Grace was in all her steps, Heaven in her eye.”

Our legal friend thought as much, and transported beyond the bounds of prudence, to which he had before confined himself, determined upon possessing her either by fair or foul means. His first attempt was of the gentle kind.

Finding no great difficulty in obtaining an interview with the object of his wishes, through the medium of her employer, he ventured to make a proposition (accompanying it with a large pecuniary offer, and promises in abundance), which shocked the sensitive feelings of Stella to such a degree, that in a tone of anger seldom assumed by her, she ordered him to quit the room, into which he had been introduced under pretence of his having some business to transact with the lady of the house.

It is almost needless to observe that the latter, the amiable fashioner of the fair sex's habiliments, had *sold* the virtue of the innocent creature, whom, first as a female, and next, as being under her roof, she was bound to protect.

We say it is unnecessary to state the circumstance, for most of our readers are doubtless, by no means ignorant of the fact, that the generality of London dressmakers pursue another occupation, as well as their ostensible one, namely, that of procuresses; for not only the unfortunate girls who enlist in their service, fall a prey to the cupidity and depravity of their employers, but many ladies of the *haut ton*, by converting their shops into places of assignation bring ruin upon themselves, and disgrace upon their partners, progeny, and families in general.

Many instances, in corroboration of this incontrovertible truth might be adduced. There, Lady E—— first formed an intimacy with Mr. F—— at a shop of this kind, in Albemarle Street; Lady W-m-th originally broke through the nuptial vows in a milliner's back parlour; Mrs. H——, who was united to my Lord L—— subsequent to her first *faux pas*, and has since deserted his arms to revel in those of Colonel M——, was on both occasions, assisted and counselled by a celebrated *marchande de modes*.

In short the *blonde* family may justly be said to have been at the bottom of the greater part of the fashionable slips which have occurred within the last century, and we sincerely hope that some or other of those simpering imposing wretches may soon be brought to public justice.

To continue our narrative. The counsellor was stricken by the force of Stella's virtue and the contempt she evinced for his splendid offers, but he quickly made his *congé*, and retired in the utmost confusion.

As he withdrew he encountered the amiable milliner, to whom he recounted the ill-success which his suit had been met.

This lady, who was an adept in affairs of the nature of that in question, laughed at the simpleton as she thought fit to denominate her visitor, assuring him that he had only experienced the same treatment as every minx bestowed upon a gallant in the first interview, that if he (the counsellor) would consent to give her a good round sum, she would enable him to fulfil his designs in regard to Stella, in a shorter

space of time than it would take her to trim a birthday suit.

The counsellor having, probably, upon that day *fleece*d some clients, poured his golden spoils into the lap of the harpy, who immediately laid open a scheme seemingly well calculated to insure the accomplishment of his designs.

Having dismissed him with a cargo of hope, the *virtuous* lady proceeded to the *convenient* parlour in which Stella had been left, whom she found bathed in tears, and to whose complaints having listened with an apparent sympathetic attention, she assured her, that the person who had so grossly misconducted himself, and dared to sully the fair fame of her house should never again darken her door.

Stella, artless as she was lovely, credited the assertions of the subtle woman, and determining to forget the insult she had received retired to a chamber in the dressmaker's mansion (which since her first residence there, had been appropriated to her use), enjoying that tranquillity of mind that conscious rectitude seldom fails to generate.

She had been nearly an hour in bed, and was sunk in profound repose, when a loud crash in her room awoke and caused her to utter an exclamation of fear and surprise: but how were those sensations increased, on her being rudely clasped in the arms of a person, whom, from a few words, which he uttered, she discovered to be the very one by whom she had been insulted in the parlour.

Had he not in his attempt to reach her bed, thrown down a toilet-table, it is probable that her ruin would have been completed ere she could be conscious of

her danger ; but, indeed, as it was she did not seem to be in a much safer condition.

The intruder, at that time, possessed as much strength of arm, as he at present does of judgment and eloquence, and her screams alone were the only weapons with which she was in any wise able to repel his vigorous attempts at attaining his ends.

These, however, proved sufficient for her purpose, not that the inhabitants of the house of infamy attended to them, but, fortunately, a bold son of Neptune, a lieutenant of a man-of-war, who was passing at the time, heard the cries of distress, and knocked so violently at the door that he not only scared the amorous lawyer from his purpose, but, by a continuation of his loud knocks, obliged the beldam of the mansion to open her door to avoid the exposition which she so richly merited.

On gaining admission, he seized the lanthorn of a watchman, whom the noise had brought to the spot, and, rushing upstairs, soon gained the chamber of Stella, who, regardless of her almost state of nudity, ran towards him, and begged of him to save her from further violence.

Whilst all this was passing, the unhappy counsellor, to whose pleadings the lovely orphan had lent so unwilling an ear, contrived to conceal himself for some time under the bed ; but this subterfuge was of little avail, for our naval friend having satisfied Stella that he would protect her, waited not for a *habeas corpus*, or any other order of court, but dragged the half-dead lawyer from his hiding-place, who appeared pale, trembling, and covered with dust and feathers, before a roomful of watchmen, domestics, etc.

To the custody of one of the former he was delivered, and borne to the watch-house, amid the scoffs and coarse jokes of his guards.

In the meantime, Stella had retired to an adjoining room, and dressed herself as expeditiously as her agitation would permit: she then came forth and joined her champion, who was at the moment engaged in inquiring to whom the house belonged. Upon learning the name of the fair tenant he uttered an exclamation of surprise and anger, adding in addressing the agitated dressmaker, who stood trembling before him:

"Yes, yes, Madam, I have frequently heard mention made of your name amongst our officers; I am aware of the *means* by which you *principally* gain a livelihood, and therefore I shall take the liberty of putting this innocent young female (with her permission) beyond your reach."

In this intention of his, Stella seemed inclined to concur, and accordingly the naval officer, with all the warmth and unceremoniousness of his profession, drew her arm within his own, and taking not the most complimentary leave of the nearly petrified milliner, conveyed his charge to the residence of his mother, situated in the neighbourhood of Hanover Square.

The mother of Lieutenant B—— was one of those persons who do not readily attach credit to *romantic* adventures; she nevertheless, at the solicitation of her son, permitted Stella to occupy an apartment in her house till the following morning, when her champion conducted her to the residence of her relation, Mr. Wilkins, of whom we have heretofore

spoken, and to whom the whole of the affair which had taken place on the preceding night was related.

The tradesman said he was sorry Stella had been thrown out of employment, and was proceeding to make some observations of a similar kind, when Lieutenant B—— interrupting him, declared in the true blunt style of a sailor, that if Stella had no sort of objection he would, by union with her, render her independent of the world, free from the grip of those sharks, in human shape with which it abounded.

What could the poor orphan do? obliged to fly the situation in which she had vainly hoped to earn an honest livelihood. Coldly received by the only relative that remained to her, and prompted by gratitude as well as inclination to agree to the Lieutenant's proposal, she readily consented to contribute to his happiness, and being further pressed, named a day for the fulfilment of her promise.

When we say that Stella's inclinations favoured the wishes of Lieutenant B——, it will naturally, and indeed justly, be imagined that the latter possessed a very prepossessing appearance; the fact was, that openness and candour seemed to hold their reigns in the countenance of the youthful hero (he was not above twenty-five), and endued him with a species of attraction which all the studied acts of our *petits maîtres* have not been sufficient to procure for them.

As some of our readers may be desirous of knowing what became of the disappointed counsellor, we shall satisfy their curiosity by informing them that, by means of "that reason" which "is always prevailing," he obtained his emancipation from "durance vile," and determining never again to take such a

harsh mode of proceeding, in order to gain his cause in the court of the Cytherean Goddess, turned his attention to Coke upon Lyttleton, and we are happy to say that he has not only made a rapid progress in the serpentine path of the law, but can, and frequently does, expatiate in a very eloquent and grave style upon the heinousness of the crime of seduction, etc.

As to our Lieutenant, joy was the only inmate of his bosom, and with the most anxious impatience he looked forward to that day which was fixed for the consummation of his bliss.

But alas ! mortal hopes, like an April's sun, are often overcast by the sable clouds of disappointment, and in the present instance we are grieved to state that the remark was fully verified.

Lord Marchmont who was sometimes induced to visit the city, unluckily for the parties concerned, honoured that part of the metropolis with his presence, a few days antecedent to that upon which it was intended the nuptials of B—— and Stella should take place.

Mr. Wilkins was his lordship's wine-merchant, and whether the latter wished to augment his Bacchanalian store, or for what reasons we know not, but (in the civic phrase) he condescended to *look in upon* his tradesman, and as ill-luck would have it, chanced to meet with Stella. The charms of the beauteous orphan, of course, had an instantaneous effect upon the amorous Earl, who paid her many flaming compliments, and passed numerous eulogiums upon the loveliness of her person. Stella was disgusted with what she considered both fulsome and impertinent, and

took an early opportunity of quitting his lordship's presence.

The vanity of the nobleman was so much nettled, by the indifference with which Stella had regarded him, and the coldness of her replies to his complimentary sallies, as he was charmed with the rare perfection of her form and face.

From the insight of his lordship's mind, which we have already endeavoured to give our readers, they will not be surprised to learn that, a tolerably handsome person, which report assigns to Lord Marchmont, at the period in question, and of which he was always particularly careful, together with that flippancy of dialogue and happy knack of saying a great deal of nothing, that almost every courtier possesses, formed the basis of the vanity just mentioned, and induced our hero to imagine himself an Alexander the Great, in respect to the female world

Determined as fully, on becoming possessor of Stella, as the limb of the law before had been, he stifled the resentment which her conduct occasioned him to feel, and launched forth innumerable praises in regard to her, before Mr. Wilkins, who declared himself very proud of the honour which his Lordship did his relation, by deigning to notice her.

In short the primitive object of the Earl's visit to the wine merchant was totally forgotten, and Stella became the sole theme of conversation.

Lord Marchmont, to his infinite chagrin, now learned the state of affairs between her and Lieutenant B——; but resolving to obtain what he so much desired, he took leave of Mr. Wilkins, and immediately,

in conjunction with a confidant, who had for some time been the minister of his pleasures, began to form plans for the execution of his honourable design.

It may not here be needless to remark that M. de F——, the confidant alluded to, was, as his name implies, a native of that nation in which vice may be said to hold her head-quarters; in plain English, he was a Frenchman, who had assisted many a *noble* and *honourable* minor in getting through his yearly stipend, under pretence of contributing to his happiness, by procuring for him the finest girls of the frail sisterhood, or that part of the community denominated virtuous females; and it was acknowledged by all who had employed him, that he was the most ingenious scoundrel the Continent ever produced.

Lord Marchmont, having made known his wishes to this clever fellow, demanded his opinion on the subject.

The artful Frenchman declared that the execution of the affair would be attended with some difficulty and expense; but that conscious of his lordship's liberal disposition, he would venture to promise that he should arrive *au fait de tout ce qu'il pouvait désirer*.

This promise at first, however, appeared likely to be more rash than veritable. Monsieur's plan was to lay in wait in the neighbourhood of Wilkins' home, and on the appearance of Stella, to carry her off forcibly, but the innocent prey for which he thus watched, not having given him an opportunity to effectuate his intention, another and unfortunately a too successful scheme was quickly planned, and time being precious, as quickly executed.

M. de F——, having thought proper to reconnoitre Mr. Wilkins' premises one morning before the family was stirring, observed a naval officer pacing to and fro before the house, and to whom, as soon as the parlour windows were unclosed admittance was given.

The officer was no other than Lieutenant B——, who, at an early hour every morning, thus exhibited proof of his affection for his mistress, by patiently waiting for an hour or more, her *levée*.

The circumstance, of course, was related to Lord Marchmont, and he, as well as the Frenchman, concluding that the naval officer was the lover of Stella, the ingenious took his station, at a similar hour, on the succeeding morning, near Wilkins' house, and observing the same scene to be repeated as on the foregoing one, he contrived to become acquainted with the wine merchant's maid-servant, and having bought her over to his interests, on the morning previously to the appointed bridal day, accomplished what for some time kept his inventive faculties upon the task.

Lord Marchmont by the direction of his able minister, on the very day that the latter had made his second observation, rode into the city, unaccompanied even by a domestic, and repaired to the residence of Wilkins, to whom he pretended, that, whilst in his neighbourhood he had been attacked by a fit of the cramp, and hobbling into his parlour begged that he would permit him to remain for some time under his roof.

Wilkins assured his lordship that he could not express the pleasure he felt in being able to accommodate his lordship, adding that he hoped his *Lordship*

would not consider that he took a liberty in begging of his *Lordship* to sojourn there during that night.

This was exactly what the Earl aimed at: he, therefore, after apologising for the trouble he gave, accepted of the *hospitable* invitation, and immediately despatched a messenger with a note to M. de F——, which he told Mr. Wilkins was merely intended to prevent the servants from being alarmed by his unusual absence from home; but which, in fact, contained instructions to the Frenchman relative to the furtherance of their joint scheme.

It is almost unnecessary to observe that, during the evening, his Lordship's attentions to Stella were very particular, insomuch that the Lieutenant, who was almost an inmate of the house, did not appear half pleased; for, in the course of conversation, he fired two or three words expressive of his feelings at the nobleman, and hoisted a few signals of his dissatisfaction.

As soon as he had taken his leave and quitted the wine merchant's house, Lord Marchmont began to ridicule the manners of the *sea-monster* as he thought proper to term the lieutenant; which Stella, who every day since their first acquaintance, experienced an increase of affection for B——, warmly opposed his lordship, and went as far as to hint that the latter would not derive much advantage, in any respect, from a comparison with her lover.

The arguments of the Earl and Stella being immaterial to the main point of our design, we shall refrain from relating them, and barely state, that the whole party retired to their chambers at a seasonable hour.

It is, however, requisite to be observed that the apartment assigned to his Lordship, and which was situated in the front of the house, had, till that night, been occupied by Stella, who, in order to accommodate the Earl, was removed to a room inferior in size, decorations, etc.

Scarcely had the morning dawned before Lord Marchmont with his nightcap on, put his head out of the window, and looking anxiously about for some time, at length descried the unsuspecting Lieutenant coming towards the house.

B—— was aware of the room in which his Lordship then was, having been that of Stella, for, from the opposite side of the street, he had more than once beheld her unclosing the shutters.

To those windows then he first directed his attention; but great was his surprise on seeing a man hastily draw in his head!

At first he imagined his eyes deceived him; but on looking again he plainly perceived Lord Marchmont shutting the window, and retiring from it.

Almost fainting from the effects of surprise, indignation, and maddening jealousy, he leaned against a post, determined on knocking at the door, and making known the discovery which he supposed he had made; but before he could collect sufficient strength to affect his purpose, he who had given rise to his agitation appeared at the hall-door, about to quit the house of Wilkins.

The person who let him out was seemingly endeavouring to conceal herself, but the Lieutenant was soon well convinced that the clothes she wore were those which Stella had on during the previous evening.

This was confirmation of his surmises "strong as holy writ"; and, with an almost bursting heart, he witnessed an apparently rapturous embrace, bestowed by his Lordship on the fair deceiver, before she closed the door.

The reader will probably guess that it was not Stella who acted a part in this scene, but the treacherous servant of Wilkins, attired in the clothes of the much-wronged girl.

Lord Marchmont now thinking his scheme completely accomplished, was proceeding at a brisk pace, when the wretched lieutenant rushed upon him, and seizing him with a powerful arm, threatened to tear him piecemeal unless he acknowledged what were the origin and nature of his connection with the person from whom he had just parted.

Before Lord Marchmont could reply, M. de F—— and a few of his Lordship's dependants, who were stationed at a convenient distance, ran to the aid of their master, and quickly released him from the gripe of the enraged Lieutenant; then covering his retreat, the insidious nobleman soon got beyond the reach of his unhappy opponent.

The lover overcome by the weight of his feelings, found himself unable to pursue the destroyer of his peace, and equally unable to determine what step he should next take.

At first he thought of upbraiding Stella with her supposed criminality; but that idea soon gave way to indignation, and a certain degree of honest pride, which by rendering him desirous of concealing his sufferings from his deceitful mistress, as he supposed her, prevented an interview which might, in all

probability, have brought about an explanation equally advantageous to both him and the calumniated Stella.

He, therefore, returned to his mother's house, and wrote a note couched in the following terms, which he sent with the utmost dispatch to Stella, putting into effect the resolution expressed in it.

" To Miss —.

" MADAM,

" I have been an eye-witness to your unparalleled duplicity and depravity; you cannot be at a loss to comprehend the meaning of my allusion; you and I meet no more—while you peruse this I am on my way to Portsmouth, where I shall join my ship and in the thunder of war endeavour to forget her who is wholly undeserving of possessing a place in the recollection of

" G. B. —."

The situation of Stella on receiving this epistle may more easily be conceived than described, if anything could increase its horror it was the perusal of one which was, immediately after its receipt, put into the hands of Wilkins, by a domestic of Lord Marchmont. It ran thus :

" SIR,

" You were no doubt surprised by my quitting your house at so early an hour this morning. Delicacy for the reputation of a female under your protection causes me at present to refrain from entering into an explanation of my reasons for so doing. I shall, however, avail myself of an early opportunity to

call at your house and converse upon a subject which I am unwilling to trust to paper.

“ I am, sir,

“ Yours, etc.,

“ MARCHMONT.”

Mr. Wilkins swallowed the bait, the evidence of the two letters in proof of Stella's criminality could not be doubted by such a man, and with more prematureness than humanity, he ordered the unhappy subject of his Lordship's machinations to quit his house. It was in vain that Stella endeavoured to vindicate her character from the foul aspersions cast upon it; her worthless relation would not listen to her, he thrust her out of doors and left her a helpless bark at the mercy of the winds of adversity.

In the interim his Lordship's trusty agent was not idle, he had learned the character of Wilkins, and anticipated the event which took place. Having taken his station near the mansion of the wine merchant, he beheld Stella issue from it evincing in her appearance the anguish that wrung her soul: he approached his destined victim, and with an assumed air of benevolence and pity, tenderly enquired the cause of her distress.

Stella was unable to reply, she had not resolved what course she should take; the dignity of offended virtue would not permit her to proceed to the house of Lieutenant B——'s mother in order to demand an explanation, and to Lord Marchmont's she had even more potent reasons for not turning for a similar purpose.

The conversation which ensued between M. de

F—— and poor Stella we shall forbear from recapitulating, and merely content ourselves with stating that the Frenchman acted his part so well, that he obtained the unsuspecting girl's confidence and persuaded her he was a respectable merchant who would undertake to see justice done her. Having thus prevailed upon her to trust herself to his protection, promising that he would introduce her into the society of his wife and daughters, he procured a hackney-coach, and conveyed his prize to the house of Lord Marchmont.

Here three ladies of *easy* virtue were in readiness to personate the wife and daughters of Monsieur, whose plans they so well seconded, that Stella believed herself to have attained the friendship of a worthy man.

She soon, however, discovered her error. It is true that she remained unmolested during one night with the *amiable* family.

Lord Marchmont had not hitherto made his appearance, and the deception was admirably supported; but on the following morning, under pretence of conveying her to Portsmouth to explain to Lieutenant B—— everything relating to the late misunderstanding, which M. de F—— assured her was the only mode of bringing matters to a favourable issue, Stella was persuaded to enter a post-chaise, which carried her to an estate of Lord Marchmont, situated in Scotland.

The deceived Stella, on her arrival at Dr-m-l-n-g, the estate alluded to, soon learned the reality of her situation. We shall not attempt a description of her feelings, nor the indignation and horror which she

evinced on being received by Lord Marchmont, who, after a few consolatory observations, informed her that she need not expect again to see her lover, he having sailed from Portsmouth on the very day that she left London.

He then patched up an apologetic oration for his late conduct which he delivered with "due emphasis and due discretion"; and concluded by stating the excess of his passion for her, and making such offers as he supposed no female could withstand the force of; but Stella not only refused to accede to his propositions, but treated them with the utmost contempt.

Hoping that, by allowing her time to reflect, she might be induced to alter her first resolve, and lend a more willing ear to his vows, he absented himself for a day or two; but, previously to his departure, recommended the unfortunate to inspect the house, gardens, etc., which, in case she would yield to his will, he promised should be settled upon her for life.

To any other than one who possessed the virtuous principles of Stella, the proposition might have appeared too splendid to be rejected.

Dr-m-l-n-g is one of the finest palaces in Scotland. It is situated in the midst of a wild uncultivated country; so that it may be compared to a diamond set round with pebbles.

The building is finished on a plan well contrived: it is in a square form, with a tower rising from each corner, besides which there are twenty small turrets.

All the apartments are furnished in the most elegant

manner, and the rooms hung with tapestry. The galleries are adorned with many fine paintings, particularly the most illustrious persons of the family of Douglass, Lord Marchmont being one of the collateral branches.

The gardens are finely adorned with grottoes, waterworks, terrace-walks, and summer-houses. There is also a plantation of oaks along the banks of the n—th, which extends six miles in length, and has a beautiful appearance.

This noble and magnificent structure was founded by the first Duke of Quiz, one of the greatest noblemen that ever conducted the affairs of Scotland.

He had a considerable hand in promoting the revolution, and during the reign of William III he enjoyed some of the greatest offices of the state.

It was by his influence that the parliament of Scotland agreed to the Hanoverian settlement, and he managed the affairs of state with as much prudence that the two kingdoms were united without any other disturbance than a protest, signed by some discontented lords, who afterwards joined in the rebellion of 1715.

He was created Duke of *Rover* in England, and died, full of age and honours, in 1719.

Well, may we exclaim, on perusing the foregoing account of the person to whom this palace once appertained, and of whom we deemed it not wholly irrelevant to our subject to say something, "Virtues are not hereditary!" and sorry are we to add that the habitation which originally belonged to so great a man as the first Duke of Quiz, should, by the unworthy inheritor of his title and estates, be

converted into a brothel and become the scene of such consummate villainy, as has scarcely been equalled and, we believe, never surpassed.

While Lord Marchmont was absent, Stella was closely watched by M. de F——, who, although she testified the utmost abhorrence for the part he had taken in the treacherous plans laid to entrap her, exhausted all the conciliatory language and fawning manners of his nation, to place himself once more in her good graces.

He assured her, that his Lordship's intentions toward her were of the most *liberal* kind—that he was dying for her—could not live, exist, without her—that he was the best of men, the most constant swain, etc., etc.

All, however, was ineffectual: virtue reigned paramount in the mind of Stella, and she dismissed the sycophant with expressions replete with the utmost detestation.

On the Earl's return to his "palace of pleasure," he found Stella pale, languid, bathed in tears, and seemingly determined rather to forfeit existence than that title which alone renders women estimable.

In order to gratify his wishes, stratagem appeared to Lord Marchmont to be now his *dernier resort*, and accordingly at the instigation of his confidant he endeavoured to procure for the victim of his lawless passion those slumbers which she seemed so much in need of.

In a glass of wine which she was prevailed upon to take, the Frenchman infused a strong opiate: this had the intended effect.

As soon as it sufficiently operated, the unfortunate

girl was conveyed to bed ; and on awaking she found herself in the arms of Lord Marchmont.

Her horror, confusion, and distraction, on first being aware of her situation, exceed the powers of description. She sank into a state of insensibility, from which she was recovered by the aid of powerful restoratives ; and quickly relapsed again, and continued alternately fainting and recovering for the space of some hours.

To accompany the ill-fated Stella through every stage of her agony, we deem it unnecessary : suffice to state, that despairing of escaping from the fangs of him who had accomplished her ruin, conscious from what had occurred, she never could become the wife of Lieutenant B—— ; convinced she had no relation to whom she could fly for refuge, in case she were once more at liberty : under all these circumstances, we say, she took the broad path, and though she did not esteem his Lordship, became for a certain period his avowed mistress.

As it most frequently happens in such cases possession soon cloyed the appetite of Lord Marchmont, who had already begun to form a plan for getting rid of her whom he had been the means of degrading in the eyes of the world, when an unforeseen event brought about that which he so much desired.

For nearly two years had Stella graced his Lordship's phaeton, and in the splendour of her appearance and the beauty of her person, as well as modesty of her demeanour, eclipsed all the other luminaries of the Cyprian firmament.

Although melancholy would sometimes overcast those features which appeared to have been formed

for the seat of smiles, and that reflection of the galling kind would occasionally find its way into her imagination, in spite of those efforts used by her to prevent the approach of the intruder.

She frequented every place of public entertainment, and apparently enjoyed as much pleasure as the heart of woman could pant for.

About this time Lord Marchmont began to form the resolution of which we have already spoken, his conduct towards Stella underwent so visible a change that she could not fail of perceiving it.

His manners became cold, his caresses constrained, he no longer seemed to regard her as a being whose presence was essential to his happiness.

In short her eyes were opened to the reality of the situation in which she stood.

Report, that busybody, continually on the wing, had already whispered, that the envied and admired Stella was about to become what is technically termed a *cast-off*, and many of the gallants of the day began to present her with *biddings* for the reversion of her charms.

The last night that Stella ever graced the opera-box of Lord Marchmont, no less than three *billets-doux* of the afore-mentioned description were placed in her hand, with tender pressures; one of which it is said, was from the r-y-l fingers of the late Duke of C——.

Stella, fatigued by the repetition of an opera which she had attended at least half a dozen times before, immediately on her return to the house of her protector retired to rest.

About twelve the following day she arose, and

casting her languid eyes over the miserable scrawls of titled debauchees, threw them upon the tea-table with a sigh, which seemed to originate as much from weariness of the life to which she was condemned as from disgust from the indelicate overtures that those *billets* contained.

"Alas!" thought she, "had B—— not prematurely credited appearances—had he but heard me, I should not now be exposed to the frowns of fortune and the unmanly attacks of those for whom birth, interest, or wealth, procure coronets, but who, in every other respect, are inferior to the rest of the human creation."

As she spoke thus she took up a newspaper of the day, in which the first paragraph that met her eye ran as follows :

"On the —— instant a gallant action took place between his Majesty's ship —— and a French ship of war, in which the former was victorious.

"After twenty minutes hard fighting the Frenchman struck, and has since been brought into Portsmouth by the captors.

"In point of number, the loss upon our side was inconsiderable ; but in Lieutenant G. B——, who was killed by a cannon-ball at the commencement of the engagement, the navy has suffered a deprivation of as gallant an officer as ever trod the decks."

It was Stella's lover to whom the latter part of the paragraph referred, and scarcely had she read it ere the fatal paper dropped from her unnerved hands, and she sank senseless upon the floor.

The noise occasioned by her fall was heard by the servant in attendance, who ran to her succour, and

having called in aid, succeeded in restoring animation to the unhappy Stella.

Her intellects were nevertheless deranged, a misfortune which was not temporary, for in the course of a few days it was found necessary to remove her to a private madhouse, in the neighbourhood of Somers Town, where, at the expense of her seducer, she remained till within the last eleven years, prior to the commencement of which period her mortal career was terminated by the destroying hand, whose ravages make no distinction between the peasant and the prince.

We have only to add that the greater part of Stella's affecting little history was collected from conversations had with her during her lucid intervals ; and, we trust, that in giving the substance of them we have nought exterminated.

CHAPTER VII

THE ZAMPARINI

AMONG the correspondents of the Earl of March were, besides George Selwyn and the Earl of Carlisle, George James ("Gilly") Williams, James ("Fish") Crauford, the "*mon petit Crauford*" of Madame du Deffand, and "Bully" Bolingbroke. From the letters addressed to him by them, and those written by himself a picture of the social world of the day, and some facts concerning political personages can be gathered. Also, it is mainly from the letters that information concerning the *liaison* between Lord March and the Zamparini is to be gathered.

George James Williams to the Earl of March

"Tuesday, December 18 [1764].

"I had despaired, my dear Lord, of ever being able to send the fans which I had bought for you, when I received a very civil note last night from Lord Sandwich, that with great difficulty he had prevailed on Guerchy to undertake the conveyance of them, and you will most certainly receive them by the first French courier that goes from hence ; indeed, our English Secretary deserves your thanks for the very active part he has taken to oblige the ladies.

“As it is now the common question in all assemblies, when you and your fellow-traveller will return, I believe they may be answered, that next month will infallibly bring you, though nothing is less expected than a turbulent and busy season. How the Lords may attend their parliamentary duty I know not, but the Bedchamber was so ill supplied, that Bob [Lord Robert] Bertie was left in pawn for a month.

“There is no stranger arrived lately but Andrew Mitchell from Berlin, who is to tell the story of the King of Prussia at all the dinners which will be given for these next six months. People did not like our new Countess of Coventry, at Saturday’s opera, near so well as the old. She did not make noise enough, and sat as private and pale-faced as Miss Holman; I am not sure our friend George would not have compared her to Scrimshire. It appeared, on the conviction of Lord Harrington’s porter, that he had offered to shoot her Ladyship, as a troublesome useless b——, that would leave no stone unturned to find out the culprit: there might be a good Grub composed for his dying speech. You have sent [Fulke] Greville home a better-dressed author than he went. He talks of Voltaire, and gives some hints as if we were soon to taste that fund of knowledge he has imbibed.

“Nothing can be more complaisant and well-bred than the parting of the Duke and Duchess of Grafton. No lovers ever met with greater decorum, a correspondence is established, and they are to live in friendship till their death: the Opposition are afraid of losing either, and therefore commend both. Horry Walpole told me he sat an hour with her yesterday,



LA SIGNORA ZAMPARINI IN THE CHARACTER OF CECCHINA
After a picture by N. Hone

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and nothing could be more sensible or unaffected than her conduct. I believe she is rather fatigued with her constant messmate, the old General Ellison, as it is the only thing in breeches she has as yet been familiar with. My paper will admit of no more than bidding you, my dear Lord, Adieu ! ”

The Earl of March to George Selwyn

“ SEYMOUR PLACE [LONDON],

“ *September 28, 1765*

“ I enclose you a letter from the Tondino, who is very sensible of your attention. There would have been no scruple of remaining in your house, for we both know you too well for that, but she wanted to get back to all her *chiffons*, contrary to my inclination.

“ Lord Folkestone has kissed hands as Earl of Radnor, Lord Spencer as Earl Spencer. Lord Le Despenser is to be an Earl, but by what title I do not know, as he has not kissed hands. There is a great entertainment to-day at Clermont. The Duke of Newcastle is very angry that neither the Duke of York nor Gloucester be of it. They are, I hear much displeased at his free manner of inviting them *to meet the Prince*, instead of his *meeting them*. So much for *Panto* ! But I think our Princess much in the right.

“ The great [Duke of] B[edford] was yesterday at the dressing, *comme un homme de qualité qui a les entrées*. Neither he nor any of his family were at the balls, they were only invited to the Duke of York’s. Lady Hertford arrived last night with the *beau Richard*. Fortescue and his wife came with them.”

“ *Wednesday morning, 6 o'clock.*

“ [1765.]

“ I am just preparing to conduct the poor little Tondino to Dover, and as I shall hardly be able to write to you there, I shall endeavour to say two or three words to you while she is getting ready. I am sure you will be good to her, for I know you love me; and I can desire nothing of you that I shall feel so sensibly as your notice of her.

“ She will tell you all my intentions, and I shall write to you when I am more composed. My heart is so full that I can neither think, speak, nor write. How I shall be able to part with her, or bear to come back to this house, I do not know. The sound of her voice fills my eyes with fresh tears. My dear George, *J'ai le coeur si serré que je ne suis bon à présent qu'à pleurer.* Farewell! I hear her coming, and this is perhaps the last time I shall see her here.

“ Take all the care you can of her. *Je la recommande à vous*, my best and only real friend. Farewell! farewell! What she will tell you is really what I intend.”

“ WHITE'S,

“ *Friday night, post time.*

“ [1765.]

“ I have this moment received your letter from Newark. I wrote to you last night, but I quite forgot Râton.¹ I have not had him to see me to-day, having been the whole morning in the city with Lady H[enrietta Stanhope], but I have sent to your maid, and she says that her *little king* is perfectly well, and in great spirits.

¹ Râton was George Selwyn's dog.

“ Lord Harrington dined to-day at Petersham ; and H. St. John, Colonel Craigs, and myself, dined with her Ladyship to try a cook Lord Barrymore has sent from Paris, and he is an excellent one. *Le Chevalier* and his nurse are still at your house. I am in haste to return to the *coterie*, having left them to write to Newmarket, and to send you this scrawl ; so farewell, my dear George.”

“ NEWMARKET,

“ *Monday.*

“ I take my chance of your putting off your journey another day ; if not, you will receive this in France. The Duke of Grafton goes on Wednesday to the wedding, and I shall certainly go with him. We shall be in town about six, and I shall set out the next day for this place.

“ The meeting begins well. How it ends is more to the purpose ; but I think I shall have certainly won, in about two hours two hundred at least. The odds are three to one on my side. Lords Gower, Bridgewater, and the usual Newmarket people are here. I expect to hear of the arrival of the Russians every minute, and have invited them to dinner, which is the only dinner I shall have at home this meeting.

“ Lord Northumberland is to be a duke by that title, and Lord Cardigan gives up his place, and is likewise to be a duke.

“ If this is not known yet, it will be very soon. If you are in town don't tell it as my news ; but you may whisper it to some of our politicians. I wish you a good journey, and intend nothing so much as to be with you soon.

“ *Dit quelque chose bien tendre pour moi à la cara Luisina, et donnez lui mille baisers de ma part. Adieu, my dear George !* ”

“ *The Monday after the Meeting.*

“ [1766.]

“ I had your letter yesterday, and was in some hopes that you might have received the one I wrote to you from hence last Wednesday, because I directed it to the Cherubim, to be forwarded to you, according to the time you left London, either to Dover or Paris.

“ The Meeting has ended very ill, and I am now nearly a *mille* lower in cash than when we parted. Most of the White’s people are gone to Sir J. Moore’s. Bully [Lord Bolingbroke], Lord Wilmington, and myself, are left here to reflect coolly upon our losses and the nonsense of keeping running horses ; and yet notwithstanding all our resolutions, if we make any, they will end as yours do, after being *doved* at Almack’s. [General] Scott has lost near three thousand.

“ Lord Northumberland has kissed hands, and is Duke of Northumberland : but the most extraordinary thing in the world is that Lord Cardigan wrote to the Duke of Grafton declining the offer that was made him of being a duke. What his reasons are I don’t know ; I only know that he had desired it and that he had the King’s *promise* that whenever any were made, that he should be one.

“ Bully dines here, and I think of going to-night to Bury to the ball and fair. Farewell, my dear George ; I wish with all my heart that I was with you instead of in this d——d place. *Mille choses à la cara Tondino.* Tell her I have had her letter, and will write to her soon.”

"Monday morning. [? May 1766.]

"I had your letter last night. The letters come here generally about supper-time. I showed Lady Spencer that part of your letter, where you preach against poor Voltaire, who, by the bye, has done more real good by his writings upon tolerance than all the priests in Europe. Your sermon has had one good effect, though it has not converted me, for it has gained you some favour with Lady Spencer, which is a much better thing. I have a card to dine with the Duke of Grafton on the Queen's birthday; but I am engaged to the Duke of Ancaster, at least, I suppose so. I shall set out on Wednesday or Thursday, but I will write to you to-morrow. Farewell, my dear George."

George James Williams to George Selwyn

"CROME,

"1766.

"I loitered so much in my way to Crome that I have but just got there, where I found your packet. You did not in the least surprise me, for you are not, by the date of your letter, on the other side of the water yet. If I hear of you in Suffolk, I shall only think March pulls stronger than all the world besides. The girls are well, and I think Nanny very much improved. The Mingotti governess is glad to see any face she is used to, especially a friendly one. The Countess is good-humoured as ever, but the house is full of odd people; the Countess of Cork, Sandwich's niece, and the two Bladens; people entirely out of my way, and to whom I prefer old Mother Harris and

Dame Canning. I wish March was here. I think he would be behind their backs at the harpischord and before their faces at the tea-table ; at least he would divert himself, which you know is every thing. We are going to make some d——d dull visits, which prevents my saying more than that I will certainly write you a longer letter next post.

You may depend on it I will take Matson in my way from hence to Bath. I will dine, if not lie with Alderman Harris. Mother Holcombe and her daughters are just arrived, and make such a noise that I must bid you

“ Adieu ! ”

“ P.S. The girls received your presents, and thank you. Maria is much the most improved of the two. Poor Nanny has a sore girl, though I think in her usual spirits. Why was not your name in the papers as visiting foreign parts ? ”

“ BRIGHTELMSTONE,

“ *September 1, 1766.*

“ You are welcome, my dear George, to town again, and I think you fortunate in meeting so many birds of passage, though there is but one among them that you care one farthing for. As for the rest, you would willingly resign them to the devil, or any body else that should be pleased to take them.

“ What do you mean by inquiring after our ordinary ? neither you nor his Lordship, I am sure, will come near it. There is Boone, Varey, George Bodens, and a few provincials, that every day eat one of poor Byng’s frugal but cheerful meals. Lord Lincoln exhibited his person yesterday on The Stein,

to the surprise of all the vulgars, who value a Knight of the Garter much more than you seemed to do that Sunday at the Star and Garter. He dined with Lady Catherine, and set out immediately with his whole suit for Jack Shelley's. As the least motions of great men are eagerly attended to, he shoots there till Thursday, and then to Nottinghamshire.

"The Dublin Castle pleases me much. Who are to be the Maids of Honour? What a revival of the old Chesterfield humour, of male administration and mismanagement! How are my friends to succeed by his Grace of Grafton? These are wheels within wheels with a vengeance. I wish it may be in my power to see you in town before the 10th; if not depend upon it I will pay Matson a visit before we meet again. I am glad you have laid your gardener by the heels, for he might have robbed one in the very avenue. You seem to me to have a thief wherever you go, and your chase varies from bank-notes to greens and gooseberry bushes.

"I suppose the Lord in Waiting [Lord Coventry] will not stay longer than his week, but, as I said before, do contrive, now the town is empty, to adjust matters with him so far as not to be remarkable: I am sure it will be better for both your sakes. In your next, tell me something of Lady Lisburne; I hope, for his sake, she is recovered.

"We hear the Earl of Chatham has again taken to his bed, and now, since his name is up, there he may lie. I do not think you need be much alarmed about fathering the Creed of Athanasius. They who know you, would not think you would, in your old age, come out with so stale a piece of humour as

that is, and what they think of you, who do not know you, I am sure is not worth your troubling your head about."

"BRIGHTELMSTONE,

"*September 11, 1766.*

"As you had fixed a journey to Kingsgate [the seat of Lord Holland] for the 10th, I concluded you would have set out till I heard yesterday that March was still at Tunbridge, and expected here before he went to London. From thence concluding that you would stay to see him, I direct this as usual.

"In the first place, I must tell you that the Earl of Marchmont has opened your letter to March. It was sent him by mistake, by the postman here, in his packet, so that he has seen the whole contents of it, and if it is treason woe betide you! There is another arrived since, but I have taken care to prevent any further prying into your correspondence.

"What you say as to the pursuit of the Duchess, I believe to be true. Our letters confirm it, and you know our friend is made of tinder, and likely to take fire at a less inflammable object. Poor little Pem! what an Earl that will make in future times, with his own natural and acquired vivacity! Fanny [*i.e.*, Frances Pelham] has bit her nails to the very bone, at March's having been expected here, for this week past. She told me yesterday that, in the state of uncertainty, nothing but the bracing air of this place could have kept her nerves in any tolerable order. After all, I believe we shall not see him, but that, after he has pulled up his stockings at another Tunbridge ball, he will set out for London."

“ BRIGHTELMSTONE,

“ 8 o'clock [*September, 1766*].

“ I wrote to you in the morning, and I add this to my despatch to tell you that March is just arrived from Tunbridge. The whole place is in a flutter. The windows are all open, for no knight of any order has been visible in our public diversions since the existence of the place.

“ I intend to thank my Lady in person. For G—d's sake congratulate her for me on the recovery of her notes. Pray don't go till I come, which I hope will be on Sunday at furthest, and if it is possible to keep March a few hours longer here, I shall be sure of you. This is ball night, and possibly March and Fanny may dance together; this has not happened these twenty years. I dined to-day with Mary Pelham, who was ready to cry when March's chaise went by, for I am sure she expects an uproar.

“ Since I began this I found the Earl up three pair of stairs in the alehouse. He has opened the ball with Mrs. Brudenell; stays and dines with us to-morrow, and will be in town on Saturday, to go in waiting, as he imagines, on Sunday.

“ Ten thousand thanks for all your news. When you take your flight, if you are not drowned by this d——d equinox, I'll remember you.”

The Earl of March to George Selwyn

“ *October 13, 1766.*

“ I suppose that the wind has been contrary, and prevented me from hearing anything from you since you left Boulogne. I stayed at Newmarket

with Bully till last Friday, and was to have gone back there to-day in my way to Lord Orford's, where all the Newmarket people are gone, if the Duke of York had not asked me to dine with him to-day, which I thought I could not refuse, having supped with him last night *en parti fin*, with some of the opera-girls. I am going this morning to Watts', in order to be prepared for the next meeting, which begins this day fortnight. As I am very deeply engaged, I shall perhaps be obliged to make use of your money, that in case of the worst I may not be a lame duck, but if I do you may be sure that you need not be under any apprehension of confining yourself in any shape where you are on that account.

"I shall be able, after Newmarket, to be more certain about my journey to Paris, which I still intend. The Duke of Northumberland does not go till after the meeting of Parliament, and wants me to stay for him, but I think that will make it too late. Lord and Lady Rochford set out next week. There are very few people in town. To-morrow morning I set out for Lord Orford's. The Duke of Northumberland's high living, where I dined last Friday, has given me an indigestion. I am something better now, or I should not venture to dine with the Duke of York; but I have been as bad as you were when you dined with Madame de Villars.

"I long to hear from you from Paris, and to have your account of the little Teresina. Tell the Rena that I have had three of her letters, and will write to her either by this post or the next.

"I had not time to finish this morning, so I give you two or three words after dinner. The Duke of

Cumberland dined with his brother. Pembroke, General Harvey, and Sir Francis Delaval, with their families, made up the rest of the company. Delaval lights up Lord Lexborough's house, who is in the country, and gives us a supper with the opera-girls, who are very pretty. *We live high*, but I wish more to be where you are than anywhere else. *Mille choses de plus honnête et de plus tendre à la cara Luisina*. Tell her that there are great expectations about the Opera, and that the *connoisseurs* like Giardini better than Manzoli."

"PICCADILLY,

"18th October, 1766.

"Yesterday morning I received both your letters. I went after dinner to Guerchy's where I found the Marquis de Fitzjames, and we have agreed to go together to Newmarket. They talked a great deal about you, and I took an opportunity of saying how much you thought yourself indebted to them for the civilities you receive at Paris. There is no harm in a word of that kind now and then, which I hope you will remember for me where you are, that I may be received well, if, after these d——d races I should have money and spirits to set out.

"After Guerchy's, I went to Lady Shelburne's where were all the people that can be gathered together at this time of the year. Lady Hertford made a thousand enquiries about you ; asked how long you intended to stay ; and hoped you would soon be tired of blind women, old presidents, and premiers. Mademoiselle Guerchy gave me an account of the little Teresina, but I long to hear what you think of her, and I know you will be so particular, that it

will be like having seen her myself. I shall stay for the first night of the Opera, which is next Tuesday, and shall go to Newmarket on Wednesday.

“Lord Cardigan has kissed hands for being Duke of Montagu, and keeps his place. There is no news. Lady Townshend has sent me a fan for you, which I will send by the first opportunity if I don't bring it myself. I shall see the Duke of Grafton at Newmarket, and will find out what they expect about your coming to the meeting of Parliament. The Duke of Northumberland intends setting out the day after Parliament meets. I had a very civil letter from Monsieur du Barri; say something for me in case I should not write.

“I shall write to the Tondino by the post tomorrow. Adieu! my dear George, it begins to grow late, and I must go to bed.”

“October 28, 1766.

“This time, my dear George, your money has been lucky indeed. I am returned with my pockets full; by the second meeting, clear gain, four thousand one hundred guineas. This good fortune has come very *à propos*, and I have the pleasure of being indebted to you for it, which makes it still more welcome, for without your money I could not have risked near so much. Shafto and Parker have been the chief losers. In these high circumstances I must remember Dick Edgcombe, and not think, because I am rich now, that I shall never be poor again. I have ordered the Cherubim to replace your money. If you had occasion for any, I should offer to be your banker. Pray let the Tondino know these lucky events, in case I should not have time to write to her by this post.

“The Marquis de Fitzjames liked Newmarket, and everybody liked him. I hesitate a good deal about the journey to Paris, and have determined if I go at all, not to go till after the meeting of Parliament. All the French expeditions are put off till that time. The Duke of Northumberland, and Sir Charles and Lady Sarah, certainly go then. I have two fans for you from Lady Townshend, which you shall have by the first opportunity.

“This moment your two letters are arrived. If you mean *Fish Crawford*, he is in perfect health, so you may comfort your blind woman. I shall take care to send her the tea you desire, as soon as I can get anybody to carry it. I hear and believe that the Bedfords are coming in. The Duchess of Hamilton is gone to Scotland for six weeks upon election business. I don't hear Grenville's name mentioned. Lord Gower and Rigby are gone to Bath to the Duke of Bedford. Farewell, my dear George! I must go to the Duke of Queensberry this morning. He desired that I would call upon him; I believe to talk to me about some election business. He interests himself in Captain Ross, so that I fear Murray of Philiphaugh will have a bad chance. I told the Duke of Grafton that you would be here whenever he thought it necessary. I found that he did not expect much opposition. Adieu, my dear George.”

George James Williams to George Selwyn

“BATH,

“November 1, 1766.

“I am arrived so far in my autumnal progress, where I received yours this morning, and am sorry

you seem to differ so much in your two sheets. You complain of no indigestion in your first, and I hope it is only March's indigestion occasions your *cours de ventre* in your second.

"I returned this morning from Weymouth's at Longleat, where I have passed three days with Rigby and Lord Gower, as pleasantly as you could possibly have done at Versailles, though you had been every night with your passion, the Queen.

"Lord Chatham is here, with more equipage, household, and retinue than most of the old patriarchs used to travel with in ancient days. He comes nowhere but to the Pump Room; then he makes a short essay and retires. Our friend Ball makes a better figure in the newspapers at his death than he ever did alive. Horry unluckily left this place before I came. He is certainly better, though not in good humour; that I think, is out of the reach of politics to occasion. He has wrote a pretty little piece on the Patagonians. When I go to town, if I can wrap it up within the compass of a letter, I'll send it to you.

"As for the velvet, I care little about it. If you can buy me a suit, and find an easy way of conveying it, I should be obliged to you; if not, I am totally indifferent at my time of life what I wear. Your old friend, Mrs. Lunn, is of the Duke of Bedford's party, and I believe carries pams in her pocket to the loo table. Lord Chesterfield comes on Monday. I shall leave this place on Tuesday, but shall be longer on my road to London, as I go by Lord North's in Somersetshire. God bless you, and Adieu!"

The Earl of March to George Selwyn

“ November 4, 1766.

“ I have had your two letters last night, and I suppose you have had mine with an account of my success at Newmarket. The Duke of Northumberland still continues his resolution of going to Paris immediately after the meeting of Parliament, and presses me very much to go with him. Whether I shall or not I swear I don't know. I dined yesterday with the Marquis de Fitzjames at the Duke of Grafton's, and dine to-day at the Duke of York's. The town is very empty yet. Bully is not in spirits with the world, and continues at Newmarket with his girl, though he is as much tired of her as of any thing else. The weather is excessively fine. I am just going to ride out to see if air and exercise will get me a stomach, which I have not had for several days. I don't know what the devil's the matter, *mais j'ai l'estomac dérangé, et avec cela les grands diners ne valent rien, et je ne puis pas rester à un coin de la table comme vous la faites.* In case I have not time to add anything to you in the afternoon, farewell ! Remember me to the Rena.

“ We had at dinner the Prince of Anhalt, and some Germans with him ; Lord Huntingdon and myself : the Princess of B. and Lady Susan ; and the Duke's family. It was a very agreeable dinner without any form.

“ Lord Spencer and Lord Hillsborough are to move and second [the Address] in the House of Lords, and Lord Lisburne and Augustus Hervey in the House of Commons. Lord Chatham and the

Duke of Bedford have had a great deal of communication at Bath, and people expect the Bedfords will certainly come in. I don't hear Mr. Grenville mentioned, and very little about politics. Adieu !

"P.S. Vernon wishes that you would send him a velvet, something of this pattern, for a coat, waistcoat, and breeches ; and send it to M. Pierre Grandin, à Calais, to be kept there till he has orders how to send it."

"WHITE'S,

"*Friday, November, 1766.*

"I intended to have written to you last Tuesday, but we sat so late at the House of Lords that I had no time. It was a dull debate, though it lasted a great while. Lord Chatham spoke very well, and with a great deal of temper, and great civility towards the Duke of Bedford ; who spoke and approved of the measure at the time of laying the embargo, because of the necessity ; but complained of Parliament not being called sooner, because what had been done was illegal, and only to be justified from necessity, which was the turn of the whole debate. Lord Mansfield trimmed in his usual manner, and avoided declaring his opinion, though he argued for the illegality. Lord Camden attacked him very close upon not speaking out his opinion, and declared strongly for the legality. Upon the whole, I think we shall have very little to do in Parliament, and your attendance will be very little wanted. Coventry is not in town. I suppose he waits to see the turn things are likely to take ; so much so that I am persuaded he will be more attached to his old friend Pitt than ever. Farewell ! my dear George."

It was at this time that the Earl of March conceived a passion for one of the opera-girls at Covent Garden Theatre, who was known as the Zamparini. Next to nothing is known of her beyond her connection with his Lordship, except that she had a father and mother who did not raise any objection to the *liaison*, but gladly accepted anything in the way of money and dinners that came their way. The Zamparini was very young when the *affaire* began—fifteen years of age, it has been said. Lord March, when she became his mistress, was under no illusion. “She likes me,” he wrote to Selwyn, “because I give her money.” As will be seen from the perusal of the following letters, he took the whole family to Newmarket: “the beauty went in my chaise, and the rest in the old landau,” and he made them all free of his dinner-table. “March has been on tour to Newmarket with his new mistress, I do not think these follies go off at our age as they used to do,” Gilly Williams wrote to Selwyn, who was at Paris, on December 2, 1766, and five days later, writing again, said: “March goes on but heavily with his poor child. He looks miserable, and yet he takes her off in her opera-dress every night in his chariot.”

The Zamparini, who had been born at Venice, had been trained as a dancer, but she must also have studied music, for on the first production of Piccini's *Buona Figliuola Maritata* at Covent Garden in 1767, she was entrusted with the part of the Marchesa. “From the circumstances of the principal character in so difficult a performance having been entrusted to Madame Zamparini, it is evident that her talents as a prima-donna could have been of no common

order," Jesse noted in his *History of the Reign of George III.* "The supposition is, to a certain extent, confirmed by the fact of a quarrel which, three years after, took place between the Hon. Mr. Hobart and the celebrated singer, Guardagni. The latter, it seems, had taken great offence at what he considered to be the undue preference to the Zamparini over his own sister, and on Mr. Hobart refusing to accede to a different arrangement, he threw up his engagement at the Opera House in disgust. It is not improbable that the distinguished patronage enjoyed by the Zamparini may have turned the scale in her favour."

This surmise is doubtless correct, for the Earl of March was one of the principal supporters of the Opera season at Covent Garden. The Opera, however, had only a short run. "After the great success of the *Buona Figliuola*," Burney says in his *History of Music*, "the public was disposed to hear with partiality any composition by the same master, and when the *Buona Figliuola Maritata*, or sequel of the *Buona Figliuola*, was brought out, the crowd at the Opera House was prodigious; but expectation, as usual, was as unreasonable as to spoil the feast; to gratify it, was impossible. Some ascribed the disappointment to the composer, some to the performers, but none to themselves. The music was excellent, full of invention, fine and full effects; but so difficult, particularly for the orchestra, that the performers forgot it was winter. The principal part of the Marchesa was given to Zamparini, a very pretty woman, but an affected singer." Horace Walpole had no admiration for the girl, for writing

to the Countess of Upper Ossory, he remarks : " From the Operas I am almost beaten out. As if the Guardagni or the Zamparini had a voice, there are two parties arisen who alternatively encore both in every song, and the operas last till midnight."

Lord March, in his letters to George Selwyn, was very frank about his " passion " for the Zamparini as several passages show, nor was he concerned to keep the *liaison* from his friends. His only trouble was that he did not wish unduly to distress the Countess Rena, who was at Paris, and he was particularly anxious that she should not come to London until his first ecstasies for the other lady had passed. His infatuation did not last so very long. George Selwyn, writing to the Earl of Carlisle in January 1768, says : " Lord March is much obliged to you for your kind and constant mention of him. He is extremely well, and not plagued with Zamparini or anything I know of." The last heard of the girl is in a letter, dated Turin, February 10, 1768, written by Lord Carlisle to Selwyn : " Mr. Hobart passed through here the other day in pursuit of March's old flame, the Zamparini, who they tell me is engaged to sing at this place next year. . . . Our Opera is very magnificent : Lord March would be in raptures." This was the Hon. Henry Hobart, son of the first Earl of Buckinghamshire.

The Earl of March to George Selwyn

" November 17 [1766].

" The muff you sent me by the Duke of Richmond I like prodigiously ; vastly better than if it had been *tigré*, or of any glaring colour ! several are now

making after it. I send you by this post full directions about all my commissions, as I quite despair of coming to you. I wish I had set out immediately after Newmarket, which I believe I should have done if I had not taken a violent fancy for one of the opera-girls. This passion is a little abated, and I hope it will be quite so before you and the Rena come over, else I fear it will interrupt our society. But whatever is the case, as I have a real friendship and affection for the Rena, I shall show her every mark of regard and consideration, and be vastly happy to see her. I consider her as a friend, and certainly as one that I love very much, and as such I hope that she will have some indulgence for my follies. A contrary behaviour will only separate us entirely, which I should be sorry for, and upon the footing that we have lived for some time past it would be quite ridiculous and affected. You may talk to her a little about this at a distance.

“I spoke to the Duke of Grafton about your being in France, and I will take an opportunity of saying something about it to him again, only to show your attention as to the Parliament. This moment my servant brings me your letter by le Roi. I will enquire for a lodging for the Rena, for I agree with you entirely that you have no room for her in your house, and it as well to avoid all the nonsense that would be said about it. I shall have everything in readiness, that she may immediately go to her own hotel; for she certainly cannot come either to yours or mine.”

“ Monday, November 19, 1766.

“ MY DEAR GEORGE,

“ For fear that I should not have any other moment to write to you, I write this in the King’s rooms. I was obliged to dress early to come here, it being the Princess’s birthday. I dine at Lord Hertford’s, which, with the ball at night, will take up the whole day : you know that he is Chamberlain.

The Duke of Bedford comes to-day, and on Wednesday I suppose they will kiss hands, but nothing is known. Everybody agrees that this resignation of the Cavendishes is, of all the resignations the most foolish, and I hear they begin already to repent of it.¹ They make a fine opportunity for Chatham to strengthen his Administration. They want T. Pelham to resign ; Ashburnham certainly will now. The only people that do well are those that never resign, which Lord Hertford seems to have found out long ago. Saunders and Keppel resign to-morrow.

“ My dear George, I certainly long to see you excessively, but I wish the Rena did not come so soon. I shall be miserable to give her any mortification, and I am afraid she will not be pleased if she comes now. The King is coming, so farewell ! ”

“ [November, 1766].

“ Bully enquires after you very often. Milady Bully came last Sunday to Guerchy’s, where I dined with the Bedfords and Lord G[ower]. I suppose she was not invited upon his account. Women

¹ The Duke of Portland resigned the office of Lord Chamberlain as a protest against the dismissal by Chatham of Lord Edgumbe from the post of Treasurer of the Household to make way for Sir John Shelley.

are so much more impudent than men ; I never saw anything like it. She came just after we had drank coffee ; handsomer than ever I saw her, and not the least abashed. *Pauvre Milor Gower, il ne savoit que faire de sa personne.* I was sorry for him, because I know what he suffered.

“ Bully is coming again into the world, and swears he will seduce some modest woman : I have no doubt he will. Williams never meets me without abusing you for being so affected as to stay at Paris. We both agree that Coventry has stayed in the country, to see what turn politics will take. Between Temple and Pitt, he is like Captain Macheath, ‘ How happy could I be with either ! ’ The Bladens were at Crome when Williams was there, and he is more enchanted with them than you can possibly imagine. Farewell ! my dear George ; I am determined to write to you every post if only to say that I am always

“ Your very affectionate friend,

“ MARCH & R.”

“ *Friday, November 21, 1766.*

“ To town last night. Williams is in love with the Bladens : he found them at Crome. I have long known that they are the most agreeable women in London ; but you know he never thinks any thing can be so, but what he is accustomed to see every day.

“ Cadogan and Thomond are gone into the country to shoot. Lord Farnham is gone to Ireland. Say something for me to the Rena, that she may not think she is forgot, which she certainly is not ; and

don't lose an opportunity when it offers of remembering me to my friends at Paris. I told the Duke of Grafton that you was ready to order your post-horses whenever you were really wanted. Farewell, my dear George."

"[*November, 1766*].

"MY DEAR GEORGE,

"Jack Shelley has kissed hands for Lord Edgecumbe's place. He was offered to be of the Bedchamber, which he has refused, and wants to have the Post-Office, which they won't give him.

I find it is imagined that we shall be obliged to send troops into North America to bring them to a proper obedience. It is whispered about that the Cavendishes and Rockingham's friends will take the first opportunity they can to be hostile to Government, and likewise that [Fletcher] Norton and [Alexander] Wedderburne will certainly oppose: if these things are so, we may perhaps have some more convulsions in the state.

"The Duke and Duchess of Bedford are gone to Woburn. That set seems quite separate from Grenville, but have made no bargain yet: I suppose we shall not know much what turn these things will take till after the holidays. I wish every day more and more that I had come to you.

"I have not yet received some champagne that Monsieur de Prissieux has sent me, but I expect it every day, and I am looking out for a horse to send him. It is a difficult commission, though I had a great many that I wish he had, if I thought he would like them."

“ November, 1766.

“ At the Custom House there is a red bed upon my list, which I have not made use of, and which you may take if you want anything of that sort, and think it worth while. Send my shoes to Mademoiselle Morel, at Calais, in case you find no opportunity of sending them directly from Paris, and I will find some method of getting them over.

“ Pray don't let the *commode* be too much ornamented. *J'aime le grand simple comme le Prince*, but as it will be a principal piece at the end of the room, between the two windows, it must be handsome, so as to be an object.

“ [Sir Charles] Bunbury and Lady Sarah [afterwards Lady Sarah Lennox] set out next week, and I will get them to take your tea and fans. I wish I could muster up resolution to come to you, if it was but for ten days. Besides French resources, you have a very good English set, which is always a great comfort.

“ I was prevented from writing to you last Friday, by being at Newmarket with my little girl. I had the whole family and Cocchi. The beauty went with my chaise, and the rest in the old landau. I have intended a thousand times to have wrote to the Rena; something or other, however, has always prevented me, but I certainly will write by this post. I would not for the world give her any mortification, for I really love her much, and it is for that reason that I wish her not to come here just now. Pray say something to her for me, for not writing, which I certainly should not have put off so long, if I had

not always said something about her in my letters to you. Contrive anything rather than she should appear to be neglected.

“I shall endeavour to negotiate the £500, provided I can do it with Guerchy or Fitzjames. He has been confined for some days with a little fever, but is now much better.

“Lady Fortrose is so ill that they do not expect her to last many days longer. She has killed herself by putting on white [lead on her face]; and I suppose has hastened her end a good deal by lying constantly with little Gimcrack. Though she has been up this great while, she is so weak that she has hardly been able to walk or speak.

“Get me the best Chambertin you can, and you may give any price for it. Chavigny, I should think, will be able to advise you as well as anybody.

“All I have learnt here is, that Keppel is turned out of the Bedchamber—he meant only to have resigned the Admiralty—and that Lord Harcourt’s son is appointed. Augustus Hervey and Cadogan are in a long *bore*. When they have finished, if they tell me anything, you shall know it. T. Pelham does not resign, and everybody thinks that those who have are now d——d sorry for what they have done. Hervey tells me that Sir Edward Hawke is to be the First Lord of the Admiralty.

“I cannot learn one word about the Bedfords; I suppose they make difficulties in order to have a better bargain. I wrote a short letter to the *Rena* last week, but will write her two or three words by this post. Farewell, my dear George.”

“ *December 3, 1766.*

“I send you four fans and some tea by Lord Fitzwilliam, and shall send you two or three more fans by the Bunburys, who set out the end of this week, or the beginning of the next.

“Sir Edward Hawke kissed hands to-day [as First Lord of the Admiralty]; Sir Percy Brett and Jenkinson, Lords of the Admiralty, which does not look as if Bute was quite out of the question. The Duke of Ancaster is to be Master of the Horse. The Bedfords want to come in, but they would not give them the places they wanted.

“ *After the Opera.*

“Vernon tells me that there is an end of the Bedford negotiation. Lord Chatham has filled up all the places. Lord Lisburne is to be of the Admiralty Board. I have not heard who is to be the Master of the Horse. I am quite astonished that Lord Chatham should have sent for the Duke of Bedford, and that negotiation not take place: surely our old friends are not very well treated.

“The King was at the Opera, which he scarce ever misses, and Coventry was in waiting. Lord Temple has told him that this Administration will not last above two months, but that he is quite attached to the King, and will go with it as long as it lasts. I think there is no danger, for if the King is in earnest there will be support enough. By the next post I shall let you know how everything is settled.”

George James Williams to George Selwyn

“ WHITE’S,

“ *December 5, [1766].*

“ As a proof, my dear George, how well I love you, I must tell you that half my spleen against the present people that possess you, is because they keep you from me. I wish to God they would be content with a Plymouth or Scrimshire, and not borrow those that are absolutely necessary to our existence !

“ Imprimis for the politics. The Bedfords have absolutely refused, and the Butes, at least some of that court, have acceded. Ancaster is Master of the Horse to the King, and Lord Delawar to the Queen ; Stanley, Cofferer ; Despencer and Hillsborough, Postmasters ; Nugent, the head of Trade ; Sir E. Hawke, Sir P. Brett, and Jenkinson, the new Board of Admiralty. Lord Hertford, to secure his Chamberlain’s staff, is marrying his son to Lady Mountstuart’s sister, by which you know he immediately becomes one of the grand *coterie*. Horry Walpole is more violent, I think, for the present arrangement than for any I have yet seen. He is for ever abusing the white Cavendishes, who are whispering in every corner of White’s, and declare their intention of storming the Closet, in a few months. I know they will have your support, for I think that is a measure you were always fond of. Lord Rothes is dead : whom shall we give the Green Riband to, for that country is in your department ? I believe the Duke of Gloucester will have the regiment.

“ March has returned from Newmarket with his

new mistress. Signora Zamparini, for that's the dear creature's name, comes to the house; but as he finds a difficulty in separating her from that rascally garlic tribe, whose very existence depends on her beauty, I do not think he means to make her what our friend the Countess [Rena] was. Will she come over with Rosamunda's dagger? You must be prepared for all the artillery of wit that will be opened against you if this Dulcinea succeeds, and probably you will despise it, though I do not agree with you in your constant declarations that, except three or four people, the rest are indifferent to you. Jew or Gentile, in all probability you will live among them, and I hope, a great while hence, will die among them: therefore, for God's sake, live upon as good terms as you can, and since you must sail in the ship, do not contrive to make ninety-nine out of a hundred of the crew your enemies."

“ [December 1766].

“The Duke of Bedford is gone back to Woburn, so that negotiation is at an end; I am sorry for it, and so are they too. The Duke of Bedford wanted Lord Lorne to be made a peer,¹ and I believe would have stood out for that as much as for any other thing; but, in short, he could have nothing in his own way. Wedderburne does better than ever in the House of Commons; he and [Fletcher] Norton both oppose. I fancy, by Jenkinson coming into the Admiralty, that none of Lord Bute's friends will be

¹ The Earl of Chatham, after having definitely broken with the Duke of Bedford, advanced Lord Lorne to the English peerage under the style of Baron Sundridge of Coomb Bank, co. Kent.

long in Opposition. Lord Beauchamp, they say, is to have the other Windsor. Egmont is more gloomy than ever.

“Pray bring me a dozen of the kind of gloves I bought at Dulac’s. They are lined with a kind of wash-leather, and the tops are lined in the inside with silk. I am sure they will remember them, for they sent me some after I left Paris. I am going to ride out, and will finish my letter at White’s, and send you the news of the day.

“ARTHUR’S.

“Lord Hillsborough has kissed hands for the Post Office ; Stanley, Cofferer ; Nugent, Board of Trade. The Duke of Bolton is named for the government of the Isle of Wight. Adieu, my dear George !”

George James Williams to George Selwyn

“*Friday, December 6, 1766.*

“Can you possibly expect March ? By the questions I am asked I suppose you do ; but take my word for it you will not see him till you meet him with the little posture-mistress [the Zamparini] on this side of the water. In their way to Newmarket, they lay at the place which the poor Countess [Rena] used to call *Cockerall*, and surprised the inn with their imports and exports beyond measure.”

The Earl of March to George Selwyn

“*Friday morning, [December 1766].*

“Yesterday I received your letter dated Thursday morning, which I suppose came by Mr. Granville.

Pray let them keep to the first directions about the *lit à la Polonoise*. They may vary as to the height, provided it will mend the proportions; in short, what I desire is, to have it of a good proportion, so that it may look well; and you will be so good as to give directions accordingly.

“I sent you some tea, and four fans by Lord Fitzwilliam; and I shall send you two more fans by the Bunburys, who set out to-morrow. Pray do not forget my *vin de Chambertin*; I only desire a packet of sixty bottles; send it directly to Calais.

“I would not advise you to make a very fine *vis-à-vis*, because it will not look well unless your horses and servants are very fine too. It can only come here by the means of some foreign minister. I suppose you will be able to get one cheaper than you could make it here, and if you think it worth while, I imagine you may depend upon getting it over. But if you do not give very particular directions, it will appear very clumsy when you come to see it with our equipages. Certainly I would only have the body made in France, and that with particular directions to keep it as light as possible. You may then have your carriage made here, which will be beyond all comparison better, and your equipage will then be very handsome. The painting and the fitting it up with cushions in the inside, will be better done in France, but I would avoid much finery, as the *grand simple* is the thing.

“The Duke of Ancaster is Master of the Horse to the King, and Lord Delaware to the Queen.”

“ December 9, 1766.

“ I received this morning your letter from Versailles. I have wrote to you very constantly lately, and do not recollect to have missed any post but when I was at Newmarket. I like your letters prodigiously, they are so descriptive. All our old Paris friends come round in their turn, but you never mention Madame de Juvalin ; I suppose she is not at Paris.

“ By the neglect of my servant you did not receive two fans that I intended to have sent you by the Bunburys. They are finer than those which I hope you have received by Lord Fitzwilliam, but I shall have an opportunity soon of sending them. Did you ever get any from Lady Townshend ? She sent me two when she thought I was going to Paris, but she was in great haste to get them back again. I believe she was afraid they might be seized by some of the opera-people if they remained in my house.

“ Charles Townshend, I hear, is to be Secretary of State in the room of Mr. Conway. Elliot thinks there is no danger from the Opposition. If Lord Chatham is strong in the Closet, which in all appearance he is, and likely to be so, he will certainly be strong everywhere else. I think the Bedfords were wrong. They might have come in. There was no room for everybody. Gower was to have been Master of the Horse ; Rigby, Cofferer ; Weymouth, Postmaster. I would rather you did not speak to Lauregais' brother, it is not worth while ; I shall meet Lauregais himself some time or other. Sir J. Moore and Thynne are just returned from Longleat, where they have been living in the usual manner. Sandwich has not been in town this winter, and does

not come till after Christmas. I never heard his name or Lord Halifax's in all these negotiations. I am in waiting for Orford. I suppose Nugent and Shelley will kiss hands to-morrow.

"Pray let me know exactly the day you are to set out, that I may secure a lodging for the Rena. I shall be very glad to see her. I hope she will have more sense than to affect any ill humour about this opera-girl. There is no harm in your saying that you hear I am very fond of her, and that they have been down with me at Newmarket, which will prepare her for a hundred stories."

"Tuesday, near Four, [December 1766]."

"I did not write to you by the last post, as some accident or other prevented me, but I certainly should have written to you if I had received your letter in the morning, but I only got it when I came home at night. For God's sake, do not stay one minute where you are, upon any idea you may have about what will happen when you arrive. The Rena must be mad if she takes anything of this sort in a serious way. If she does, there is an end of our society; if she does not, we shall go on as we did. I am sure I have all the regard in the world for her, for I love her vastly, and I shall certainly contrive to make her as easy and happy as I can. I like this little girl, but how long this liking will last I cannot tell; it may increase, or be quite at an end, before you arrive.

"I am just dressed, and going to dine at Lord R. Bertie's, and am afraid of being too late, so farewell. Pray do not let anything prevent us having the

pleasure of seeing you here, without you like better to be where you are. Adieu ! ”

George James Williams to George Selwyn

“ *Tuesday, December 16 [1766].*

“ I did as you desired me, and asked March whether he had the least thoughts of crossing the water, and he scouted the very notion of it. Believe me, he is not tired enough as yet of what this little paltry island affords to leave it, and would rather make love to fifteen than sleep with seventy. My heart’s service to the old blind woman. If you had commissioned me to have sent her over a lover, I would have remembered your commission much better than you seem to have done my poor bell-rope.

“ Your friend Bully told me he will write to you by this post. He is quite altered ; goes to every assembly ; is clothed every day in purple and fine linen ; and swears he will at last be minister through Lady B. to whom he professes very amorous intentions. I think he begins to be diverting in his old way, and we know he has great capabilities. Tomorrow Lord Lorne kisses hands for a peerage. I think the title is Combe ; if it is the name of Coventry’s house, it may possibly make a coolness.

“ You judged wrong of me as to the Christmas congress at Woburn. I like comfort, not numbers, and the mob there will admit of no sociability. I kept myself open for you as long as I could, and would now attend you if you came in time, but till this foreign frenzy wears off you will be lost to your friends and everything else. You are now interesting yourself in the love affairs of Lord Carlisle with the

same assiduity you have hitherto in March's, at a time when Draper would tell you *tibi vivas quod super est ævi*. Lady Townshend talks to me of letters from Bell, which I cannot understand. She has been to your mother about them, and she says your mother expresses a most unusual tenderness for you ; unusual from the company before whom it was expressed—the whole blood of the Townshends.

“ If you stay a fortnight longer in Paris, which I dare say you will do, you will see Harry Thynne, and Knight Walters, and Garnier. They set out in about a week ; stay about a month ; and depend upon your introducing them to Monsieur le Premier, the President Geoffrin, Du Deffand, etc., etc. They will do credit to our country, and convince them there is yet a spirit left among us, of which they have not at present a true idea. The report of yesterday was, that his Grace of Northumberland was sent over to be made something—either Secretary of State, or something like it ; for people will insist that Conway has no intentions to draw long with the man-mountain, especially if the match is true, which they say is fixed, between the Duke of Devonshire and his daughter. Nanny is well and in beauty. I told her you would not forget her, which would have been the truth had she been Lauregais' niece or daughter. What have they done with Master Scot's body ? We hear nothing of it, and the mother is kept at home in tears for its arrival. Lord Lisburne has taken an excellent house in Grosvenor Square, and will give dinners. Pray come over and eat them. Our King has been ill, but, I thank God, is now well, and comes about as usual. You do not so much as

mention the Dowager Rena ; what do you intend to do with her ? Râton, likewise, you are silent about. There is in favour at present one of the little naked shivering Italian dogs—the prettiest I ever saw, and has a thousand tricks ; I am sure you will love it. Cadogan thinks so as well as I. I am going this instant to Zamparini's at the Opera ; so dear George, Adieu ! ”

The Earl of March to George Selwyn

“ *December 23, 1766.*

“ I never read your letters without wishing myself at Paris, which is a very vain wish indeed, when I am so fond of this little girl that I have not resolution to go out of town for two or three days to Lord Spencer's, though I promised to go there. I still intend going. If I do, I must stop at Woburn, as it would not be decent to go by without making them a visit.

“ You see what a situation I am in with my little *Buffa*. She is the prettiest creature that ever was seen : in short I like her vastly, and she likes me because I give her money. I wish I had never met her, because I should then have been at Paris with you, where I am sure I should have been much happier than I have been here. As to the little Tondino's coming, I should wish it vastly, if I thought she would like it : but I am persuaded she diverts herself much better where she is than she would here.

“ The Zamparini has a father, mother, and sister ; but they all like their own diet better than anything else, so that we dine very little together. They

sometimes dine here, but not often ; and we shall therefore have our dinners as usual, though perhaps not quite so frequently. I have had a letter from the Tondino to-day. She tells me that she never passed her time so well at Paris as she does now : '*Monsieur du Barri est un homme charmant, et nous donne des bals avec des Princesses.*' Pray, my dear George, find out something that will be agreeable to the little Teresina. Consult the Rena about it ; *une jolie robe*, or anything else she likes ; and let her have it from me *pour la nouvelle année*. I would send her something from here, but you will be able to get her something that will please her better where you are.

"I shall write two or three words to the Rena by this post. I told her, in my last letter, that I was supposed to be very much in love with the Zamparini, which certainly would not prevent me from being very happy to see her. Our attachment as lovers has been long at an end, and when people live at as great a distance as we have done for some time past, it is ridiculous to think of it ; but I have really the greatest friendship and regard for her, more than I have for anybody in the world, except yourself, and there is nothing I would not do for her. I have been too long accustomed to live with her not to like her, or to be able to forget her, and there is nothing that would give me more pain than not to be able to live with her upon a footing of great intimacy and friendship, but I am always afraid of every event where women are concerned, they are all so exceedingly wrong-headed.

"I am just come from White's. I found nobody

there ; everybody is gone out of town. Pray bring me two or three bottles of perfume to put amongst powder, but do not let me have anything that has the least smell of amber or musk. I wish also you would bring me some patterns of spring velvets and silks for furs, and that you would make enquiry at Calais about my silk coat lined with an *Astrakan* ; you have a memorandum about it. Farewell ! my dear George."

"PICCADILLY,

"*Thursday* [December 1766].

" Letters that go in trunks never arrive, and consequently I have not yet got the one you say you have sent of six sheets of paper, which I long for exceedingly. I have only received the one from Paris which is dated from your bed, early in the morning, and in that you say nothing of the Teresina, so that I know not whether you have seen her or not. There is also little about the Rena, only that she is in good spirits.

" Your letter, however, is charming, and I like vastly your account of everything. I see you like Paris better than ever, and even if I had no inclination to come, which I really have, you would make me wish to do so by your description, but I can come to no resolution till after Newmarket. If I have bad luck, there will be no money. I shall be obliged to take a thousand of yours to go down ; but it will be replaced in a few days, let what will happen, the Cherubim having found a person who can let me have it.

" Since I wrote to you last I have continued here, and lived chiefly with his Royal Highness, le Chevalier Delaval, and the Opera-people, and now I do not

propose going to Newmarket till Sunday. Everybody is at Orford's, but it would be too far to go there for one day.

"I received yesterday the enclosed letter from Thynne. Jonathan Bray, who once lived with the Duke of Kingston, and understands horses well, is set out this morning with a horse for the Duke of B. which Charles Townshend sends him. I have given him a packet of mustard for you, and if you can do him any service I wish you would, for he is a very honest fellow, and you may venture to recommend him as such.

"Monsieur de Guerchy is expected to-day. I do not hear any news. Lord Chatham is at Bath, and there is very little talk about him here. I am told they want Huntingdon to go to Spain; but he likes to be where he is, which nobody wonders at, if he can keep there. Our Spaniards are frightened lest some person should be sent that is not of their rank. Lady Rochford is in great spirits about Paris [where her husband had been appointed British Ambassador]."

CHAPTER VIII

SOCIETY

THE Earl of March was above asking for honours of any kind; indeed, he wanted none; but the King to show his appreciation, no doubt, of his Lordship's admirable discharge of his arduous labours as a Lord of the Bedchamber, appointed him in 1766 Vice-Admiral of Scotland, a position that had once been held by his cousin, the third Duke of Queensberry. This office, which was allowed to lapse in 1843, was invented at the Union in 1707 to replace the old Lord High Admiral of Scotland, and was, in effect, a sinecure. At that time there was a contemporary Vice-Admiral of Great Britain and Ireland.

At this time Lord March devoted the spring to races at Egham, Ascot, Epsom, and Newmarket; the summer to visiting his friends and staying with the Duke and Duchess of Queensberry at Amersham, their Wiltshire seat; and the winter at his London house, 138-139, Piccadilly. Opposite this house was the Ranger's Lodge and Selwyn desired the post of Deputy-Ranger, which carried with it the residence, so that he might be near his friend, March; but it was given to Lord William Gordon, brother of the better-known Lord George Gordon.

The Earl of March to George Selwyn

“ WHITE’S,

“ *Tuesday* [January, 1767].

“ I conclude the foreign mail has not arrived, because I have had no letter ; and I am impatient to have one, because I want to know if you left Paris as you intended. I have not taken the old lodging for the Rena, because I waited for your letter ; however, I saw a bill upon the door, and if I do not hear from you before night, I shall order it to be taken to-morrow.

“ The King talked of you at his dressing, and told me something that you had said of the Macaronis, that he thought very good. *Voilà de quoi vous encourager a vous présenter à la cour. Mille compliments des plus honnêtes à la cara Luisina*, and many happy years to you both. I do not expect you before Saturday. I have a nervous headache and want my dinner, so farewell, for it is past four.

“ Just come from the Opera : the King was there. The foreign mail arrived and no letters ; at least I have not had any. Thomond and Cadogan are returned from their Christmas gambols. Adieu ! my dear George.”

“ *Tuesday night* [January 1766].

“ I want a dozen pair of silk stockings for the Zamparini, of a very small size, and with embroidered clocks. I should also be glad to have some riband, a cap, or something or other for her of that sort. She is but fifteen. You may advise with Lady Rochford, who will choose something that will be fit for her, and that she will like.



QUIZZING a FELLOW

"OLD Q."

After a caricature by James Gillray

“Panton dined with me to-day with the Zamparini, and I write this from her house, with such ink and pens that it will not be easy to read it. Adieu! my dear George; pray remember to bring any patterns that are new and pretty.”

“*Monday morning, 12 January, 1767.*”

“By the last post, and the post before, I received several of your letters, by which I find your setting out is now rather uncertain as to the day, and that it may still be put off if the Rena does not come. The best way is to let her follow her own inclination, for if she should dislike her situation, and be very much *ennuié*, which may very possibly be the case, you will be blamed for having persuaded her to come; and though I shall certainly be, as I told you, very glad to see her, it is impossible to live both with her and the Zamparini, and that passion at this time is not at all abated.

“You say that you saw my letter, and that I do not encourage her to come. I do not recollect what I said, but I meant, as gently as possible to let her know that she must not expect that I can be as much with her as I used to be. After she has had the trouble of such a journey, I would not have her disappointed and vexed; in short, if she comes, we must endeavour to make her as happy and easy as we can, for you know there is not much resource for her here.

“I promised to go to Lord Spencer’s, but stayed in town expecting that you would arrive. I intend going to-day, and shall return on Thursday, which will certainly be before you arrive. I would not go

at this time, if I had not a very particular reason, which I will explain to you when we meet. If this finds you at Paris, remember the commission I gave you about a cap, or something or other for the Zamparini. I said that I wished you would get Lady Rochford to choose it. Adieu ! my dear George.

“ P.S. We had a dinner last week at Charles Townshend’s with Cadogan, Soame Jenyns, Lord Lisburne, &c., &c. Coventry was there, and there is to be a rebound at his house on Sunday.”

“ *Friday, January 15, 1767.*

“ The weather is so excessive bad that I do not know when to expect you, particularly as I know you are a miserable traveller. I went as far as Woburn in my way to Lord Spencer’s, but I found so much snow, and such roads, that I returned. I met Mrs. Pitt and Meynel at the inn at Woburn, and I went back with them to Dunstable that night, and came here the next morning.

“ Lord Lorne took his seat to-day in the House of Lords, and Lord Northington is given over, with the gout in his head and stomach. People are gathering together as fast as snow and bad roads will let them. Everybody wishes to see you again, and I am sure no one so much as myself, *comme de raison*, for I am sure you love me more than anybody else does. There is but one thing that I depend upon in this world, which is that you and I always love one another as long as we remain in it.

“ Farewell ! my dear George ; I am going to the Zamparini. *Nous avons boudé un peu pour deux jours*, but we shall make it up. This is an unlucky

passion; I wish I had never seen her. She is the prettiest creature in the world, but the most complete coquette that ever existed. It is her trade, and she knows it very well. I have taken the old lodgings for the Rena, but I shall put them off. It is always best to let women have their own way."

" *Wednesday, 12 o'clock [1767].*

"The letters are just arrived. By one, which Lady Spencer had yesterday by the coach, we had the melancholy news of poor Tavistock's death, which gives every body the greatest concern. I pity the poor Duke of Bedford very much.

"What do you mean by my things being at Calais?—What things?—My furniture is to come by water from Paris, and I have had no letter from *le tapissier*,—so I imagine that the *meubles* are not sent, or he would otherwise have sent me a letter. He must likewise send one to Mons. Roussac, as they must be claimed at the Custom House in his name, specifying what there is. I hope he will not confound the Duchess of Queensberry's with mine.

"I have had but a bad night, but I have been better since I got up. My doctor thinks it was something I eat for supper which disagreed with my stomach. Farewell, my dear George! I cannot write any more now, as I am going to pour down more water, and then go out in the coach till three, for the weather is too bad for riding. Hervey keeps pretty well, and the Rena desires *mille compliments*.

[Here is inserted in the almost illegible handwriting of the Rena:—

" *Caro Georgino, vi prego di portami una di quelle*

piccole veste bianche, che vi compro la nostra vecchia per tenervi caldo la notte.”]

“I believe she means a bed-gown, such a one as you had upon the road. Farewell, my dear George.”

“WHITE’S,

“*Past Nine o’clock [1767].*

“When I left you I went to Court, where I learnt nothing either concerning my own affair, or anything else that can interest either you or me. The Duke of Grafton dined at Panton’s and took Carlisle aside to tell him he is to have the *Order* given him at Turin, with which he seems perfectly satisfied, as I think he ought to be.¹ I am glad it is done, and that the Duke of Grafton has had an opportunity of obliging him.

“Billy Vernon and Sir J. Moore are come from Bedford, and Ossory comes to-morrow. Carlisle is just gone to Lady Ailesbury’s to meet the little B. I do not think he will wait there much longer than he has for his green riband. I would not bet high odds that he has not been already installed.

“I have deposited your cash as you desired. I am just going to Vauxhall, so farewell.

“P.S. The Duchess of Queensberry says that she does not like delays, and thinks that it is decided against me; otherwise if it was intended, it would have been done with a good grace.”

“*Saturday night [1767].*

“I wrote to you to let you know that Carlisle’s affair is settled; I wish mine was also, but I hear

¹ Frederick Howard, fifth Earl of Carlisle, was elected a Knight of the Thistle on December 23, 1767.

nothing of it. Vernon tells me that Miss Wriottesley says I am beat, and I say she knows nothing of the matter.

“There are a great many people at White’s every night. Bully has lost £700 at quinze. I was last night at Vauxhall with the Princess, Carlisle, and Lady B. We go to-morrow to Richmond Gardens, and they are all to dine here at three o’clock, that we may be in time. Adieu !”

“PICCADILLY,

“*Monday* [1767].

“Mademoiselle Kobel is to be married to a Mr. Ralph Payne, a rich West Indian. The Princess [Poniatowski, wife of the King of Poland, who had brought Miss Kobel to England with her] talked with so much concern for the loss of her friend, and showed such a real affection for her, that I am sure she loves her very much. I pitied her extremely. They have always lived together, and love one another prodigiously, and it is hard to part when that’s the case. They really suffer very much. It was all settled last Saturday, and the Princess was not prepared for such a stroke. She talked to me as if I had known her all my life, and her confidence and manner affected me extremely.

“They all dined here yesterday. We were to have gone to Richmond to walk in the garden, but the weather was too bad ; so they stayed and supped. The little Barrymore was to have been with us ; but we had an excuse, so *the little lover* went after dinner to see Lord Holland.

“About nine o’clock, in the midst of these new acquaintances, Allen brought me a word that Lord

Townshend was below, and wanted to speak to me. What he had to say was not easy to guess, and I am sure I had not the least idea. I found him in my dining-room with one of his *aide-de-camps*. I defy you to guess what it was. It was the civillest thing in the world. He had heard that Lord Frederick Cavendish was my competitor; said that he had taken him out of my way, by having appointed him his secretary, and that he was desirous that I should know it as soon as possible. He enquired very much about you; in short he was determined to be as civil as possible, and I hope he thought I was very much obliged, which I really was.

“I have been at Petersham to give this information to my friends [Lord and Lady Harrington] there, and I would not let the post go without you knowing it, who are my best of all friends, as I hope you believe I am always yours, at all times, and upon all occasions. Farewell, my dear George.”

“*Friday, July 9, 1767.*”

“I have this day received my account from Foley [the English banker at Paris], and a letter from you. The Tondino has likewise received one, by which I find you are to have the cups she gave me completed. Since that can be done, I desire they may be made up to a dozen, by which means they will really be of use. Cadogan and Vernon dined here to-day, and were very glad that you were well, and that you think of being here soon.

“I do not know if I told you, that at the last review Lord Talbot’s horse reared up and fell back with him. In rising, he struck the Chevalier Breton

in the face, and cut his nose so that he was in a minute all over blood, though not much hurt. The King advised Lord Talbot to be let blood, which he said he would be upon the field, if the King insisted upon it, but desired leave rather to go home, which he did. He was only bruised by the fall, but not otherwise hurt.

“Williams and Lord Thomond went into the country this morning. The town is very thin, and there is nothing new of any sort. My coach is at the door, and I am going with Cadogan to visit Lord Hervey.”

“*Thursday, December 31, 1767.*

“I have had both your letters ; so that I suppose you will be in town the end of the week. I have fixed no time for my return. I want to make a visit to the Duke of Grafton, but I like everything here so much that I have no inclination to leave the place. I wish you were here. It is just the house you would wish to be in. There is an excellent library ; a good parson ; the best English and French cookery you ever tasted ; strong coffee, and half-crown whist. The more I see of the mistress of the house, the more I admire her, and our landlord improves very much upon acquaintance. They are really the happiest people I think I ever saw in the marriage system. *Enfin c'est le meilleur ménage possible.* I wish every hour of the day that you was with us. They would like you, and I am sure you would like them.

“We are now all going to the ice, which is quite like a fair. There is a tent, with strong beer, cold meat, etc., where Lady Spencer and our other ladies go an airing. Lord Villiers left us this morning.

Adieu, my dear George ! I am in haste to go to the great rendezvous upon the canal."

" HINCHINBROKE,

" *Thursday morning* [1768].

" Our party at Wakefield [the seat of the Duke of Grafton] went off very well. We had hunting, racing, whist and quinze. My horse won, as I expected, but the odds were upon him, so that I betted very little.

" After hunting on Monday I went to Ossory's, where I lay in my way here. He came with me and went back yesterday. I imagine he would have liked to have stayed if Lady Ossory had not been alone. They live but a dull life, and there must be a great deal of love on both sides not to tire. I almost promised to go back for Bedford races, but believe I shall not. I go to Newmarket to-night and to London to-morrow.

" Sandwich's house is full of people, and all sorts of things going forward. Miss Ray does the honours perfectly well. While I am writing they are all upon the grass-plot at a foot-race. The Duke of Grafton and Lord Villiers were here on Tuesday, and Lord Farnham, Orford, Shafto, Blake, Bunbury, Lord Spencer Hamilton, and Sir J. Hinds Cotton are here now. The horse I ran at Wakefield runs to-day, but I think he will be beat. Vernon is expected from London.

Farewell ! my dear George ; when I have absolutely determined about York, you may be sure that I will let you know. I rather think I shall not come, though I long very much to make Carlisle a visit,

and therefore rather wish to persuade myself that I shall. God bless you, my dear George."

The "little King" mentioned in the following letter was Christiern, King of Denmark, who had in October 1766 married Caroline Matilda, the posthumous child of Frederick, Prince of Wales. During his visit to England he was greatly fêted, and, as the *Annual Register* for 1768 states, duly returned the hospitality he had received. "His Majesty the King of Denmark gave a most superb masked ball at the Haymarket, at which were present the greatest number of nobility and gentry ever assembled together upon any occasion of the like nature. It is computed that not less than two thousand five hundred persons of distinction were present. The illuminations were splendid and elegant. His Danish Majesty went in a private manner to the theatre, accompanied only by his Excellency Count Holke, in his own coach and pair, and afterwards robed himself in masquerade in one of the dressing-rooms. A little after ten the noblemen of his Majesty's retinue followed in chairs, in their masquerade dresses, extremely rich and elegant. The ball was opened by his Danish Majesty and the Duchess of Ancaster. The principal grotesque characters were the conjurer, the black, and the old woman; there was also a Methodist preacher, a chimney-sweeper, with his bag, shovel, and scraper, and a boar with a bull's head, all of which were supported with great humour. A noble Duke had the misfortune to lose a particular snuff-box in the crowd, in which was the King of France's picture, set with diamonds, for which a reward of fifty guineas has since been offered."

The Earl of March to George Selwyn

“ Wednesday morning 1768.

“ I had your letter yesterday. I wish you had come, because I think you would have liked it. The little King [Christiern] is, I believe, perfectly satisfied with his expedition. When he arrived, which was about ten o'clock, every window in the town was lighted ; and as the street is very broad, you cannot conceive how well it looked.

“ He was yesterday fox-hunting ; the Duke of Grafton carried him in his coach. We had a great deal of leaping, and he would go over every thing. I was very glad when we got him safe home, and he was mightily pleased with the chase, and satisfied with himself, which put him in better spirits than I ever saw him. He has been magnificently and well served. I believe we have been both days about six-and-twenty at table. As we dine, you know, very late, he retired to his own apartment after coffee, and we all to the coffee-house. He is to see a cock-match this morning, and sets out for London about one. I believe I shall be at the Duke of Northumberland's ; I have got a great many tickets, and between three and four hundred by the horses.”

“ [1768].

“ I came to town to-day to see the Danish King. He is as diminutive as if he came out of a kernel in the Fairy Tales. He is not ill-made, nor weakly made, though so small ; and though his face is pale and delicate, it is not at all ugly, yet has a strong cast of the late King, and enough of the late Prince

of Wales to put one upon one's guard not to be prejudiced in his favour. Still, he has more royalty than folly in his air; and, considering he is not twenty, is as well as one expects any king in a puppet-show to be. He arrived on Thursday; supped and lay at St. James's. Yesterday evening he was at the Queen's and Carlton House, and at night at Lady Hertford's assembly. He only takes the title of *Altesse*, an absurd mezzotermine, but acts King exceedingly, struts in the circle like a cock-sparrow, and does the honours of himself very civilly."

" *August 2, 1769.*

" I wrote you a note with a pencil upon the road, which a turnpike-man promised to send to you, to desire that you would inquire about two lottery-tickets, which I have lost, if they are not in my room on some of the tables, or in my pockets. I received them this morning of the *Batton*, and I think the numbers are, 22, M. 133 and 22, M. 134; but very likely he remembers, and I wish you would inquire of him, as the knowing the numbers may be the means of recovering them, in case they have been taken by any of my people."

" WHITE'S,

" *Wednesday, past Eleven.*

" I have just returned from Whitehall. I wrote to you while I was dressing. Lady Harrington bled yesterday, and complained at dinner of pain in her bosom, which has increased so much that we were obliged to leave Vauxhall where we were to have supped. Lord Winchilsea died to-day at two o'clock. I shall go to Lady Harrington, and if she does not

grow worse, shall sup there. If she sends us away, there are eight or ten of us who are to sup here; so that you see London is not quite deserted. I give a dinner to-morrow to Vernon, Boothby, and anybody else of our friends that I happen to meet. Farewell, my dear George."

"WHITE'S,

"*Monday night, past 11 o'clock.*

"[25 Aug., 1771.]

"I dined to-day with the Spanish Ambassador. Pembroke, Hamilton, and myself were the only Englishmen, and Mrs. Hamilton, and the beautiful Mrs. Matthews, and Madame Pouskin, the women; the rest foreign ministers. I saw Lady Townshend the other day airing in Hyde Park. She made a great many enquiries about you, with all the usual affectation. She says that you will perform Dr. [William] Hunter's part better than you would Lord Carlisle's.

"Poor James is confined with an inflammation in his gums, that gives him a great deal of pain. I have had something of that sort though without pain, which put me in danger of losing two of my fore teeth. I have given March fifty guineas to cure me, which he promises to do, and I believe will perform. As I consider this a very serious thing, I shall give him a fair trial, and as I find myself much better, I have no doubt of getting perfectly well, though I have been very much alarmed, and not without reason. Pray make my best compliments to Carlisle; I am sorry to hear that he has had such bad success at York. Adieu! my dear George.

"P.S. Lord Harrington is returned. The water at Paris almost killed him; he thinks, if he had continued there, that he certainly should have died."

“ *February 1772.*

“ I thought that I should have heard from you before this. I set out on Friday or Saturday for Newmarket. I intend going to Rigby’s for Ipswich races, to meet the Duke of Grafton, Vernon, Panton, Bunbury, etc. We all go on Thursday se’nnight to Euston, and the week afterwards to Newmarket, for the July meeting.

“ There is no news. Everything is much as you left it. The Fish says that Colonel Crawford continues to lose, and that he complains he has no money, nor anything now remaining of all his riches but bad debts.

“ *Adieu ! mon cher ami.* Let me hear from you what you are doing, and how you are. The Spanish *Ambassadrice* breakfasted at my house this morning, and went with me to see the Queen’s House, which was a great *bore*, but they liked it. I hear that Mrs. St. John is *enciente*. I will write to you from Newmarket when I return, and may, perhaps, make you a visit at Matson. *Adieu !* ”

“ ALMACK’S,

“ *Monday, after dinner.*

“ At dinner, Lord William, Sir W. Boothby, Lord George Cavendish, and myself. Bunbury gives a dinner to-day to the Duchess of Devonshire and Lady Melbourne.”

“ WARE,

“ *Wednesday afternoon [1772].*

“ I came yesterday from Newmarket, and lay at Calvert’s to hunt this morning. I have now just dined, and am waiting till Panton is dressed, to set

forward for London. I should have written to you from Newmarket, but I did not know where to direct.

“Orford has many applications for the Deputy Rangership, and one from the Duke of Gloucester. But he intends to give it to Shirley, which he has told his Royal Highness : so far that is settled ; but you do not know what is likewise settled, that is that you are to have the house, provided his Majesty approves of it, which I am sure he will. I imagine that Orford means that you should give Shirley a hundred : by that means Orford gives him two hundred a-year, which will be very convenient to him, as he is quite undone. You cannot think how happy I am that you are to have a house, and so pretty a one, so very near mine ;—it is, you know, what we have both wished so much. Orford was vastly obliging, and expressed a great deal of pleasure in having an opportunity of obliging both you and me.

“You think much too seriously concerning what you talked to me about when we parted. It is impossible that the Duke of Gloucester can mean to deal hardly by you. He can have no motive for so doing, but, on the contrary, I am sure his inclination must be to show you favour. I think, therefore, that you see all that business with a great deal too much warmth, and quite in a wrong light, and I am persuaded it will end well. The chaise is ready—I shall add a word or two when I come to London.

“Past seven : just going to Lady Harrington’s. I go to-morrow morning to examine the house ; I am sure I shall look at it with more pleasure than I have ever done before. I want to see how long it will be before you can get into it. It is a charming house :

how everybody will hate you for having got it. Adieu ! my dear George. I have lost my money, but that is nothing ; I shall win some other time. Pray do not plague yourself about imaginary evils. It is time enough when they really happen. Good bye to you."

" WAKEFIELD,

" *Friday morning* [1772].

" On Wednesday we had a party to see Wanstead. We dined at the Spread Eagle upon the forest, and at our return home, between eight and nine, we saw a most violent fire that had just broken out in Marylebone Street, at the upper end of the Haymarket. It lasted till one in the morning, and has burnt a great many houses. I never saw anything so violent, and the crowd of people in the streets all round was beyond conception. The fire burnt with such fury that no one could have any idea how far it would go.

" We went afterwards to sup with Lady H[arrington] as usual, where your letter was brought me. I am glad to find you are safe and well at Castle Howard, and in possession of your pony. I hope you will make use of him, for you want riding and exercise. Whether I shall be at York or not, I do not know ; but I should like to be there for the pleasure of going to Castle Howard, than anything else.

" Lord Bute was at the *levée* on Wednesday, and yesterday at the Drawing-room. Lord Villiers tells me that he looks very well, but rather thin. I have not seen him, but I called at his house, and saw his *valet-de-chambre*, who lived with mad Scrope, who has something of your Swiss you got from Williams. Upon my asking him after Lord Bute, he said,

‘Heaven be praised we have brought his Lordship safe home.’ I have not seen Râton, but I sent yesterday to take leave of him before I left London, and he was perfectly well. My best compliments to your landlord. Farewell ! my dear George.”

“ALMACK’S,

“*Thursday night* [1774].

“I had your letter yesterday from Gloucester, and am glad, since you are at Matson, that you are pleased with it. What you are doing there would certainly be well worth while if it were near London, but considering how little you are there, it is a pleasure that is a very expensive one.

“Bunbury is returned, and was last night at Ranelagh with Lady Sarah. He has bought Gimcrack of Lauregais. Lord Harrington sets out on Saturday for Paris. Her Ladyship takes it very ill that he does not take her and the daughter with him, and proposes that we should attend them upon some party abroad.

“I find that there is some bad news from Boston. They will not allow the Custom House officers to do their duty ; have used them excessively ill, and have almost, if not quite killed the collector ; in short, they are in a state of rebellion. There are people here and at White’s every night. Bully enquires very much when you are to be here again. Farewell, my dear George.”

“ALMACK’S,

“*Wednesday* [December 1777.]

“I wrote to you last night after I came home from the opera. No accounts to Government ; but

all the bad news about Burgoyne continues to be believed. I do not hear positively that anybody has seen Franklin's letter, so that I hope it is not true.

"Lord Onslow has Sir William Meredith's White Stick; Lord Palmerston the Treasury; Lord Mulgrave the Admiralty; and Sir R. Worsley the Green Cloth, in the room of Hopkins. They are now at the House of Commons upon the adjournment, and to-morrow we are to have it in the House of Lords. I believe I did not tell you that Galloway attempted to speak; stopped short; and desired leave to read his speech, which he had in his pocket. Crauford has come to town. He tells me that Foley will be enabled to pay his debts; there being a clause in the will, giving the trustees that power, if they think fit to make use of it, which they are inclined to do.

"*Adieu! mon cher et bon ami.* Take care of yourself, and endeavour to regain your spirits and health, which will make all your friends happy, but no one so much so as myself, who am always,

"Most sincerely and affectionately yours,

"M. & R."

"ALMACK'S,

"*Thursday [December 1777.]*

"Lord Carmarthen is to be Chamberlain; Lord Jersey is out. Lords Winchelsea and Guernsey are to have the Bedchamber; Lord Cranborne is to have Fitzroy's place. He is to have something else; I do not know what. No intelligence is come to Government, but everybody believes what you have in the papers, to be the Convention.

"We had a short debate about the adjournment, which was carried by a very great majority. The

House was very thin, and Lord Hillsborough voted against us by mistake. *Adieu ! mon cher, je m'en vais diner.*"

James Hare to George Selwyn

" WIMPOLE STREET,

" June 27, 1778.

" Lord March is in town, and generally dines with the Duke of Queensberry. He seems to be in better health and spirits than I remember to have seen him for some time. He intends going next week to Newmarket. Foley, from an apprehension that his income will exceed his establishment, and that he shall have more money than he can devise methods of spending, has engaged again on the turf in confederacy with Derby, who likewise is encumbered with great sums of ready money. Seriously, George, it is quite unpardonable folly in both of them. Lady Derby, on hearing of their association, said she wondered they should think it necessary to join in doing what they might both so well accomplish separately—to ruin themselves. Derby is gone into camp near Winchester, and has built a kitchen, and a stable for twelve horses, while Lady Derby is living away at Brightelmstone. He does not, however, think his establishment complete without a declared mistress, and he is therefore to take Mrs. Armistead from Lord George, that he may have the privilege of supporting her expenses entirely to himself."

The Earl of Carlisle to George Selwyn

" April 19, 1779.

" How have you found Mie-mie ? Fat in good health ? I have tried the ground with Lord G.

about the vessel, and hope to succeed, though it is attended with some difficulties.

“Hackman, Miss Ray’s murderer is hanged. I attended his execution, in order to give you an account of his behaviour, and from no curiosity of my own. I am this moment returned from it : everybody enquired after you—you have friends everywhere. The poor man behaved with great fortitude ; no appearances of fear were to be perceived, but very evident signs of contrition and repentance. He was long at his prayers ; and when he flung down his handkerchief for the signal for the cart to move on, Jack Ketch, instead of instantly whipping on the horses, jumped on the other side of him to snatch up the handkerchief, lest he should lose his rights, and then returned to the head of the cart, and, with the gesture so faithfully represented by your friend Lord Wentworth, jehu’d him out of the world.

“The Duke of Queensberry is well, but lost his money at Newmarket. No news of consequence either public or private ; at least none I shall submit to the curiosity of the postmaster, the Chr. Todd of France. Charles made his last motion last night, and he and Mr. Hackman expired together. Tell your friends, where you now are that they had better get out of the scrape as soon as they can : I do not believe they like the business so well as when you was there last. I have, by Hare’s desire applied for an Envoy-ship for him, two are vacant, Ratisbon and Warsaw. I do not despair of seeing him with a red riband.”

The Miss Ray mentioned above as doing the honours of Lord Sandwich’s house at Hinchinbrooke

was Martha, daughter of a London stay-maker, who, in or about 1763, when she was eighteen years of age, had become the mistress of the Earl, by whom she had several children, one of whom was Basil Montagu, the well-known writer and philanthropist. Apparently, the union was satisfactory to both parties and endured until her death. James Hackman, a young soldier, met her at Hinchinbrooke, and fell in love with her, but she did not encourage his addresses. At the beginning of 1777 he left the army for Holy Orders, and entered the Church. He was presented by Hyde Mathis of Chichester to the living of Wiveton in Norfolk, and was instituted on March 1, 1779. He had never ceased to pay attentions to Miss Ray, who still persistently declined his offer of marriage. He came to London on April 7 (1779), and in a fit of jealous rage he shot her through the head as she was leaving Covent Garden Theatre. He was hanged at Tyburn on April 19. At the last, Lord Sandwich wrote to him that as he "looked upon his horrid action as an act of frenzy, he forgave it, that he received the stroke as coming from Providence which he ought to submit to, but that he had robbed him of all comfort in this world." In the following year Sir Herbert Croft published anonymously a volume of unquestionable fictitious letters which he pretended had passed between Martha Ray and Hackman, bearing the title: "Love and Madness, a story too true in a series letters between Parties whose names could perhaps be mentioned were they less known and less lamented."

CHAPTER IX

“ MIE-MIE ”

“ LAST night,” the Earl of March wrote to George Selwyn from White’s on August 25, 1771, “Madame Fagniani was brought to bed of a girl. They wished it had been a boy, however, *cette petite princesses héritera les biens de la famille*, so that they are all very happy. She is vastly so to have it all over, and to find herself quite well after having suffered a great deal, which I believe women always do on these occasions, but particularly with their first child.

The parentage of Maria Fagniani, generally known as “Mie-mie,” has always intrigued those who are curious. It has been ascribed to the Earl of March, to George Selwyn, and even by a few to the Marquis Fagniani. In the published correspondence of Selwyn there is nothing to throw light on the matter; but John Heneage Jesse, who examined Selwyn’s private papers said that in these, while there was nothing in the way of definite proof, there are references which certainly lead to the supposition that either Lord March or Selwyn was—or, rather, that each believed himself to be father of the child.

Anyhow, the Marchioness Fagniani—and the Marquis, if he had come over with her—returned to

Italy, and left the child in the custody of the Earl of March.

The story is best told by some of the correspondence.

The Marchioness Fagniani to George Selwyn

“ July 31, 1772.

“ MY VERY DEAR AND RESPECTABLE FRIEND,

“ I cannot find terms sufficiently expressive to thank you for all your kindness, and more particularly for the pains you take in regard to my daughter. I can assure you that nothing is more sensibly felt by me than the proofs of friendship which I have received from you on this occasion. The more I know the world, the more I perceive the difficulty of finding a person who resembles you, and I consider myself the happiest of mortals, solely from the happiness I have had in forming your acquaintance, and obtaining your friendship.

“ I am enchanted in learning that my daughter is in good health, though I fear she will suffer much in cutting her teeth. I venture to beg of you to continue to give me tidings of her, as without your kindness of writing to me from time to time I should have been ignorant, for the last three months, of the fate of *ma petite*. My Lord, on his part, is a little indolent, but I forgive him this little fault on account of the many good qualities of his heart, which he has to counterbalance it.

“ I hope that your health is good. Pray present my compliments to Lord March, and tell him that I expect to hear from him. Preserve your friendship for me, and do not forget the most grateful and



WILLIAM DOUGLAS, FOURTH DUKE OF QUEENSBERRY, K.T.
After an engraved portrait by John Cook

affectionate of all your friends, who makes it her duty and pleasure to be,

“ Your very sincere servant and friend,

“ COSTANZA FAGNIANI.”

Selwyn devoted himself to the child with all the ardour of a middle-aged bachelor who had never before had any contact with one. The infant was, he assured everyone, the most wonderful in the world : in fact, there had never been one to compare with her. He wearied his friends inexpressibly with singing her praises. When he was away for a day, he is delighted to hear that “ little Mie-mie is impatient to see me again ”—no doubt, the nurse was tactful, and so humoured her master. He pays a visit, and she comes “ to fetch me on the other side of Black Friars Bridge, in my coach.” She was strong, but he was always worrying himself about her health : “ She has a headache, and I stayed at home all day, as I was hoping to comfort with my dear little Mie-mie, and she was, and has been to-day, so much out of order that my head is full of the measles.” He takes her to Richmond : “ I am here with Mie-mie, and shall be so for for ten or twelve days longer, and then, the weather being cool and the days grown short, I shall find the evenings too tedious to myself and not very beneficial to her, which would undoubtedly be with me the first consideration. . . . Mie-mie justifies by her looks the advice I gave, and the importunity I used to procure leave for bringing her with me. The child has a look of health and freshness, and an embonpoint which she has never had till now. So I hope

another year to find a country-house for the same purpose, without the inconvenience to which I am by the neighbourhood exposed."

George Selwyn to the Earl of Carlisle

" July 26, 1774.

" They can find no will of Lord Thomond as yet ; so his poor nephew will by his procrastination be the loser of a considerable estate ; for he certainly intended to make him his heir, and the attorney had left with him a will to be fitted up. But we never are sure of doing anything, but what we have but one minute for doing ; what we think we may do any day, we put off so many days that we do not do it at all. This reflection, and the experience which I have had in other families of the consequence of these delays, determined to lose no time in settling for my dear little Mie-mie that which may be the only thing done for her, and only because we may do it any day in the week. But I thank God I've secured, as much as anything of that nature can be secured, what will be, I hope, a very comfortable resource for her. I am egregiously deceived if it will not. As for other things, I must hope for the best. It makes me very serious when I think of it, because my affection and anxiety about her are beyond conception."

Alexander Crauford to George Selwyn

" RICHMOND,

" April 5, 1775.

" I have this moment received your kind letter, and though I hold the pen still with difficulty, I

cannot refrain from writing to you. My Lord March hinted to me the last time I had the honour of seeing him, his intention of placing dear Mie-mie at a boarding-school not far from town ; but he could not recollect the name of the place, which I think he would easily have done had it been either of the two which you mention. Wherever he may determine to send her, I sincerely pray she may fall into the hands of human, indulging, good-natured people, which qualities are by no means inconsistent with proper steadiness. Poor little lamb ! she has met with great tenderness hitherto ; and an opposite conduct, operating on her gentle disposition might produce dreadful effects : good ones it could never bring forth.

“ Mrs. Crauford is gone to town to-day, but I can answer for her undertaking anything for Mie-mie which can in the least contribute to her comfort ; and your proposal, in my opinion, is highly proper on every account. My hand is so bad that I cannot hold the pen any longer. Pray present my respectful compliments to Lord March ; and kiss Mie-mie for me.”

The Earl of Carlisle to George Selwyn

“ June 5 [1776].

“ I find, by talking with March, that he is disposed to leave Mie-mie with you as long as you like.”

“ July 12, 1776.

“ March is not yet come to town, therefore I could only leave word at his house that I saw you and Mie-mie at Brighton, and that she was perfectly recovered

from her indisposition. I will take care to see him as soon as he arrives.

“Mie-mie will be the stronger for her fever, for perhaps the cause has been lurking about her for some time. It might have augmented if she had not had strength of constitution to have flung it out, and have got rid of that, and everything bad in her blood at the same time.”

Selwyn had now to concern himself about the child's education, and in 1776 he placed her with Mrs. Terry, who kept a school at Campden House. The following are two of the many notes the mistress sent him about her charge:—

“Mrs. Terry presents her compliments to Mr. Selwyn, and has the pleasure to assure him that dear Mdlle. Fagniani is as well to-day as her good friend could possibly wish her to be. She is this moment engaged in a party at high romps.”

“Mrs. Terry presents her best compliments to Mr. Selwyn, and is very sorry to find that he is so uneasy. The dear child's spirits are not depressed. She is very lively; ate a good dinner; and behaves just like other children. She hopes Mr. Selwyn will make no scruple of coming to-morrow morning, or staying his hour—or more if he likes it; she will then talk to him about the head; but in the meantime begs he will not suppose that the dear child suffers by his absence, or that anything is neglected; for if Mrs. Terry thought Mr. Selwyn could suppose such a thing, she would wish to resign the charge. She begs he will come to-morrow.”

Lady Emily Hervey to George Selwyn

“ BRIGHTHELMSTONE,

“ *August 12, 1776.*

“ I was much obliged to you for your obliging letter, and am very glad to hear you got safe to London. I suppose Mrs. Selwyn was very happy at seeing such a sweet little visitor as lovely Mie-mie, and only had to regret that the visit was so short.

“ I feel quite angry with Madame la Marquise for having hurried you and sweet Mie-mie away a month sooner than was necessary, for besides her being in a good air, and having the benefit of bathing, I have lost a sweet pleasing companion. Pray, with my love to her, tell her I miss her every day, and that I constantly waft a sigh towards the window I have so often seen her at. I could almost be angry with you for not coming away immediately upon finding Madame la Marquise had not arrived, and did not propose it till the latter end of this month. You may still make it up by coming down directly. How can you stay in that filthy, empty, dusty, smoky town? Surely the air of Campden House cannot be so good for sweet Mie-mie as this. I have passed no pleasant evening at Preston since those I had the pleasure of passing with you and Mie-mie, and I long to have more of them.”

Countess of Upper Ossory to George Selwyn

“ AMPTHILL PARK,

“ *August 31, 1776.*

“ I cannot resist sending you my compliments of congratulation on an interview between Madame

Fagniani and her daughter being over, with which I understand you are *satisfied*. *C'est beaucoup dire*. I confess I am particularly glad of this event, not only as I think it the most advantageous thing which could happen to our little friend, but also to your friends, as I trust you will be more at liberty, and that we shall sooner or later profit from it."

The Earl of Carlisle to George Selwyn

"September 3, 1776.

"I hope you understand me in regard to the subject I hinted at in the beginning of my letter. There can be no objection to try everything; you know I mean the prevailing upon the parents to leave Mie-mie in England when they return. If you mean to attempt it look upon the attempt as difficult; you are not the less likely to succeed for that reason, and the disappointment will be less painful. I can only wish you may be gratified to the utmost of your expectations and wishes, or that the gratification of them only depended upon me. In that case, you certainly would meet with no difficulty. Your passions, because they were violent, should be reasons for me to submit to them; because they are virtuous,—an unfashionable word—I hope they will meet with consideration from those who ought to reverence them."

George Selwyn to the Earl of Carlisle

"February, 1777.

"As to my own situation I cannot say it is a happy one, although I have so much more than I could have expected. I have indeed for the present all I ever

wished, but I have also the strongest assurances given me that at all events things shall continue for some time in the state which they now are. But whoever upon that concludes that I must be easy is either ignorant or indifferent to the feelings of mankind. The bare possibility of being rendered so unhappy as I should be made upon a change of their resolution, or from the operation of caprice and *travers*, I say, the mere apprehension of that, even slightly founded, prevents my being in that *équilibre* which is absolutely necessary to my tranquillity. We are, I say, at present going on very well, in as good and regular a progress of education as it is possible ; both Mie-mie and I as tractable as is possible, *et troubler ce ménage seroit cruauté sans exemple.*”

Selwyn’s forebodings were soon to be realised. The Marchioness paid a visit to England, and saw her daughter, and gave him clearly to understand that Mie-mie could not be allowed to remain with him much longer.

The Marchioness Fagniani to George Selwyn

“ BRUSSELS,

“ 14 May, 1777.

“ SIR,

“ I received with much pleasure your letter and the book, which were sent me by an English gentleman, whom I have not yet the pleasure of knowing.

“ We only arrived at Brussels on the 10th of this month, having been obliged to remain ten days at Calais on account of my husband falling ill. Our passage was none of the best, as we were thirteen

hours at sea with a very diabolical wind against us. We were sick to death, but at last we are out of danger and in good health. Our stay here will not be long ; but you may address your letters here during our journey in Holland, as there are people who have undertaken to forward them to me, wherever I may be. I shall afterwards inform you of our projects.

“ I left London one hour earlier than I said I should, for I felt I wanted courage to go through the last adieu. This is the true cause of my hurried departure. I would wish to find a way of assuring or prolonging your tranquillity as regards your possession of Mie-mie ; but as I have always spoken with the greatest good faith, I dare not flatter you with a consummation which I foresee will be almost impossible. As a friend, therefore, I advise you to prepare yourself by degrees for the worst. You know, my dear friend, that it does not depend upon us, and that, if it were in our power, your wishes should be gratified. In the meantime, if you have a real friendship for my daughter, endeavour that she may learn the French language : it is the greatest proof which you can give me of the attachment which you profess for her.

“ I beg, in case you see Lord March, that you will make my compliments to him, and that you will assure him that I had much regret in leaving London without being able to wish him good-bye. Ask him to preserve a little friendship for me, for perhaps I deserve it better than a great many persons on whom he bestows his regard ; in short tell him that I have a great deal of friendship for him. My dear

friend, do not let your regard for me diminish ; and on my part, I will do all I possibly can to preserve it, and I venture to hope that my endeavours will not be ineffectual with a man who thinks as you do.

“ My husband send you many compliments, and we both embrace Mie-mie. I should be very glad to have her portrait, if it be possible ; and since I have left the original you might make me a present of a copy. But you are jealous of everything which might recall her to my memory. At all events, I warn you that all these precautions are entirely thrown away, since not a moment passes without my thinking of her. Adieu, my friend ; do not forget the mother of so dear a child.

“ The horse you gave me is a treasure. I ride her every day ; she is very quiet, and I thank you for her a thousand times.”

The Marchioness Fagniani to George Selwyn

“ AMSTERDAM,

“ 16 June, 1777.

“ I have received your letter of the 6th of this month, and am in despair at learning how erroneously you have interpreted my sentiments. I am far from being importuned with your letters, as you seem unjustly to think. This is a reproach which I have not deserved, as I am sure nothing gives me greater pleasure than receiving them. Apparently I have so bad a way of expressing myself, that my sentiments seem very different in writing to what they really are ; but, on the other hand, it is singular that you should attribute to me a tone of thinking which I

certainly have not. You talk of misplaced threats. I understand nothing of all of this; and only know that I act in the most open manner towards you, and am ill rewarded from the moment that you suspect me of bad faith. I have never doubted your good faith, and have given you good proof of this, by leaving London without the child, contrary to the advice of every one, and in opposition to the orders of my parents; indeed, your own countrymen assured me that you would never return me the child after I was gone. Notwithstanding all this, I listened to no one, and preferred your satisfaction to the unpleasant consequence which must result should any imprudent or mischievous person acquaint my parents with the steps I have taken.

“In short, my dear friend, if you have not by this time learnt to know me, I despair of ever being able to make myself known to you. Still, I will not say with the less kindness towards you. I am aware that you have the best heart in the world, and that your behaviour on this occasion proceeds from the passion you have for this child, which makes you regard black as white. I leave Amsterdam to-day, and in three days more shall be at Brussels, where I hope to hear of you. I will then acquaint you with our intended proceedings. In the meantime, continue to me your dear friendship, and endeavour to have a good opinion of one who esteems you, and is attached to you as much as you deserve,—and that is saying a great deal. Adieu!”

Selwyn was not given an opportunity to “forget the mother of so dear a child.” He endeavoured to

enlist the good offices of Lord March, who wrote in reply offering his services for what they were worth.

The Marchioness Fagniani to George Selwyn

“ BRUSSELS,

“ 28 June, 1777.

“ MY VERY DEAR FRIEND,

“ I am returned to Brussels, and thank God ! in very good health. I had flattered myself that I should have found some news of you, and as we leave for Spa to-morrow, I am very impatient for one of your letters. I am still in despair that mine are not agreeable to you. I am placed in the hard position of causing grief to the person whom, in the whole world, I am most willing to oblige, and whom I esteem, and am attached to as much as is possible.

“ That you are reasonable is my principal consolation. If I were my own mistress, you should dispose of my fate in disposing of that of my daughter. In that case, all should be as you wish, but as I am situated, I fear it must be otherwise. My will is dependent on that of others, and unfortunately they do not conform to yours. I have acted, as much as lay in my power, according to your wishes. Our intention at present is to stop three weeks at the waters of Spa, and, after a short stay at Brussels, to proceed to Paris, where we shall probably be about the end of August, and where I rely on finding you with my daughter.

“ My dear friend, my heart bleeds in writing you this letter. I have delayed writing it as long as possible, but now I should have failed in my regard for you if I had delayed longer. You want time to

acquire self-command, and to make your arrangements. It is this reflection which has decided me in warning you in time. My husband send his compliments to you. I beseech you not to be angry with me, and believe me, that if ever a favourable opportunity presents itself, by any chance, for my giving you back Mie-mie, you shall be satisfied.

“Adieu ! my dear friend. My best compliments to Lord March.”

The Earl of March to George Selwyn

“ALMACK’S,

“[*June, 1777*] *Friday night.*

“I have just now received your second letter. As to what you said to me in your first about Madame Fagniani, I will certainly do what you like, though you know that I have no opinion of my credit there; but send me the letter you wish that I should write, and I will send it. I do not go till Sunday morning.

“Dodd was executed this morning. I saw nothing of it, and have had no accounts, but from a constable who had been there, and very near. *He said* that he never saw a man behave better, or die with more courage. He prayed very earnestly, that is true, but that was in his profession. Storer was there, and has promised to send you an account of what happened. He had three clergymen with him in the coach.

“Carlisle has won since you went, but not much. This place is very full every night, and constant play. I am glad to hear that Mie-mie is so well. I am just going to Ranelagh.”

“ NEWMARKET,

“ *Wednesday, 9th July, 1777.*

“ I had your melancholy letter yesterday. It is the greatest concern to me in the world to find you so very unhappy, and not to have the least hopes of doing you any service. To be sure I will write to Madame Fagniani, or do anything else that you desire. After all that has been said, what to say I don't know, or what hopes to hold out to you, when all that can be done has already been tried. I am sure, say or do what I will she will be persuaded it can only be to please you that I write or mention the subject, after so much conversation as I have had with her upon it when she was here, and her having so often repeated to me the impossibility, whatever their own dispositions were, on account of their family.

“ I am in waiting next week, and shall be in town Sunday or Monday. I wish I could say or do anything to give you comfort, or show you any mark of that affection and friendship with which I am always,

“ Very sincerely yours,

“ M. & R.”

The following correspondence carries the story a stage further.

The Marchioness Fagniani to George Selwyn

“ SPA,

“ *22 July, 1777.*

“ SIR,

“ I have just received your letter of the 8th instant, which has given me much pain. I feel your affliction very deeply, and I can assure you that I share it. It

is not my intention to make a merit of it, but it is duty to tell you that I have made a last effort with my parents with a view to procure your happiness. As they think that Mie-mie is with us, I propose that we should defer our return till the spring, alleging as a pretext, that by passing the winter in France, she would learn the language perfectly, and that she would then have less pain in leaving her country and friends. To this I received a very cold reply, and one which was very contrary to my wishes. Moreover, my husband's affairs are now in such a state that his presence is necessary, so that we shall be obliged to commence our journey to Italy towards the end of September. Another reason for my desiring to delay our journey as little as possible is, on account of crossing the mountains. The best time for crossing them is at the end of October; and as I intend to make the journey as leisurely as possible, in order that the child may not suffer, it is necessary that we should begin betimes. My plan, is to travel one day and to rest the next, and by this means I hope to avoid all untoward accidents. If you are at Paris by the middle of September it is all that is wanted; but I beseech you, for Heaven's sake, do not be later.

“My dear friend, I hope you are satisfied that I do all I can to please you. There only remains for you to wish my death and that of my husband, for then, perhaps, you might keep Mie-mie some months longer: as to keeping her for good, all hope is out of the question. I can say no more at present. My husband drinks the waters, which do him much good. There are a great number of English here; and, amongst others, the Duke and Duchess of Cumberland.

I await your news with impatience. I know that my letters give you but little pleasure, but I will not quarrel with you on this account ; only continue your friendship for me, which is all I aspire to, and all I ask. Adieu, my friend ! ask strength from Heaven, and you will not be in want of it.”

From the Austrian Governor of Milan to the Austrian Ambassador at London

“ MILAN,

“ SIR,

“ 29 July, 1777.

“ I am persuaded that your Excellency does me the justice of believing that, as far as lies in my power, I have a true and sensible pleasure in responding to the friendship with which you have honoured me. The application, however, which you prefer to me on the part of Mr. Selwyn is unfortunately, one of those demands with which it is impossible to comply. By my means, the Marquis and Marchioness have obtained the permission of Government to undertake a second journey to England, principally with the object of bringing back their little daughter to the bosom of their family and the father and mother have only given their consent to it on this same condition. Should the Marquis and Marchioness, therefore, return to Milan without their daughter, the Government would have just ground for believing that it had been imposed upon. The father and mother are of an advanced age ; of one of the most respectable families in this city ; and they await, with the utmost impatience, the return of their family, and especially of this grand-daughter, whose arrival is looked for by the whole country.

“If the young Marquis and Marchioness should unfortunately return without their daughter, I am sure the whole country would speak of it in terms of indignation, and that domestic peace would for ever be at end in this illustrious family. I think these reasons are sufficient to convince your Excellency that the return of the little girl with her parents is absolutely necessary. I hope, however, on future occasions, to be more fortunate in convincing your Excellency, that I am with the greatest respect,

“Your Excellency’s very humble and very obedient servant.”

The Marchioness Fagniani to George Selwyn

“SPA,

“August 15, 1777.

“I have just received a letter from my mother, which has caused me as much surprise as affliction, and I did not expect, Sir, a similar blow from you.

“You have decided, then, in order to secure your own happiness to accomplish our ruin by embroiling us with our family, while at the same time you destroy the reputation of the child you pretend to love! Learn, then, the result of your imprudent conduct. Our parents (more irritated than ever by your insulting offer of giving our daughter a dower, and at the same time very angry with us on account of the bad faith we have kept with them), have forbidden our ever writing to them until we shall have Mie-mie in our charge; and even desire us to proceed to London to claim her, if it be necessary.

“I do not really know, Sir, what devilish idea has

seized you. Was it to reward us for our good nature in leaving you Mie-mie, contrary to the advice of our parents; or because you doubted our word? In any case you were wrong. I repeat to you that Mie-mie is not an object of pity, as you endeavour to make out. Thank heaven! she is in want of nothing; she belongs to a very great house; she has fortune enough to be independent of every one; and I can assure you that no greater misfortune could befall her than of living in a strange country, separated, like a foundling, from her family; maintained by a person who does not belong to her, and, in regard to whom, the world would always question by what title he adopted the child.

“ I flatter myself, Sir, that by this time you will have received the answer of our Minister; and that you will be convinced by it at last that we are not adventurers; that we have a country, a family, and property; that our children are as dear to us as are the children of others; and that our reputation is dearer to us than any advantages which fortune might procure for them at the expense of our honour.

“ I beg of you, Sir, in answer to this, to inform me of your determination, as we are open to any arrangement. If you are unable to accompany Mie-mie, my husband will come and fetch her when we leave this place; or if you will accompany her as far as Calais, I will be there myself. Lastly, I beseech you to inform me, as soon as possible, of your intentions; and in the meantime I have the honour of assuring you of my respect.”

The Marchioness Fagniani to George Selwyn

“ BRUSSELS,

“ SIR,

“ *September 3, 1777.*

“ As it is some time since I have received any of your letters, I fear that my last from Spa, may have been lost. Under this impression, I take the liberty of repeating my former inquiries of you respecting Mie-mie. In case you no longer entertain the project of accompanying her to Paris we have decided on leaving at once for Calais, from whence I shall send my people to fetch her. On the other hand, if you still are kind enough to determine on accompanying her yourself, I beg you will inform me of the day of her departure, in order that I may be at Paris on your arrival. She must be in Italy before the end of October.

“ You cannot but be aware that I am not ignorant of your proceedings with respect to our parents. You must also be aware that they have had no success whatever, except in embroiling us with them.

“ In one word, Sir, I beg you will bear in mind that the season advances rapidly, and that it is most advisable that Mie-mie should cross the mountains before the winter. You will oblige me much by returning me an answer as soon as possible, and in the meantime I beg to assure you of my fullest gratitude and esteem.

“ My husband desires me to make his best compliments to you. He also desires me to assure you, that we shall never forget your kindness for our daughter, and that we are in despair at being under the necessity of disobliging you against our own will.”

The Marchioness Fagniani to George Selwyn

“ BRUSSELS,

“ SIR,

“ Sept. 18, 1777.

“ I have received your three letters all at once, and the last, which acquainted me that Mie-mie was better, has given me great pleasure. I hope her journey will be prosperous ; indeed, it can scarcely be otherwise, after all the precautions which your tenderness has induced you to adopt. Amongst other things, you talk of a carriage which you have had fitted up for her, and which I suppose will contain her little travelling bed and her other necessities. If, therefore, you would like Mie-mie to continue her journey to Italy in this carriage, as she will already have been accustomed to it, I will give up one of mine for the use of your people on their return. I beg that you will give me a very detailed answer on this point, and also that you will let me have a list of her clothes and linen, so as to avoid all trouble with the women who will accompany her, and with those who will afterwards have charge of them.

“ I have found a person for her who is sweetness itself. She is of an excellent disposition ; a Parisian ; thirty-three years of age ; is well born, and has had a very good education. She will keep Mie-mie company, and will teach her French ; for she will have another person to wait upon her, whom my mother has already taken care to provide for this purpose.

“ You may rely on receiving news of my daughter every week. I know the interest you take in her, and

therefore will not fail in this respect, and on the road will give you the most exact details regarding her.

“You will address your answer to this to Paris, *Poste Restante*. We shall take with us M. Lecchi, whom you know, who will accompany us during our journey to Italy: there will, therefore, be one more person to take care of Mie-mie. I shall say nothing in regard to your not accompanying her; but I cannot but feel deeply the insulting notion you have formed respecting us. You say, that instead of consolation you have received reproaches from us. No, Sir! Italians, notwithstanding your bad opinion of them, have good hearts. Gratitude is their portion, and they are susceptible of friendship, perhaps more than any other nation. I hope you will form your opinion of the truth of this fact by the experience which you have had of friendship in your own country, and the friends which you may hereafter make in ours.

“In your answer to this, I beg that you will inform me where Mie-mie will alight at Paris, as the city is so large, that we might both be there without our succeeding in finding out one another. In short, my dear friend, I am fit for nothing at present. Your condition tears my heart. Adieu! Be persuaded that my gratitude equals my friendship, and that Mie-mie and I will never forget you.

“My husband sends many compliments to you, and is much penetrated by your situation. He proposes, when Mie-mie shall be old enough to support the journey without risk, to come to London and pay you a visit with her.”

The Marchioness Fagniani to George Selwyn

“ PARIS,

“ October 8, 1777.

“ MY DEAR FRIEND,

“ I begin with the subject that is most interesting to you. Mie-mie is perfectly well. She has not suffered the least from the journey ; but, on the contrary, Mr. Michel says that she is so much altered for the better, that you would hardly know her. She has an excellent appetite and sleeps soundly. She asked me, of her own accord, to let her sleep with me, because she does not like sleeping with her governess. At first I made Nancy dress and undress her, but now it is I who have taken her place, and who am the lady’s maid, and she does me the favour of saying that I do it as well as Nancy. She sleeps by the side of my bed ; is very lively, and asks every day to set out for Italy. She goes out every morning and evening, either in the carriage or on foot. In short, I am much pleased with her, and can assure you that, since she has been with me, I have not left her for a minute.

“ I am at Paris as if I were in the country. I go to no places of amusement, nor to the promenade, in short, I am entirely occupied with my child, and am very happy.

“ According to your wish, Mr. Michel will accompany us to Italy. Mie-mie will see him every moment if she wishes it, as he will spend all the winter in Italy with us : he will also give you truthful accounts of her, which will be a satisfaction to me. We have decided on taking Mie-mie’s carriage, although it is

not very good ; but it is larger than ours, which will be better for Mie-mie, as she will be more at her ease in it. I cannot write to you at present ; but will only repeat the expression of my thanks, and beg of you to continue your friendship for me, and to let me hear from you.

“ Mr. Michel tells me that he has given you a very exact detail of Mie-mie’s journey hither, so that I shall add no more on that subject. The conduct of your friend towards you does not surprise me after all I have seen. One often discovers the characters of people when it is too late ; you must, therefore console yourself, and consider that a friend of this kind is better lost than found.”

The Earl of March to George Selwyn

“ ALMACK’S,

“ MY DEAR GEORGE,

“ *Tuesday night.*

“ I have had both your letters, and am very glad to hear that you find yourself so much better. We have nothing here but bad news, for Burgoyne’s capitulation is believed by all people, though Government has not received any authentic accounts of it. To-day there is a report that he is dead, which comes by a letter from Franklin. B—— has made an opposition speech in his usual manner, full of damned bad metaphors and simile, that do not apply. In one part of his speech he said, addressing himself to Wedderburne, that though a squalling starling, he thought that he had a right to reply to the learned canary bird. In another part he said, that though a poor apothecary and quack he might perhaps prescribe a remedy with success, when the regular

physician had failed :—that he should recommend anodyne plasters rather than corrosive blisters. The whole was in this style, and Burke said, that his honourable friend had spoken like an independent country gentleman, and a very accomplished orator.

“Lord Gower made a most incomparable reply to Lord Chatham. They oppose the adjournment to-morrow. I have lived at your house almost ever since you left London. My house smells of paint, and I thought it made me ill. Farewell.”

CHAPTER X

THE RETURN OF "MIE-MIE"

SELWYN put all the obstacles in his power to prevent the return of Mie-mie to the parents, and in the end he had to give way. Why particularly they wanted the little girl cannot be said, but the behaviour of the Marchioness was so strange, that it may have been, as the Duke of Queensberry thought, mere caprice, or—in the circumstances—it may, without injustice, be attributed to a desire for financial compensation. In any case, Selwyn was led a pretty dance for a couple of years.

The Rev. Dr. John Warner to George Selwyn

"Sunday evening, February 28th, 1779"

"I give you joy, Sir, very heartily, that you are prevented your tedious journey to Lyons by Mie-mie's being brought by her father to Paris. This news you will have seen by Minifie's letter of the 14th; but in case it should be lying at Ostend, like the others, he tells me he had a commission from the Marquis Fagniani to give you this information, and that this step is taken with the cordial approbation of every branch of the family. They will set out in April, and the Marquis means to stay here about three weeks. On the 14th Minifie dined with Mie-mie and



OLD Q-UIZ
the old GOAT of Piccadilly.

A Shining Star—in the British Peerage
And a usefull Ornament to Society—Fudge.

Published for the Proprietors by R. Dighton, Currier &c.

OLD Q-UIZ
After a caricature by Robert Dighton

her father at Millerio's, and she was then perfectly well. The father would write to you, but was much hurried.

"Madame Fagniani is now the first who speaks in public of this arrangement. Joy, joy to you, dear sir. How good all this is! *Vous aurez l'enfant, et pour la vie!* Joy to you!"

George Selwyn to the Earl of Carlisle

"PARIS,

"April 1779.

"I wrote to you this morning, as I hope that you will know. This afternoon I find *tous mes projets pour le présent sont suspendus*. I am obliged to set out to-morrow for Lyons. It is so unexpected, that it is by much the greatest *embarras* I ever felt, and a monstrous expense to me. But Mie-mie will be there to-morrow. *Les parens ont changé d'avis*, and I must go to Lyons to fetch her. God knows how much further I would go to conduct her safely, but I was made to believe there was no occasion for it. I expected her here on Friday next, or on this day sennight. . . . *Ma patience et ma persévérance sont impérissable sur ce que regarde Mie-mie. Je me croyais tranquillement établi ici. J'aurais des entretiens avec la mère, qui ne sont pas toujours composés avec du miel. 'Hélas! rendez-moi figlia mia.' Voilà où je reviens. Adieu. Ayez un peu de pitié de tous mes embarras, qui ne finissent pas.*"

The Rev. Dr. John Warner to George Selwyn

"DEAR SIR,

"April 25 [1779].

"I hope this will find you safely arrived at Paris with your precious charge, all well and happy,

and that you are invested with full power; but I long to know particulars. You give no cause for this new arrangement, whether it was owing to illness or business on the part of the Marquis. Perhaps you had none given you. I am concerned for this sudden motion, as I am sure it must have much embarrassed you. Does Madame la Marquise accompany you to Paris?—if so, you have laid the expense too low at 300 louis. Does she mean to do you the honour of coming to England with you?—if so, you must add 500 more. But I hope better things. I have called at Coutts's and you may draw like a team of horses if you will, and they will find the stuff to fix the traces to.

“Mr. Storer and Miss Townshend will write to you to-night too. The Duke of Queensberry is at Newmarket, but did not set off till Sunday morning, and had received the letter which I wrote him immediately upon the receipt of your letter of the 18th, to acquaint him with your motions.”

The Duke of Queensberry¹ to George Selwyn

“ [May, 1779].

“ I have had three of your letters, and this is my first. If it was not very disagreeable to me to write, I should certainly write to you.

“ I was in waiting last week. The King talked a great deal about you. As he knows everything, he is perfectly well acquainted with your passion for Mie-mie. I am sorry you did not find her at Paris, and hope that you will settle all your matters so as

¹ The Earl of March had succeeded on August 12, 1778, to the dukedom of Queensberry.

to come back soon. Everything here is as you left it. We had the same motion made by Lord Bristol that Charles made in the House of Commons, to remove Lord Sandwich. Lord Bristol was allowed to have a chair, and he spoke sitting. I went with the King to the play; but was in time afterwards for the division, which was not till between twelve and one. Lord Lyttelton spoke against us, but did not divide. Derby and Egremont went to Ranelagh, and were too late for the division. I do not hear who is to be Secretary of State.

"The usual people are here. I have little to do, and shall certainly not lose as much as I did last meeting."

The Duke of Queensberry to George Selwyn

"[1779].

"Yesterday I had your two letters of the 23rd. I shall write to you by the next post to Calais; so that, if you alter your plan, write to Dessein to forward your letters; but if you do, I conclude you will let me know by the next post.

"Upon talking to the Duke of Northumberland about the *bras*, I believe it will be much the best way to have them, as I told you, in the *ruff*, and so have them lacquered in England, as the *or-molu* will never stand here, and it is very dear: yours, you know, are grown quite black. However, I leave all this to you, and to the result of the inquiries you can make. The Duke of Northumberland is of my opinion, that the *or-molu* will not answer, though the patterns are much better than any we have here.

"Pray bring some patterns of silks for fur clothes

and some spring velvets. Also, try if my Astracan that was left in Calais can be recovered : it was a very fine one. I send you enclosed a memorandum from the Duchess of Hamilton. Adieu, my dear George. If you see old Poligniac, tell him I have sent him a horse, as I don't know if I shall have time to write to him by this post."

The Rev. Dr. John Warner to George Selwyn

" June 1, 1779.

" I was with his Grace for an hour and a half this morning. I found him at breakfast with your letter in his hand ; and upon seeing it, as it was dated a post after mine, I supposed you had suggested the idea of his writing to Madame Fagniani, and introduced it without any management, especially as in your letters to me of yesterday you had mentioned it twice. But he treated it directly with derision : she was a neglected beauty, as she would think herself ; and if there is a thing in the world which would hurt your interest, it would be his interfering. She was such a violent, capricious, mortified creature, that she would rejoice in having a request from him to run counter to. How can I—how dare I—tell you all he said ? Suppose the worst. Suppose he wished that it would please God to take the child to himself, that you might be restored to the world, to your friends, to yourself ! There you have it all, and you will never forgive either of us.

" The Duke was very much interested—very much agitated : strong proofs of his great friendship for you. He wished a thousand times that he had nipped this mischief in the bud : that knowing the earnestness

of it, he had cut off your access to the child and her chamber (it was a foolish tenderness, he said, that had prevented it); or that the family had told you at Milan that there was no hopes of your ever having her. All the advice we could think of, in a long beating of our heads together, was what we said you would not follow—that you should come away directly, leave the child in the convent, and treat with them at a distance.

"While you are there, nothing can be done. If you cannot assume, must feign an indifference. Whilst you stay, the woman feels her power over you, and will play upon you ever wanton exercise of it. This advice, he says, you will not follow. Well, then, when Parliament is near meeting (as he gives up all hopes of your coming sooner), you must invite the father and mother and the whole tribe to come and live with you in London for the winter, and try what that will produce.

"You bid *me* advise: dear Sir, what can be said or done? Good God! You know I am the poorest creature in the world, as well in wisdom as in wealth. I cannot think of anything so good as his Grace advises; but if I advise anything, it is that you should a little consider your own dignity, character, and situation in the world, and be no longer the *jouet* of a woman. The thing becomes too serious, much too serious, most afflictingly serious."

"June 3, 1779.

"Your relief must come from yourself, and from your own resolution, if you have any left, and I fear that it will never come. If my going to Milan, or

going anywhere, would serve you, I would joyfully go directly ; but alas ! that could signify nothing, as you have an abler agent there already.

“The Duke of Queensberry, notwithstanding his clear and positive opinion that his writing to the Marchioness Fagniani cannot serve your interest, would, I am sure, send any letters you would wish ; and you have but to dictate. You may be sure that I did not read him a scrap of your last letters, they were not fit. But as you hang much upon the subject of his writing, I thought I should not be just to you if I did not propose it. But, dear Sir, be not unjust to him. He still loves you very much, because his heart is not estranged and totally absorbed by another object. But if you continue in this dereliction of yourself, what must be expected ? What *can* be expected from him—from Lord Carlisle—from everybody who has delighted in your friendship and society, whilst you were theirs and your own. You remember Lord Nugent’s epigram, which runs, I think, somewhat in this way—

“ ‘ We loved thee, amiable and kind,
And plighted an eternal vow ;
So altered are thy heart and mind,
’Twere perjury to love thee now.’ ”

“This really, Sir, is the way you are travelling, as I think it my duty to tell you, but you should not suspect it yourself. Heaven guide you into a better path ! But I doubt (and it is a doubt accompanied by grief and affright) that you are too far gone to turn.”

The Duke of Queensberry to George Selwyn

" June, 1779.

" You are always thinking of the same thing, but it is to no purpose to think, because you can do yourself no good, and if you let the Fagnianis alone, the child will certainly remain for the present where she is. This is as much as you can expect, and perhaps more than you would have been able to have brought about with most other people. I desired Warner to write to you, and to try and persuade you how very impossible it is for me to be of any use to you. If you thought one moment, and had any knowledge of Madame Fagniani, you must think that, at this time, if she knew anything I wished, she would do directly the contrary. I am sure, in the present circumstances of things, you had better come here and be quiet for some time, for I think the mother perfectly capable to send for the child to Milan, merely to plague you, if you continue your correspondence.

" I have always understood, that when the child was to be educated in a convent at Paris, you were to be satisfied; and now you seem more distressed than ever. I am sure, if you continue where you are, no constitution can resist the agitation you must go through, and you will certainly bring yourself to a situation of health not to be retrieved. Every body inquires when you are to return: I wish I knew when that was to be. It is necessary in all situations to determine something, and, I am sure, the worst thing you can do is to remain where you are."

The Rev. Dr. John Warner to George Selwyn

“THAME, OXFORDSHIRE,

“June 14 [1779].

“I was forced to break off last night at Hockliffe just as I had finished the second sheet. You say that it is manifest to you that they intend to have Mie-mie kept at Paris at your expense, till it is convenient for them to send for her away, and sell her. Would to Heaven that I could see cause for thinking that you are mistaken! I should be highly indignant to see even one who was even indifferent to me treated thus; then what must I feel for *you*! I believe they are impatient to sell her, and therefore mean to kill you, and I tremble lest they should kill you; not by the means Mr. Walpole talked of, as I could never conceive there was any danger of that; but by the slower and more barbarous operation of such treatment, as poisons all your peace.

“You feel it ‘offensive and humiliating to you to the last degree’; and yet you will suffer all this, and for what! In another part you say, that your pursuit is ‘rational and laudable.’ I despise the voice of the multitude as much as the old Greek, though I think he was in a passion when he said it was always wrong; yet I should very much distrust the rectitude of my ideas, when I found myself in such a minority as to be alone against all mankind. If our friend the Countess had not blasted the text, I would quote David and his child, and say, how ‘rational and laudable’ I thought it that you should fast and pray whilst there was hope;—but now, you should wash your face (and your hands too), and eat

bread : but I am running into matter which I have foresworn, but which, most unfortunately, every sentence in your letters prompts me to recur to.

" You very naturally wish, in case of any accident happening to you, to prevent all possibility of the child's losing what will belong to her ; but if you should not live to see her out of the power of her parents, how can human wisdom prevent it ? And how shall she be taken out of the power of her parents, and put entirely in yours ? There is one way, perhaps, and but one. I say *perhaps* because I am far from knowing if it be practicable ; and yet I should rather incline to think it is. But even if I were assured that it was practicable, I scarcely know how to venture to mention it, lest the delicacy of your nature should start at it with affright ; but mention it I must since I have begun upon it. 'Tis strange, wild, and desperate ; but the *case* I fear is desperate, or, if it is not, this is a remedy to be applied only when the case shall become desperate. You bid me think of resources : that must be my excuse. I am for ever thinking of them, and wish I could find one less liable to objection.

" I have been taught then, that as in ancient so in modern times, *omnia Romae cum pretio*, and that for money a man may have a dispensation to marry whomsoever he pleases : why then not to marry an infant ? Pray forgive me : I do not mean to be ludicrous, I *cannot* mean to offend. Yes ! I see the objections which offer themselves, but what *if you cannot have Mie-mie without ?* The multitude will be against you, but you will have a minority respectable in weight and number on your side. This is all along

supposing that you cannot exist without the child, of which I fear I am daily receiving too strong proofs. It will be no sacrifice of her to your gratification, but quite the contrary in the eyes of the world. If you live these twenty years, as you may if you have peace of mind, and as I heartily hope you will, you will still leave her a young, a very young and a rich widow, and safe from depredation. Then the sweet, calm content ; the perfect joy of heart in possessing her all your own ; forming her mind and heart, unchecked, untroubled by any control or fear, for twenty years : 'twould be fairly a Heaven for which you had exchanged a Hell. You have already interest with the Pope's Nuncio, and may improve it ; and I doubt not, if it can be done at all, may have the thing done at any time with secrecy and despatch. Or, if the Nuncio is not to be trusted, *I* would go to Rome, and solicit it, if you would prepare me a powerful and trusty friend to apply to there.

"But you are angry with me, dear Sir. What can I do or say ? By all that is sacred, knowing you and feeling for you as I do, I advise but what in your place I would practise, and my heart would acquit me. I should be conscious that I was seeking her happiness more than my own, and if our heart condemns us not, etc. I cannot bear, without the most lively grief, to see your unhappiness and life so miserably wasting. I see you dying the most miserable of deaths, dying of chagrin : and I cannot think of any other effectual cure. Do not, I beseech you, exclaim in anger,—'Wild and monstrous scheme !' lest you tempt me to think it may be as applicable to the attachment, as it is to the singular ardour and vehemence of that which has suggested it."

The Duke of Queensberry to George Selwyn

"PICCADILLY,

"June 15, 1779.

"Your letter, which I have just received, gives me the greatest concern. I plainly see that, if you continue where you are, your health will be irretrievably gone. You certainly cannot remain long in the situation you are in at present. You were well when you were here; you may be so again, if you would have resolution enough to leave Paris. I wish I could say anything that would make you take care of yourself. You will ruin your health, and then all happiness is gone; and besides, you are more likely by what you are doing, to have Mie-mie sent for back to Milan, than by anything else you can do.

"Everybody inquires after you, and wants to know when you are to be here; I wish I could tell them. I go to Scotland some time towards the end of July. That would be a journey that would do you a great deal of good. I can send you nothing from here that would interest you. Carlisle and I talk very often about you, and wish you here. We are much afraid of a Spanish war. The letters from America bring good news. They are very tired of the war, and the Congress much divided. My dear George, do let me hear that you are coming to us again."

What arguments Selwyn used to persuade the Marchioness to surrender Mie-mie have not transpired, but ultimately they were successful. "George

I have seen," Horace Walpole wrote to the Countess of Upper Ossory on July 6, 1779, "he embarked in an instant on receiving a warrant to carry off his prize, as if she had been the heiress of the Indies and he had feared a retraction."

Selwyn rejoiced exceedingly, and the Rev. Dr. John Warner burst into triumphant song :—

"The morn that gave to Mie-mie birth,
Provokes the dullest son of earth,
Provokes a snail, prosaic creature !
To try for once to crawl in metre,
Her rising virtues to salute,
And wish the blossom into fruit.
Sure that his effort can't offend
His fair, good-humoured little friend :
Who praised him erst, by candour's rule,
Playing for her, as now, the fool.

"Of summer suns but eight have passed,
Since you came down, in erring haste,
Relinquishing your native skies,
To bless us in a mortal guise ;
And if on earth you choose to range,
Though we must own your taste is strange,
May you, without corroding cares,
'Bove ten times eight prolong your years !
How, my dear friend, shall this be done ?—
Proceed but as you have begun.
Good-humour show to every creature ;
Good-humour in each word and feature.
Good-humour brings the calm repose ;
Good-humour joy and health bestows ;
Good-humour is the balm of life ;
Its bane is envy, pride and strife.
See your best friend ! how light he bears
That load, too many, threescore years !
See how he takes in Morpheus' lap,
His morning, noon, and evening's nap.
Now scarcely waking to his wine,
Or scarcely waking e'en to dine.
But ever still alive and free,
Called on by friendship, or by thee.

What but good-humour brings this rest,
Speaking the gall-less, tranquil breast ?
The oracle, your snail, shall speak,
More sure than Calchas gave in Greek :
Fix in your tender memory deep,
Who hatred breeds, shall murder sleep.

" Good-humour, with a length of days,
Their highest pleasure too conveys.
The sense we have of other's love,
Excels all joys but those above.
This happy lot good-humour gives,
That wondrous charm, which ever lives.
While rosy tints and sparkling eyes,
And every meaner beauty dies ;
Its blest effects are constant seen,
In sweet Louisa's cheerful mien ;
In the mild precepts of your guide,
Guarding your steps from painful pride ;
In her the Glo'ster Graces please,
In Barry, Woodcock, Bradshaw's ease.

" 'Tis in effect, my lovely friend,
More than the charm that ne'er shall end ;
For by its mystic power's impressed
The brightest lustre on the rest ;
As beauty, learning, wit, and birth,
Without this charm, are little worth ;
Are but a row of cyphers fair,
Which of themselves no sum declare ;
The figure at their head's the soul,
And stamps a value on the whole.

" The crawling preachment here expressed,
Puts your good-humour to the test,
But as I know 'tis very stout,
I'm sure I shall not wear it out ;
And, as a proof, you will not fail,
Each morn to evocate your snail,
By potent spell of sprightly voice,
And make your loving snail rejoice ;
Rejoice to find you never cross come,
Or to, or from his neighbour Goscomb."

The Rev. Dr. John Warner to George Selwyn

“ August 26 [1780].

“ The Duke of Queensberry sent for me this morning to pay my rent, and to bid me tell you that he had received both your letters ; that he has been at Lord Barrington’s, and that he goes to-morrow to Amesbury to stay—he does not know how long—in which I dare say he is very right.

“ His Grace, I believe, measuring other people’s corn by his own bushel, takes me to be as much a victim of *ennui* as himself, and as little skilful in employing my time to my satisfaction. Perhaps, therefore, he thought he did me a favour in keeping me waiting two hours (which I call paying my rent), before he vouchsafed to see me ; considering, I apprehend, that his room was very clean, and that the room which I inhabit is very dirty ; but not considering at the same time that I have convened in that dirty room a most illustrious and instructive company, with which his Grace, unhappily for himself, is so utterly unacquainted, that he cannot be entertained with them, but by which, if I do not profit, I can be very much amused.

“ Then he scarcely ever fails to offend my feelings. There was a tenderness in your letter about Mie-mie and the little flannel petticoat which had covered her elegant proportions, and had done you good, with which he ought to have been pleased, but which he treated with a pish or a damn. I do not know what he may do from whim, or from not knowing what else to do, but I cannot conceive he will do much from sentiment or rectitude. Surely, Sir,

when you conceived so much friendship for him, which continues now from habitude, the man (if I ought to call him so, first on account of his great nobility, and secondly on account of his no less frivolity) must have been very different from what I have ever seen him. But, however, be he as he may, I am sure he loves you as much or more than he does anybody, and therefore you ought to continue to love him, and I hope you will forgive me when I blurt out, in my blunt way, anything which I think I see improper in him, and which at present may arise as much from a pride in myself which may not become me, as from zeal to you."

Evidently Dr. Warner was angry with his patron, the Duke of Queensberry. It would have been amusing to be present when the learned clergyman told his Grace that touching story—whatever it was—of Mie-mie and the little flannel petticoat. If the hardened sinner only said "pish" and "damn," he must have accorded his visitor benefit of clergy—for, as a rule, he was not choice in his language. It was said that "Old Q's" visit, late in August 1779, to his Scotch estate of Drumlanrig—where he seldom went—was as much to escape from Selwyn's recitals of the merits and beauties of Mie-mie as for any other purpose. From that safe retreat he sent a letter to his friend, written by Alexander Crauford, in which he asked to be informed, "how Mie-mie is."

In his happiness of his reunion with Mie-mie, George Selwyn went on in devastating fashion. "Love me, love my dog," was the burden of his oft-repeated song. He took the child to dinner at the

houses of those friends of his who saw no way to avoid the honour, or were content to humour him. More than once he took her to the Opera to see Vestris dance. "Mie-mie was *enchantée*, and so I was satisfied," he wrote delightedly to the Earl of Carlisle. "I intend to treat her to one more opera before the close of them, for she prefers them to a play, but which she has, however, never seen except at Brighthelmstone, when she could have no idea of it." A few weeks later the charming little lady, who by the way is described by Dr. Warner as violent and capricious, saw a play—which important tidings were at once conveyed by the proud guardian to the same correspondent. "Lady Craufurd," he relates, "carried Mie-mie last night, with two of her daughters, to the play. It was her first play, and so she was entertained. It was *Dissipation*; and *Robinson Crusoe* was the farce; two such performers and performances I never saw."

"I have given up every thought of satisfaction to myself, but the care of Mie-mie," he said, when she was eleven. There was, however, always the danger that the Marchioness might reclaim her child. "From Milan [where the lady lived] things are well," he reported to the Earl of Carlisle in January 1781; "at least no menaces from thence of any sort, and I am assured, by one who is the intimate friend of the Emperor's Minister there, that he was much more likely to approve than to disapprove of Mie-mie being with me, knowing as he does the turn and character of the mother." A few months later he wrote to the same patient correspondent: "Mie-mie goes on well, and improves, and I am, as I always

have been, much too happy with her, but not one word comes to me from her Italian parents, and the silence is terrible to me, because it is so unnatural. Could I have assurance that it proceeded from a total abandoning her to my care I should be happy, but that seems incredible, and so I live in a constant dread of some changes in that in which now all my happiness is placed."

Nothing untoward happened, and Mie-mie remained in peace with Selwyn until his death, which took place in January 1791, when he was seventy-one and she twenty-one. He left his ward £30,000 in trust, of which, if she had no children, £20,000 was to go to the children of the Earl of Carlisle; the Duke of Queensberry was appointed residuary legatee.

Then the Marchioness Fagniani—her husband was now dead—again came upon the scene, with the following letter to Lord Carlisle:—

"Je viens d'apprendre par une lettre de 11 Février 1791 de Mademoiselle Fagniani que Mr. Selwin est mort, et qu'elle s'est retirée chez vous, encouragée sans doute par les bontés que vous lui avez témoigné, et dont je dois moi-même vous remercier jusqu'à ce moment ici : mais dorénavant il me faudra profiter de vos vertueux sentimens d'une manière bien différente de celle que peut-être ma Fille avoit imaginé.

"Malgré la haute opinion que j'ay de vous et de votre respectable Famille, vous sentez bien que je ne puis permettre ni approuver, tandis que je suis vivante, que ma Fille reste éloigner de moi, sans être mariée, et je ne puis m'empêcher de faire ce que la nature et le devoir

exigent de moi, et ce que vous feriez vous-même dans une pareille situation.

“ Je me suis toujours opposée autant qu’il m’a été possible à l’éloignement de ma Fille, mais tandis que le Marquis Fagniani son Père a vécu, c’est en vain que j’ai souhaité de la retenir dans ce pays et dans le sein de sa Famille aussi bien que les autres enfants, qui restoient auprès de moi.

“ Aussi tot que le Marquis Fagniani est mort, et je suis restée à l’administration de sa Famille, je n’ai jamais cessé d’écrire à Mr. Selwin et à ma Fille, et de faire tout mon possible pour la rapeller auprès de moi, mais l’opiniâtreté et les détours de Mr. Selwin, et peutêtre les égards que Mademoiselle Fagniani avoit pour lui ont rendu inutiles tous mes efforts la dessus. Je sais même que Mr. Selwin a enlevé souvent les lettres que j’avais écrites à ma Fille, et qu’on a fait de tout pour me calomnier auprès d’elle, et pour lui faire croire que je l’avais oubliée, et qu’elle étoit abandonnée de ses Parents. Il est vrai que de temps en temps j’ai reçu quelques lettres qu’elle étoit dans la supposition que je viens de vous dire. Maintenant que Mr. Selwin est mort, c’est à vous Mylord, et à votre probité, que j’ose m’adresser, afin que je puisse avoir ma Fille auprès de moi par des conseils dignes de vous, que vous pouvez lui donner, et qui peutêtre seront écoutés plus que les miens. C’est vous, Mylord, que j’implore pour avocat de ma tendresse maternelle, et j’ai telle opinion et telle confiance en vous, que j’espère que j’obtiendray de votre probité et de votre éloquence ce que je n’ay pu jusqu’ici obtenir de la voia de la nature même.

“ Je vous promets maintenant que ma Fille sera toujours maîtresse de son bien, et de se choisir un étab-

lissement que lui convienne ; je n'auray jamais l'envie ni le courage de lui causer le moindre chagrin lorsque j'auray la consolation de la revoir après si longtemps, et tant d'amertume que j'ay souffert pour elle ! Je lui ay parlé toujours de la sorte, mais on lui a fait craindre que ce n'étoit que pour la flatter, et pour la tromper. Ce n'est pas mon caractère de tromper personne, mais bien moins de tromper mes enfans. Est-il possible, Mylord, qu'une Mere veuille revoir sa Fille pour se rendre malheureuse ? Je vous assure, Mylord, qu'elle pourra vivre, et disposer de soi-même chez moi comme elle pourrait le faire en Angleterre chez vous, mais jusqu'à ce qu'elle ne se trouve un établissement convenable, je n'auray jamais de tranquillité, ni de consolation à moins que je n'aye cette Demoiselle auprès de moi.

“ Encore une fois, Mylord, j'implore en ma faveur votre vertu et la haute réputation dont vous jouissez, consolez une pauvre Mère, qui n'a d'autre espérance d'être consolée qu'autant qu'il vous plaira de vous souvenir de ses larmes et de ses prières.

“ Je suis, avec la plus considération, Mylord,

“ Votre très-humble servante,

“ LA MARQUISE FAGNIANI.”

There is no record of any reply to this letter. Certainly, Mie-mie never returned to her mother. In 1798 she married that Lord Yarmouth—“ Red Her-rings ” to his friends—who, in 1822, succeeded as third Marquis of Hertford. This alliance would not appear to have been very happy. Lord Yarmouth has achieved notoriety as the prototype of Lord Monmouth in *Coningsby*, in which novel he is described as “ in height above the middle size, but somewhat

portly and corpulent. His countenance was strongly marked, sagacity on the brow, sensuality on the mouth and jaw. His large dull blue eye, morbid and yet piercing, showed that the secretions of the brain were apportioned, half to voluptuousness, half to commonsense. But his general mien was truly grand ; full of a natural nobility, of which no one was more sensible." Also he suggested to Thackeray the Marquis of Steyne of *Vanity Fair*—" Lord Steyne's shining bald head, which was fringed with red hair. He had thick bushy eyebrows, with little, twinkling, bloodshot eyes, surrounded by a thousand wrinkles. His jaw was underhung, and when he laughed, two white buck-teeth protruded themselves and glistened savagely in the midst of the grin." But these, of course, were fanciful portraits.

Lord Yarmouth's father, the second Marquis of Hertford, took an active interest in politics. He had a seat in the Irish House of Commons from 1761-1768, and was Chief Secretary to the Lord Lieutenant, 1765-1766, and, on resigning that post, was appointed Constable of Dublin Castle. He was a member of the English House of Commons from 1766 until he succeeded to the title in 1794, and he held office for six years under Lord North, and later such posts in the Household as Master of the Horse and Lord Chamberlain.

Lord Yarmouth, however, though a man of intelligence, devoted himself almost exclusively to a life of pleasure. He rather fancied himself as a dandy, but in that category he only ranked as second-class. He enjoyed the continued favour of George, when Prince of Wales, and when his Royal



FRANCIS CHARLES SEYMOUR-CONWAY, THIRD MARQUIS OF
HERTFORD, K.G.

After a portrait by Sir Thomas Lawrence

Highness became Regent, he appointed Yarmouth Vice-Chamberlain of his Household. His great pursuit was woman; and one of his many affairs was with Fanny, sister of the more celebrated Harriette Wilson. In the end he was worn out by his licentious habits, and there is reason to believe that towards the end of his life he was not quite sane. "The brain of the late Marquis of Hertford was a diseased brain, and had long been so," the doctor who attended him in his last illness told John Wilson Croker; "the partial paralysis, speechlessness, and other outstanding direct cerebral symptoms demonstrate it."

The Countess of Yarmouth gave birth in 1800 to a son, Richard Seymour Conway, who, in 1842, succeeded as fourth Marquis of Hertford. He it was who founded the famous collection, which he bequeathed to Sir Richard Wallace, who, born in 1818, was generally believed to be a natural son of Lady Yarmouth by a father whose name has not come down to posterity. There was a break between the Yarmouths shortly after, and the lady had a *liaison* with Marshal Androche, which endured for five years ending in 1807. They did not, however, enter into any formal separation because of this, and there was, in fact, a second son of the marriage, Lord Henry Seymour, who, on his mother's death in 1856, inherited her vast fortune, a great part of which was derived from a legacy of the Duke of Queensberry to Mie-mie.

CHAPTER XI

DUKE OF QUEENSBERRY

THE Earl of March held the office of Vice-Admiral of Scotland from August 1766 until October 1776, when he vacated that post to become First Lord of Police.

Lord March, owing to the boroughs that he controlled, was an important figure in the political world, and the leaders of his party could not afford to ignore him.

George Selwyn to the Earl of Carlisle

“ Nov. 16, 1775.

“ Adam Hay, Lord March’s member for Peebles, died yesterday. I am afraid to say suddenly, because it is a suspicious word, and will be more so in his case, as I believe Fortune has not been favourable to him. But I do not believe anything of that sort; his general state of health has been bad for some time, and I was told his last and fatal attack was in his bowels. The two Lascelles and I dined at his house not a week ago. Sir Robert Murray Keith comes in, in his room. Lord North and Lord Suffolk recommend him. March has demurred upon it, but seems not determined for particular reasons. I have been employed about this, this whole day at Court, and then with Lord North, and going backwards and

forwards. March will not do what he should, at the time it ought to be done, and then things are in confusion, when they should be adjusted, and carried into execution. It is to no purpose endeavouring to persuade him; if you tell him what may happen, he silences you with some adage, or a *qu'importe*, and so drives everything off till he does not know what party to fire upon."

Charles Douglas, third Duke of Queensberry and second Duke of Dover, passed away on August 12, 1778, having survived his wife some thirteen months. The two sons of the marriage had predeceased him. Henry, Earl of Drumlanrig, died in 1754, at the age of thirty-one, by the accidental discharge of one of his own pistols, while travelling with his parents and newly-married bride; and Lord Charles Douglas, who represented Dumfriesshire in Parliament from 1747 to 1754, died in 1756, at the age of thirty. There being no direct heirs male the British titles and the Scotch earldom of Solway became extinct. The dukedom of Queensberry devolved upon the Earl of March, who was the late Duke's cousin, twice removed; and with it came great estates in England and Scotland, including Amesbury, in Wiltshire, and Drumlanrig.

Drumlanrig was a wonderful place, and excited the enthusiasm of Sir Walter Scott. "I was for a fortnight at Drumlanrig, a grand old chateau," he wrote to Joanna Baillie. "It is really a most magnificent pile, and when embossed amid the wide forest scenery, of which I have an infantine recollection, must have been very romantic. But 'old Q'

made wild devastation among the noble trees, although some fine ones are still left, and the quantity of young shoots are, in despite of the want of every kind of attention, rushing up to supply the places of the fathers of the forest, from whose stems they are springing. It will, now, I trust, be in better hands, for the reparation of the castle goes hand in hand in the rebuilding of all the cottages, in which an aged race of pensioners of Duke Charles and his pious wife,—‘Witty, blooming, young and gay’—have during the last reign been pining into rheumatisms and agues, in neglected poverty.

“All this is beautiful to witness : the indoor work does not please me so well, though I am aware that, to those who are to inhabit an old castle, it often becomes a matter of necessity to make alterations by which its tone and character are changed for the worse. Thus a noble gallery, which runs the whole length of the front, is converted into bedrooms—very comfortable, indeed, but not quite so magnificent ; and as grim a dungeon as ever knave or honest man was confined in, is in some danger of being humbled into a wine-cellar. It is almost impossible to draw your breath when you recollect that this, so many feet under ground, and totally bereft of air and light, was built for the imprisonment of human beings, whether guilty, suspected, or merely unfortunate. Certainly, if our frames are not so hardy, our hearts are softer than those of our forefathers, although probably a few years of domestic war, or feudal oppression would bring us back to the same case—hardening both in body and sentiment.”

When the Duke did go to Drumlanrig it was usually on election business.

Alexander Crauford to George Selwyn

“ DRUMLANRIG,

“ *September 8, 1779.*

“ MY DEAR SIR,

“ The Duke of Queensberry desires me to write to you, and to assure you that he regrets having been prevented for some time past from having the pleasure of corresponding with you himself. He has been engaged in a great variety of business, and what is more material for you to know, he has preserved his health and spirits surprisingly.

“ When the Duke came into this country, he found that there had been two very ineffectual meetings of the gentlemen of the county, called together for the purpose of supporting Government as far as their abilities would admit ; but, like most other assemblies of that kind, they broke up without determining on anything. Soon after his arrival he had a meeting of the county again called, and laid before them, in a very masterly manner, a proposal, in which he was seconded by Lord Stormont, and carried it unanimously. Upon this a subscription was opened, to which the Duke put down his name for three hundred pounds, and Lord Stormont put down his for one hundred, and all the gentlemen belonging to the county, who were present, subscribed handsomely. The meeting was said to be fuller than any they had had in the county for a long time ; and so great is the ardour of the people to sign the association paper, which I enclose, that there are above four hundred who have already put their names to it. By far the greater number are the Duke's tenants, and it seemed to be the opinion of the gentlemen in general,

that he might get a thousand people to follow him whithersoever he might think it necessary to lead them. The result of the meeting, and the proposal as it now stands, are sent up to town to be laid before the King, and his Majesty's answer is expected next week.

"I have given you a pretty full account of this business, as I know it will give you pleasure to be informed of how much consequence your friend is in his own country. Let me beg of you to write to me by return of the post, and inform me particularly how you are ; how dear dear Mie-mie is ; and whether you continue to enjoy your own place. I am, with greatest regard, my dear Sir,

"Your most affectionate and obedient servant,

"ALEXANDER CRAUFORD."

Participation in another election brought upon the Duke bitter attacks by Burns :—

The Laddies by the Banks o'Nith

An Election Ballad

Tune—*Up and waur them a'.*

"The laddies by the banks o'Nith,
Wad trust his Grace wi' a', Jamie,
But he'll sair them as he sair'd the king,
Turn tail and rin awa, Jamie.

Chorus

"Up and waur them a', Jamie,
Up and waur them a' ;
The Johnstones hae the guidin' o't,
Ye turncoat Whigs, awa,

"The day he stude his country's friend,
Or gied her faes a claw, Jamie,
Or frae puir man a blessin' wan,
That day the Duke ne'er saw, Jamie.

“But wha is he, the country’s boast ?
 Like him there is na twa, Jamie ;
 There’s no’ a callant tents the kye,
 But kens o’ Westerha’, Jamie.

“To end the wark here’s Whistlebirk,
 Lang may his whistle blaw, Jamie ;
 And Maxwell true o’ sterling blue,
 And we’ll be Johnstones a’, Jamie.

“Up and waur them a’, Jamie,
 Up and waur them a’ ;
 The Johnstones hae the guidin’ o’t,
 Ye turncoat Whigs, awa.”

Stanzas on the Duke of Queensberry

“How shall I sing Drumlanrig’s Grace—
 Discarded remnant of a race
 Once great in martial story ?
 His forbears’ virtues all contrasted—
 The very name of Douglas blasted—
 His that inverted glory.

“Hate, envy, oft the Douglas bore ;
 But he has superadded more,
 And sunk them in contempt ;
 Follies and crimes have stained the name ;
 But, Queensberry, thine the virgin claim,
 From aught that’s good exempt.”

Second Epistle

To Robert Graham, Esq., of Fintray

On the close of the disputed election between Sir James Johnstone and Captain Miller, for the Dumfries District of Boroughs.

“Fintray, my stay in worldly strife,
 Friend o’ my Muse, friend o’ my life,
 Are ye as idle’s I am ?
 Come then wi’ uncouth, kintra fleg,
 O’er Pegasus I’ll fling my leg,
 And ye shall see me try him.

“ I’ll sing the zeal Drumlanrig bears,
 Wha left the all-important cares
 Of princes and their darlin’s ;
 And, bent on winning borough touns,
 Came shaking hands wi’ wabster louns,
 And kissing barefit carlins.

“ Combustion thro’ our boroughs rode,
 Whistling his roaring pack abroad,
 Of mad, unmuzzl’d lions ;
 As Queensberry ‘ buff and blue ’ unfurl’d,
 And Westerha’ and Hopeton hurl’d,
 To every Whig defiance.

“ But cautious Queensberry left the war,
 Th’ unmanner’d dust might soil his star ;
 Besides, he hated bleeding ;
 But left behind him heroes bright,
 Heroes in Cæsarean fight,
 Or Ciceronian pleading.

“ O ! for a throat like huge Mons-meg,
 To muster e’er each ardent Whig,
 Beneath Drumlanrig’s banners ;
 Heroes and heroines commix,
 All in the field of politics,
 To win immortal honours.”

The accession to the greater dignity made no difference to the new Duke. He was no more, and no less, prominent in society. “ The Duke of Queensberry,” the Earl of Carlisle wrote to Selwyn “ has added a little chaise with ponies ; so that with his *vis-à-vis*, Kitty [Frederick]’s coach, and his riding-horses, St. James’s Street seems entirely to belong to him, and he has an exclusive right to drive in it.” Indeed, his only worry was that he was becoming a little deaf, which worried him not a little. He was at this time in his fifty-fourth year, and was comfortably settled in his irregular habits. *Grand seigneur* though he was in many respects, he did

not desire—and, indeed, would not assume—the appanages of State. “Neither the Duke of Queensberry nor George Selwyn were at Richmond,” Anthony Morris Storer wrote to William Eden in June 1786; “it was not wonderful that the Duke was not in his own house, however beautiful and comfortable it might be; he would rather be in the worst inn than in the best house of his own.” Rarely he went to Amesbury—and then almost, as it were, under protest; and scarcely ever to Drumlanrig. Later he greatly offended his Scottish neighbours and tenantry by selling much timber on the Drumlanrig estate and round Niedpath Castle. It has been said that he did this to furnish a splendid dowry for Maria Fagniani on her marriage to Lord Yarmouth; but as he was not a mean man and left over a million in money, this can scarcely have been his primary object. Anyhow, this proceeding urged Burns to a bitter tirade:—

Verses on the Destruction of the Woods near Drumlanrig.

“As on the banks o’ wandering Nith,
Ae smiling simmer-morn I stray’d,
And traced its bonnie howes and haughs,
Where linties sang and lambkins play’d,
I sat me down upon a craig,
And drank my fill o’ fancy’s dream,
When, from the eddying deep below,
Uprose the genius of the stream.

“Dark, like the frowning rock, his brow,
And troubled like his wintry wave,
And deep, as sighs the boding wind
Amang his eaves, the sigh he gave—
‘And came ye here, my son,’ he cried,
‘To wander in my birken shade?
To muse some favourite Scottish theme,
Or sing some favourite Scottish maid?

“ ‘ There was a time, it’s nae lang syne,
 Ye might hae seen me in my pride,
 When a’ my banks sae bravely saw
 Their woody pictures in my tide ;
 When hanging beech and spreading elm
 Shaded my stream sae clear and cool ;
 And stately oaks their twisted arms
 Threw broad and dark across the pool ;

“ ‘ When glinting, through the trees, appear’d
 The wee white cot aboon the mill,
 And peacefu’ rose its ingle reek,
 That slowly curlèd up the hill.
 But now the cot is bare and cauld,
 Its branchy shelter’s lost and gane,
 And scarce a stunted birk is left
 To shiver in the blast its lane.’

“ ‘ Alas ! ’ said I, ‘ what ruefu’ chance
 Has twin’d ye o’ your stately trees ?
 Has laid your rocky bosom bare ?
 Has stripp’d the cleeding o’ your braes ?
 Was it the bitter eastern blast,
 That scatters blight in early spring ?
 Or was ’t the wil’ fire scorch’d their boughs,
 Or canker-worm wi’ secret sting ? ’

“ ‘ Nae eastlin blast,’ the sprite replied ;
 ‘ It blew na here sae fierce and fell,
 And on my dry and halesome banks
 Nae canker-worm get leave to dwell :
 Man ! cruel man ! ’ the genius sigh’d—
 As through the cliffs he sank him down—
 ‘ The worm that gnaw’d my bonnie trees,
 That reptile wears a ducal crown ! ’ ”

The destruction of the woods that infuriated
 Burns angered the milder Wordsworth :—

“ Degenerate Douglas ! oh, the unworthy lord !
 Whom mere despite of heart could so far please
 And love of havoc (for with such disease
 Fame taxes him), that he would send forth word
 To level with the dust a noble horde,

A brotherhood of venerable trees,
Leaving an ancient dome, and towers like these,
Beggared and outraged ! Many hearts deplored
The fate of those old trees ; and oft with pain
The traveller at this day will stop and gaze
On wrongs which Nature scarcely seems to heed ;
For sheltered places, bosoms, nooks, and bays,
And the pure mountains, and the gentle Tweed,
And the green silent pastures, yet remain."

Sometimes the Duke stayed at a watering-place for a week or two, and he still went racing occasionally.

The Duke of Queensberry to George Selwyn

" [TUNBRIDGE, 1780].

" I am much obliged to you for being so very exact in writing. I continue to gain ground. I am, however, in some doubt whether the waters do me good or not, but I shall be satisfied on that point in a very few days, and if I find that they are not doing me any service, I shall certainly not remain here.

" I propose, when I return to London, to live at the house I have taken near my own, which I hope will be ready, and that I shall find you in your own house. I am now going to an assembly at Mrs. Macartney's, a sister of Mrs. Greville's, where I shall meet Mrs. Murray and Miss Calender, two sisters that are very pretty and very agreeable. They are Scotch, which makes us quite well acquainted, though we have not known one another very long. Crauford and I dine generally *tête-à-tête*. I do not like the trouble of getting people to dine with us, and being obliged to do the honours of our hotel.

" 10th.

" I am still here, but shall certainly go to Bright-helmstone to-morrow, and as surely be in London

either on Friday or Saturday. The weather grows cold, and this place will thin very fast. The Duchess of Hamilton talks of staying till she is obliged to come to attend the Queen. Wedderburne and his sister came yesterday. I dine with them to-day; and little Selwyn, who is the only man here you know except Charles Price and Lord L. He would have been very glad to have seen you. You are quite well in that family, and they are all angry you did not come down.

“I should have persuaded you very much to have come, if I had thought of staying till this time. Upon the whole, I like my expedition very much, and should certainly have liked it better if you had been here. Adieu! my dear George. I expect to find something from you at Brighthelmstone, for my letters have been there since Monday. Abergavenny pressed me very much to dine at Kidbroke, in my way to London, but it will make it so late that I believe I shall not. You see how dangerous it is to touch upon a tender point, even in joke. If you had not talked of —, you would have been sure of him at Matson.”

In preference to residing on any of his great estates, “Old Q” bought a house on the Thames, at Richmond—which presently was named Queensberry Villa. It was of red brick, and had a balcony running round it about the first-floor windows. The mansion had been built by the third Earl of Cholmondeley in 1708, and later became the property, successively of the Earl of Brooke and Warwick and Sir Robert Lyttelton. John Earl Spencer had then purchased it for his

mother, the Countess Cowper, and after her death in 1780 he disposed of it.

Henceforth the Duke divided his time between Piccadilly and Richmond, and rarely went elsewhere, except when he was in waiting at Windsor: its accessibility to London was one of the greatest attractions of the new residence. He was not much interested in his neighbours, with the exception of Horace Walpole, and, of course, George Selwyn.

George Selwyn to the Earl of Carlisle

“ RICHMOND,

“ *October 25, 1786.*

“ The Duke of Queensberry dines with me when he is here, a little after four, and when we have drunk our wine we resort to his great Hall, *bien éclairée, bien échauffée*, to drink our coffee, and hear Quintettos. The Hall is hung round with the Vandyke pictures (as they are called), and they have a good effect. But I wish that there had been another room or gallery for them, that the Hall might have been without any other ornament but its own proportions. The rest of the pictures are hanging up in the Gilt Room, and some in a room on the left hand as you go to that apartment. The Judges hang in the semi-circular passage, which makes you think, that instead of going into a nobleman's house, you are in Sergeant's Inn.”

Horace Walpole to the Countess of Upper-Ossory

“ *December 1, 1786.*

“ I went yesterday to see the Duke of Queensberry's palace at Richmond, under the conduct of George

Selwyn the concierge. You cannot imagine how noble it looks now all the Cornberry pictures from Amesbury are hung up there. The great hall, the great gallery, the eating-room, and the corridor, are covered with whole and half-lengths of royal family favourites, ministers, peers, and judges, of the reign of Charles I—not one an original, I think, at least not one fine, yet altogether they look very respectable ; and the house is so fine, that I could only have been more pleased if (for half an hour) I could have seen the real palace that once stood on that spot, and the persons represented walking about ! ”

Horace Walpole to Agnes Berry

“ November 28, 1790.

“ Richmond, my metropolis, flourishes exceedingly. The Duke of Clarence arrived at his palace there last night, between eleven and twelve, as I came from Lady Douglas. His eldest brother [the Prince of Wales] and Mrs. Fitzherbert dine there to-day, with the Duke of Queensberry, as his Grace, who called here this morning, told me, on the very spot where lived Charles I, and where are the portraits of his principal courtiers, from Cornberry. Queensberry has taken to that place at last, and has frequently company and music there in an evening. I intend to go.”

It was not much later that trouble ensued. The Duke, it was said, gave considerably to local charities, and there is no doubt that his expenditure at Queensberry Villa was a boon to the townspeople. There was a dispute, as the *Scots Magazine* puts it, “ relative to a young lady, which became public ”—which

may well be believed; and on top of this came a quarrel with the parish, for the recovery of a plot of land which he had enclosed. There was a lawsuit, and the parish won the day. In high dudgeon, the Duke shut up his Villa and shook the dust of Richmond off him for ever.

The Duke of Queensberry's tenure of the office of First Lord of Police ceased in 1782, for the post was one of those abolished by Burke's bill for economy in all departments of the State. No other place was offered to his Grace by way of compensation, and probably he did not desire one, though he always had a keen eye for money. So that he need not again offer himself for election to Scotland in the House of Lords, he, in 1786, obtained a patent as an English peer, with the style of Baron Douglas of Amesbury, in the county of Wilts.

The King liked the Duke, and was always pleased to have him in waiting. "March tells me he is a great favourite in the Bedchamber," George Selwyn wrote to the Earl of Carlisle early in 1781; "*c'est un excellent cœur, avez un esprit assez médiocre.*"

In 1788 the Duke of Queensberry made an unexpected incursion into the political world. In October of that year George III was taken ill, and early in the following month was declared by the royal physician to be mad. "The doctors say it is impossible to survive it long," Sheridan was told, "if his situation does not take some extraordinary change in a few hours. Since this letter was begun, all articulation even seems to be at an end with the poor King; but for the two hours preceding, he was in a most determined frenzy." There was, of course,

great excitement. Would the King recover? Would he, in any case, live. The physicians in attendance gave their opinion to the Privy Council that his Majesty's disease was not incurable, but they could not say how long it would endure. In the meantime, the King's Government had to be carried on. Obviously a Regent must be appointed, and, just as obviously, the office must be preferred to the Prince of Wales. Pitt was at the head of the Administration, and he postponed as long as possible from coming to any decision, since his Royal Highness was allied with the Whigs, and was the intimate of Fox and Sheridan. The passing of a Regency Bill might well be followed by a change of Ministry.

Pitt proposed a Committee to report on precedents of measures to carry on the King's Government, when the personal exercise of the royal authority had been prevented by infancy, sickness, infirmity, or other causes. Such a Committee might take months before issuing its report—which was what was desired by the First Lord of the Treasury. Then Fox nearly upset the apple-cart by asserting in the House of Commons the *right* of the Prince of Wales to be Regent. There was a tremendous outcry, and the Prince persuaded his brother to say in the House of Lords: "His Royal Highness understands too well the sacred principles which seated the House of Brunswick on the throne of Great Britain, ever to assume or exercise any power, *be his claim what it may*, not derived from the *will of the people*, expressed by their representatives and your Lordships in Parliament assembled." In the end Pitt introduced Resolutions for a restricted Regency, and these were agreed

to on December 30, after much acrimonious discussion in both Houses. The Prince, who had repeatedly declared that he would not accept the office of Regent, if hampered by conditions, accepted—fearing that if he did not do so the Queen would be approached. A Regency Bill, on the lines indicated, passed the House of Commons on February 12, 1789; but the King recovering, it was not proceeded with.

The only concern here in this matter of high politics is in so far as it concerned the Duke of Queensberry—or, rather, in so far as he made it his business. To the general surprise, his Grace threw in his lot with the Prince of Wales. “The Duke of Queensberry’s desertion produced if possible a stronger sensation than even Lord Lothian’s, the Duke having been a Lord of the Bedchamber ever since the King’s accession, during eight-and-twenty years,” Sir Nathaniel Wraxall wrote in his *Memoirs*. “Two motives led him to vote with Opposition on that night—his great personal intimacy with and devotion to the Heir-apparent, joined to his conviction that the Sovereign had irrecoverably lost his mind. The Prince and his brother Frederick passed much of their time with the Duke at his residence in Piccadilly, principally at table, where plentiful draughts of champagne went round to the success of the approaching Regency. Dr. Warren confirmed the Duke’s wavering faith in the hopeless condition of the King. Not many weeks subsequent to his Majesty’s seizure, before the close of November, the Duke, desirous of forming his opinion if possible on solid grounds, drove to Windsor.

“His inquiries were solely directed to ascertain

the probability of the King's recovery. The person to whom he particularly applied, an intimate friend of mine, gave him such strong reasons for believing it neither improbable nor remote, that he would have acquiesced in them. But Warren entering the apartment, and being informed of the object of the Duke's visit, led him to a window, where they held a long conversation in a subdued tone of voice. The result was that the Duke, fully persuaded of the desperate nature of the malady, determined to join and to vote with the Prince."

"I cannot get a sight of the Duke of Queensberry, the Prince will have him to himself," George Selwyn complained on November 26, 1788, to the Earl of Carlisle. Certainly, his Royal Highness and Fox welcomed the adhesion of his Grace; but why the Duke plunged into the bitter sea of politics on this occasion it is impossible to say, unless it was, as Wraxall says, from personal devotion to the Heir-Apparent. Certainly, he had no personal axe to grind.

On the recovery of the King, his Majesty, at the instance, it is believed, of the Queen and Pitt, dispensed with the Duke's services as a Lord of the Bed-chamber—which in the circumstances is not surprising.

"Indeed," the writer of the obituary notice in the *Scots Magazine* commented on the matter, "it was full time for his Grace to have retired voluntarily, as the writer of this has been pained at seeing him in the suite of royalty at Windsor, tottering along the terrace, with his hat off, and exposing his denuded temples and his cheeks, which seemed to flush with colour rather than with health, to the keen searchings

of an easterly wind, towards the latter end of August ! —and all this for a thousand a year, and the honour of being a Lord of the Bedchamber—on the part too, and in the person of, a Scotch Duke, Marquis, Earl, Viscount ; of an English Baron ; a Knight of the Thistle ; and one of the richest subjects in Europe.”

It was reported that a visit to the Continent which the Duke made at this time was occasioned by the obloquy directed against him for having gone over to the Prince of Wales ; but it is difficult to believe that this was the reason, for his Grace had a very healthy contempt for public opinion. “ They have driven old Queensberry out of England by calling him a Rat for deserting his master to hobble after a young Prince,” Lord Sydney wrote to Earl Cornwallis, February 21, 1789. “ At Calais his Grace was in doubt whether he should go to Brussels or venture to Paris, where he would have been as much abused as in London.” Opinion was not unanimous on the subject ; but it is worthy of mention that in the matter of the Regency the Duke and Selwyn for the first time in their lives thought differently in politics.

“ Government have not done very wisely in turning out the Duke of Queensberry,” Storer wrote to William Eden, and in April 1789, “ His Grace appears now in a new character, that of a martyr ; of course, if he likes it, he will be received by Opposition.” Burke, writing about the same time to Mrs. Dunlop, went further : “ His Grace is keenly attached to the Buff and Blue party ; renegades and apostates are, you know, always keen.”

The Duke did not stay abroad very long, for

Selwyn in November (1789) told the Earl of Carlisle :
“ The Duke of Queensberry looks surprisingly well.
He came from London to see me [at Richmond],
and intended, I believe, to have stayed at least to
dinner ; but his Royal Highness the Prince of Wales
interfered, as he has often done, with my pleasures ;
so the Duke dined at Carlton House.”

CHAPTER XII

LAST YEARS

AFTER he closed his Villa at Richmond the Duke of Queensberry lived almost exclusively at his house in Piccadilly. He interested himself with the collecting of books, pictures, statues, wines, and even shells, and upon these hobbies he spent considerable sums of money. Although, as has been said, he ran horses regularly until 1805, his interest in racing was by that time negligible. Cards and dice had no longer any hold on him, and his days of wagering were past. In old age, he had to abandon regular attendance at his clubs, and relied for society upon the visitors to his house. "His love of music, however," Jesse has written, "or rather, perhaps, his passion for the *figuarantes* in the *ballet*, appears to have long survived his powers of enjoyment, and to the close of his long career, he was constantly to be seen at the Opera." At this time possibly, it may be allowed that he had a real love of music. Nos. 138-139 Piccadilly, of all the Duke's residences, is the one most associated with him, and many writers have emphasized this. There, so that he might better see the passers-by, he had a balcony built out of an apartment on the first floor, and sat usually on this in fine weather, according to the caricaturists holding a parasol over his head to shield

him from the sun. There was a staircase outside from the first floor to the street, for the owner's greater convenience in old age. This remained until the thirties of the last century.

Thus Frederick Locker-Lampson has put it in his *London Lyrics* :—

“From Primrose balcony, long ago,
 ‘Old Q’ sat at gaze—who now passes below?
 A frolicsome statesman, the Man of the Day,
 A laughing philosopher, gallant and gay;
 No darling of fortune more manfully trod
 Full of years, full of fame, and the world at his nod,
Heu, anni fugaces! The wise and the silly,
 Old P or old Q—we must quit Piccadilly.”

Leigh Hunt wrote of the Duke with bitterness :—

“In the balcony of 138, on fine days in summer, used to sit, some forty years ago, a thin, withered old figure, with one eye, looking on all the females that passed him, and not displeased if they returned him whole winks for his single one. . . . He had been the Prince of the jockies of his time, and was a voluptuary and a millionaire. ‘Old Q’ was his popular appellation. He died at the age of eighty-six. We have often seen him in his balcony

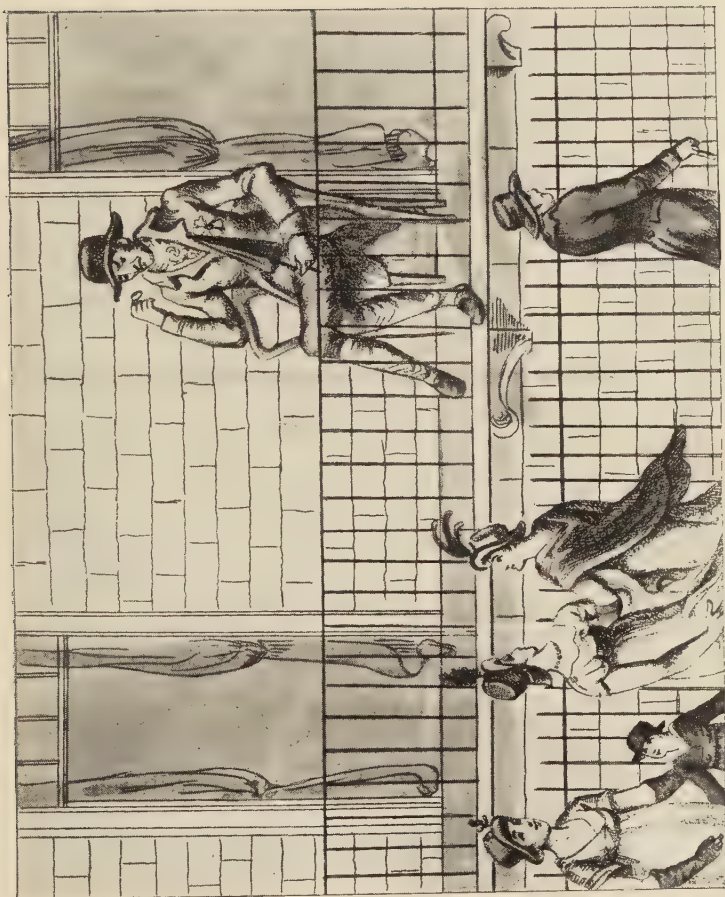
Sunning himself in Huncamunaca’s eyes ;

and wondered at the longevity of his dissipation and the prosperity of his worthlessness.”

Mr. George S. Street, in his admirable *Ghosts of Piccadilly*, conjures up a picture of the old man :—

“‘A Piccadilly Beauty
 Went out on canvassing duty.’

in 1780 for Charles Fox—Georgina, Duchess of Devonshire, the most admired, and perhaps the best-loved



"OLD Q." IN PICCADILLY

woman of her time. She strolls out from Devonshire House, and we, strolling down Piccadilly, pass Fanny Burney's lodgings at 89, and go on to the Duke of Queensberry's house at 138. We might wait twenty years or more for our stroll back and still 'Old Q' is at 138—a very old man leaning on his balcony."

"Tom" Raikes, that second-rate dandy, makes mention of him in his *Journal*. "The late Duke of Queensberry lived at the bow-window house in Piccadilly, where he was latterly always seen, looking at the people who passed by; a groom on horseback known as Jack Radford, always stood under the window, to carry along his messages to anyone whom he remarked in the street. He kept a physician in the house, and to assure attention to his health, his terms were that he should have so much per day while he lived, but not a shilling at his death.

"When he drove out, he was always alone in a dark green *vis-à-vis*, with long-tailed black horses; and during winter, with a muff, two servants behind in undress, and his groom following the carriage, to execute his commissions. He was a little sharp-looking man, very irritable, and swore like ten thousand troopers; enormously rich and selfish.

"The Duke spent the greater part of his later years at the south-east extremity of his parlour bow-window, where he sat eight or ten hours daily," so runs a passage in the obituary notice in the *Scots Magazine*. "That he might discern objects more distinctly, both male and female, and at the same time be shaded from the light a canvas blind was placed obliquely at an angle of forty-five degrees.

Behind him stood a servant out of livery, who acted the part of a *nomenclature*, and pronounced the names of such passengers as were of any distinction. So uniform was his Grace in attendance during certain fixed hours, and of such long continuance of practice, that a gentleman set out for India in quest of a fortune, and on his return actually found him fixed in the same spot."

It is impossible to write of the Duke of Queensberry without making mention of John (or Jack) Radford, the head groom—or was he Groom of the Chamber?—who was always in personal attendance upon his Grace. Because of his master's salacious reputation, it was said that his task was to follow any woman who attracted the attention of the Duke, find out who she was, and where she lived, and duly report. Occasionally this may have happened—it is a pity to try to upset a tradition; but, actually, the Duke being partially blind, Radford stood behind him on the balcony, kept him informed as to those of his friends who were passing, and every now and then was ordered to invite them to come up. The public story that a pony was kept saddled may be accepted; but it must be suggested that the duty of the pony was to take a groom to execute on the instant his Grace's commissions. The Duke, in a codicil to his will, left Radford an annuity of £200 a year, with all his horses and carriages at London and Richmond. But lest capital be made unfairly out of this, let it be noted that he left Du Bois, his house-steward for thirty years, an annuity of £200; Burrell, his confectioner, Mark Jackson, his porter, each £200; Michael, a footman, and his Italian valet, each £100 a year.

The Duke particularly interested himself on behalf of General Picton when that soldier was tried for alleged acts of cruelty done, or at least sanctioned, by him when he was Governor of Trinidad. In 1806, in a trial in the King's Bench before Lord Ellenburgh, a technical verdict of guilty was returned. There were legal arguments, which were heard in 1810, which practically ended the case, as no judgment was ever delivered. While the action was pending, Picton was promoted major-general. In the memoirs of the soldier an account of the participation of the Duke in this matter is given :—

“During the progress of this prosecution, General Picton was one day dining at the Grosvenor Coffee-house, in company with some of these friends, when Colonel Darling, who highly honoured General Picton, and was intimate with the Duke of Queensberry, joined the party. After some general conversation, Colonel Darling observed, ‘Picton, I have just left the Duke of Queensberry, and he has charged me with a message for you.’ ‘Indeed,’ replied Picton, ‘I am certainly much honoured, more especially as I never had the pleasure of being introduced to his Grace.’ ‘I know it,’ said the colonel; ‘but he has often spoken of you and your affairs in the most friendly and liberal manner.’ General Picton expressed his sense of the honour conferred upon him by the Duke. ‘And now,’ continued the colonel, ‘he wishes to show you his feelings with regard to the proceedings instituted against you, by a more decided mark of his consideration.’

“‘What do you mean, Darling?’ inquired the General with some surprise.

“‘Simply this,’ rejoined the Colonel. ‘The Duke has watched the whole course of your prosecution with much interest, and he has now desired me to express to you his entire conviction of your innocence together with the high sense which he entertains of your character.’ General Picton bowed in acknowledgment of this compliment.

“‘But that is not all,’ continued the Colonel. ‘I have just parted with him ; and to be brief, he has desired me to say, that as he is aware of the great expenses which you must incur in defending yourself against a Government prosecution, and uncertain whether your fortune can support the heavy demands upon you, he is desirous that you should make him your banker during the remainder of the proceedings. He offers you the use of any sum under ten thousand pounds.’

“Picton was for a moment silent, for this mark of consideration from a stranger astonished him. He could not immediately express his feelings ; but at length he expatiated with much earnestness on the munificent generosity of the Duke, to whom he immediately wrote a brief note, afterwards handed to Colonel Darling for perusal. In this he stated how highly flattered he was by the opinion which his Grace had expressed of him ; while, in reference to his proffered munificence, he added, ‘Had it not been for the kindness and generosity of a near relation’ (his uncle), ‘who has lent me his fortune to defend my character, I should most readily have availed myself of your disinterested liberality. At present, I am in no want of pecuniary aid ; but shall ever feel grateful for the considerate manner in which you offered me your assistance.’

“General Picton had no further communication with this eccentric but generous nobleman until two days before the departure of the General for the Peninsula. He was again at the Grosvenor Coffee-house, making preparations for his journey, when the Duke of Queensberry’s card was brought in with a request from his Grace that he would oblige him by coming to his carriage at the door for one moment. The General immediately complied with his wish ; when the Duke, shaking him warmly by the hand, after having apologised on the ground of his infirmity for not getting out, observed :—

“ ‘ General Picton, I have ventured out expressly to shake you by the hand, and bid you farewell before you leave the country, and there is one request which I have to make, and which I hope you will oblige me in.’ ”

“ The General expressed in warm terms the satisfaction which he should experience in obliging the Duke in any possible manner.

“ ‘ Well, then,’ observed the Duke, ‘ it is this : you know what vague and contradictory reports we get in the newspapers about the proceedings of our army ;—now, I want you to write me a letter occasionally—that is, whenever you can find leisure—just that I may know the truth.’ ”

In the last years of the Duke of Queensberry there were frequent rumours of his death. Lady Jerningham, in 1801, wrote from Paris to her daughter, Lady Bedingfield : “ *Lord et Lady Yarmouth sont encore ici, quoique ‘ Old Quiz ’ soit mourant à Londres.* ”

About this time more than one set of verses was written by this or that catchpenny writer.

Elegy on the supposed death of the Duke of Queensberry in 1804.

“*Longa Tythonum minuit Senectus.*”—Horace.

“And what is all this grand *to do*
That runs each street and alley through ?
’Tis the departure of ‘Old Q,’
The Star of Piccadilly.

“The King, God bless him ! gave a whew !
‘Two dukes just dead—a third gone too,
What ! what ! could nothing save “old Q ?”
The Star of Piccadilly.’

“‘Thank Heaven ! thank Heaven !’ exclaims Miss Prue ;
‘My mother, and grandmother too,
Can now walk safe from that vile “Q,”
The Star of Piccadilly.’

“The jockey boys, Newmarket’s crew,
Who know a ‘little thing—or two,’
Cry out : ‘He’s done ! We’ve done “Old Q !”
The Star of Piccadilly.’

“On Richmond’s sunny bank there grew
’Midst violets sweet, a wanton yew,
Crabbed and old ; and that mourns ‘Q,’
The Star of Piccadilly.

“The Monsieurs and Signoras too,
Like cats in love set up their mew,
‘*Ah morto, morto, pov’ ro* “Q !”
The Star of Piccadilly.’

“Townshends, Macmanus, all the hue
And cry of Bow Street, each purlieu,
Each little corner, wants its ‘Q’ ;
The Star of Piccadilly.

“Poll, Peggy, Cath’rine, Patty, Sue,
Descendants of old dames he knew,
All mourn your tutor, ancient ‘Q,’
The Star of Piccadilly.”

On the supposed Death of Old Q.

“*Non mortes, sed mores, facient martyres.*”—St. Austin.

“Snug, but done up, a shepherd grey
Must rot beneath the sod ;
Cherubs in cotton wrap his heart,
And bear it to his God.

“The ‘gem’ of Piccadilly’s lost,
The first, or last, of men.
‘Take him bright Heaven,’ Newmarket roared,
And Epsom groaned, ‘Amen !’

“Spadilli and Banti hung their ears :
Pam snivelled and looked sad ;
The ‘Queen of Hearts’ with horror gazed,
And all the ‘Knaves’ went mad.

“‘He’s borrow’d,’ ‘he’s gone home,’ ‘he’s dished,’
‘He’s thrown,’ ‘his race is done,’
‘He’s had,’ ‘he’s smashed,’ ‘he’s tipt all Nine,’
‘He’s spilt,’ ‘he’s cut and run !’

“He’s willed Dame ‘Phillips’ all his skin,
To ‘Liptrap’ all his spirit,
His brains ‘St. Luke’s,’ his blood to ‘Brooks,’
To ‘Boothby’ all his merit.

“When ragged virtue ’neath a hedge
His dexter eye surveyed,
Begashed and gored by sportive fate,
He cheered the half-clad maid.

.

“Oh ! lifeless, luckless, starless Q !
Cupid’s bonne bouche and dread,
The *Nymphs* ’clept *Cyprian* shall trim,
And make him decent—dead !

“That is if *Death*, or *Hell*, or *Jove*,
Or Tipstaff, which you will :
While ladies finger his remains,
Can the peer lie still ? ”

To the popular tune of "Come listen awhile to my lay," etc.

"You've heard of the once sporting fame
Of him who has now run his race
I mean that blood stallion, by name
'Old Q,' or some call'd him, 'Your Grace.'
No meeting in youth would be shun ;
Nay, the dog was so knowing and arch,
He was 'bang up' at all, was his fun ;
And he tipp'd knowing jockeys—the *March*.
Sing tol de rol lol, etc.

"As fix'd as the starting-post he,
On Knavesmire and Epsom appeared ;
He knew how to bribe with a fee,
But he ne'er was himself to be—'queer'd.'
Well-train'd were his blood horses—fleet ;
Like wind o'er the course they would scud,
While each rider so firm in his seat,
Did honour to Queensberry's stud.

"But if for the sweepstake or plate,
'Old Q' would with energy start ;
'Twas equally order'd by Fate,
He should race after every girl's heart.
On the charms of dear woman he'd doat ;
Nay, to speak plain, I'll tell ye, between us—
O'er a post had you clapp'd petticoat,
He'd have instantly sworn 'twas some Venus.

"But age, that will weaken the limbs,
And check the bold speed of *Eclipse*,
Dous'd one of his rare stallion's flims,
And made him grow stiff in the hips.
Nevertheless he would not yield an inch,
In loosening bright Beauty's dear zone,
'Twas his maxim—'The dog that can flinch,
Is not prime—But I'm blood to the bone.'

"Well, what though the old buck's done up,
He dash'd away while he was able ;
So his mem'ry ensures him Fame's cup,
With every true friend of the stable.
As for daughters of Cythera's isle,
They'll drain all the sluices of grief ;
Till 'Four-in-hand blades' make 'em smile,
'Prime'—'bang-up-boys'—will bring them relief."

The Duke was a subject of much interest, and a good deal was written about him in the newspapers of his day—take, as an example, the following paragraph, headed, “How to Live, after a Ducal Recipe” :—

“ If the Duke —— of Q—— does not extend his life to a still longer period, it will not be for the want of culinary comforts and those other succulent arts by which longevity is best promoted. His Grace’s sustenance is thus daily administered : at seven in the morning he regales in a warm milk-bath, perfumed with almond powder, where he takes his coffee and a buttered muffin, and afterwards retires to bed ; he rises about nine, and breakfasts on *café au lait* with new-laid eggs just parboiled ; at eleven he is presented with two warm jellies and rusks, at one he eats a veal cutlet *à la Maintenon* ; at three jellies and eggs repeated ; at five a cup of chocolate and rusks ; at seven he takes a hearty dinner from high-seasoned dishes, and makes suitable libations of claret and madeira ; at ten tea, coffee, and muffins ; at twelve sups off a roast pullet, with a plentiful dilution of lime-punch. At one a.m. he retires to bed in high spirits and sleeps till three, when his man-cook, to the moment waits upon him in person with a hot and savoury veal cutlet, which with a potation of wine and water, prepares for his further repose, that continues generally uninterrupted till the morning summons to his lactean bath. In this routine of loving comforts are the four-and-twenty hours invariably divided ; so that, if his Grace does not know with Sir Toby Belch that ‘ our life is composed

of the four elements,' he knows at least with Sir Andrew Aguecheek 'that it consists in eating and drinking' ! "

The Duke, when he was getting old, had the utmost respect for his health, and he took all possible means to preserve it. He was attended by Père Elisée, who had been physician to Louis XV, whom he paid handsomely for every day he lived, it being understood that when he had passed there should be no further claim. As a matter of fact a legacy of £5000 was left him.

From 1803 he was also attended by John Fuller, of 112, Piccadilly, an apothecary. A descendant, Mr. H. Julian Fuller, of the Inner Temple, says in his interesting pamphlet: '*Old Q' and the Apothecary*, that Fuller "had the doubtful privilege of acquiring 'Old Q' as a patient," and remarks, "One shudders to think what it must have been to dance attendance upon an aged gentleman who swore like ten thousand troopers, and who, it will be seen, obdurately refused to pay!" Not that the Duke wished to deny his indebtedness to his apothecary, he merely was unwilling to be bothered with a question which, in his opinion, could be dealt with suitably by his executors. Hence it was when the Duke drew his last breath on December 23, 1810, Mr. Fuller had paid 9,250 visits to his ducal patient, had slept on 1,215 different occasions at No. 138, Piccadilly, and further, had ruined his practice by this constant attention—all without payment, save for £73 10s. for an early illness of the Duke's in 1803 entailing thirty-five nights' vigil. After the death of the Duke,

the executors invited Fuller to send in his claim against the estate.

“At first,” we are told, “Mr. John Fuller told the executors that he was quite unable to determine on what principle to charge—the attendance having been of so extraordinary a nature—but finally he sent in an account, fixing the amount at £12,000, a sum which the Earl of Yarmouth, the father of the residuary legatees, said at the time, and afterwards in Court, was not at all unreasonable in view of the circumstances. But now a difficulty arose. Some of the beneficiaries under the will being minors, the executors did not feel justified in paying out so large a sum without the sanction of the Court, and Mr. Fuller had to embark on what proved to be a most important action.”

This is not the place to discuss the points in law that arose. The case was tried by Chief Justice Mansfield and a jury. Here is an extract from the opening speech of Sergeant Vaughan, who led for the plaintiff: “In the year 1803 his Grace parted with his former apothecary on account of his infirmity. It therefore became necessary for him to look for another. The choice was difficult, for it will naturally be supposed, as the fact was, that in the advanced state of life at which he had arrived—for he was then seventy-eight years of age—he should have been subject to various infirmities and complaints—having been then recently attacked with a severe fit of illness, his object was to find some person of skill and eminence in the medical profession to whom he could confide. Looking around him he cast his eyes on Mr. Fuller. . . . His

Grace was so much pleased with the attention of Mr. Fuller during his illness that he determined to continue him constantly about his person. It is necessary to remark that his Grace had for some time been subject to vertigo and swimming of the head which we all know are oftentimes the symptoms and forerunners of more serious diseases. . . . His Grace resolved that some medical man should be constantly assistant to his domestics, fearing that, notwithstanding their care and attention, some error might be committed during one of his customary fits, and that without the aid of a medical attendant he might be unexpectedly lost. Under these circumstances Mr. Fuller was employed for a series of years. In order to estimate the nature of his services you must consider the personal sacrifices he has made to enable him to render those services. When I state to you that he was a man of high professional character and in great business, I need use no argument to persuade you that his business must have materially suffered from his attendance on the Duke of Queensberry. It was under these circumstances the attendance of the plaintiff began and continued till the year 1810, comprising a period of seven and a half years, and during which period it appears that the plaintiff slept in the house of the Duke of Queensberry 1215 nights at his special desire—that during that time he made 2511 constant visits of about two hours each in the day—there were other visits of from three to four hours each, to the amount of 1507 visits, and, besides these, there were 4017 visits of about half an hour each, the average duration of the visits of medical persons. These visits comprised a

prodigious portion of his time, trespassing materially upon his ordinary employment and his domestic comforts, for he was subject to be called up, as you will hear from the Duke's confidential servants, at all hours of the night. His attendance upon his Grace you will, of course, conclude must have been extremely irksome. The Duke would not allow him to go to bed till he was himself at rest. He would have the room darkened and would oblige the plaintiff to sit up with him for hours till he fell into a dose, and then at last Mr. Fuller, fatigued and harassed, was happy if he could get to his own bed."

The Earl of Yarmouth, Sir Henry Halford, Dr Ainsley, and Mr. Home, deposed that the charge was reasonable, considering the sacrifices made by the plaintiff. Mr. Serjeant Shepherd contended, on the part of the executors, that the plaintiff's demand could not be discharged without the decision of a court of law. He attributed the present claim to a disappointment which the plaintiff had sustained by not receiving a legacy from the Duke. The Judge left the jury to decide whether the Duke had promised to remunerate Fuller for his services, as in that case he could recover a moderate reward for his assistance. The jury retired from the box, and on their return, found for the plaintiff—damages, seven thousand five hundred pounds.

Towards the end of his life, the Duke of Queensberry must have been indeed a lonely man. Near relations he had none, and he had, of course, outlived most of his contemporaries. Nearly all his intimate friends had predeceased him. "Dick" Edgecumbe died young, "Bully" Bolingbroke in 1787, George Selwyn

in 1791, Horace Walpole in 1797, Anthony Morris Storer in 1799, Richard Vernon in 1800, "Gilly," Williams in 1805, Fox in 1806. Of the rest, "Fish" Crauford survived until 1814; and the Earl of Carlisle, who was younger than the others, until 1825. Yet, though deaf in one ear, and blind in one eye, he contrived to preserve his spirits and his usual good-temper.

William Windham noted in his Diary, September 25, 1805: "Went in to the Duke of Queensberry, whom I saw at his window; full of life, but very difficult to communicate with, and greatly declined in bodily power."

With Sir Nathaniel Wraxall, whom he had known for a long time, the Duke, in spite of the disparity of years between them, became more and more intimate. "As he had too sound an understanding not to despise every species of flattery," Wraxall noted, "we sometimes entered upon discussions, during the course of which he was not always master of himself. I have now before my eyes his last note to me, written by himself in pencil, only a short time before his death. It runs thus: 'I hope you will accept this as an apology for my irritable behaviour when you called this morning. I will explain all when I see you again.'"

Further to quote Wraxall, who, while realising his friend's faults, yet had considerable admiration for him: "Few noblemen have occupied a more conspicuous place about the Court and the town, during at least half a century, under the reigns of George the Second and Third. Like Wilmot, Earl of Rochester, he pursued pleasures in every shape, and with as

much ardour at fourscore as he had at twenty. After exhausting all the gratifications of human life, towards its close he sat down at his residence, near Hyde Park Corner, where he remained a spectator of that moving scene, which Johnson denominated 'the full tide of human existence,' but in which he could no longer take a very active part. I lived in almost daily habits of intercourse with him when I was in London, during the last seven years of his protracted career. His person had then become a wreck : but not so his mind. Seeing with only one eye, hearing very imperfectly with one ear, nearly toothless, and labouring under multiplied infirmities, he possessed all his intellectual faculties, including his memory. Never did any man retain more animation, or manifest a sounder judgment. Even his figure, though emaciated, still remained elegant ; his manners were noble and polished ; his conversation gay, always entertaining, generally original, rarely instructive, frequently libertine, indicating a strong, sagacious, masculine intellect, with a thorough knowledge of man. If I were compelled to name the particular individual who had received from nature the keenest common sense of any person I ever knew, I should select the Duke of Queensberry. Unfortunately, his sources of information, the turf, the drawing-room, the theatre, the great world—were not the most pure, nor the best adapted to impress him with a favourable idea of his own species. Information as acquired by books, he always treated with contempt ; and used to ask me what advantage or solid benefit I had ever derived from the knowledge that he supposed me to possess of history ; a question which it was

not easy for me satisfactorily to answer, either to him or to myself."

The Duke of Queensberry's last illness was thought to have been brought on by a surfeit of fruit. He lingered but a few days, and passed away in his eighty-sixth year on December 23, 1810. He was privately interred seven days later in a vault in the chancel under the communion table of St. James's Church, Piccadilly.

"Notwithstanding the libertine life that he had lived," Wraxall wrote after the death of the Duke, "he contemplated with great fervour and composure of mind his approaching end, and almost imminent dissolution; while Dr. Johnson, a man of exemplary moral conduct, and personally courageous, could not hear the mention of death, nor look, without shuddering, at a thigh-bone in a churchyard. The Duke of Queensberry, like Sheffield Duke of Buckingham, might have said with doubt—

'Incertus morior, non perturbatus.'"

With his death the barony of Douglas of Amesbury, co. Wilts, and the Earldom of Ruglen became extinct. The Earldom of March went to the family of Wemyss. The Marquisate of Queensberry devolved on a cousin, Sir Charles Douglas of Kilhead, and the Dukedom on another cousin, Henry Scott, Duke of Buccleuch. The estates went to the Duke of Buccleuch and Sir Charles Douglas.

The decease of the Duke, Wraxall mentions, occasioned more than ordinary emotion throughout London. Indeed, it is not too much to say, throughout the kingdom, owing to the very considerable

number of people who were interested in the distribution of his fortune. Wraxall gives the amount of his Grace's personal property as about £900,000, of which sum he gave away nearly £700,000 in legacies, the remainder being bequeathed to the Countess of Yarmouth. Another estimate of his wealth is £1,120,000. Cunningham states that the legacy duty came to £120,000.

There was a will formally executed; then no less than twenty-five codicils more or less irregularly drawn. "The residue of personal estate," said the *Gentleman's Magazine* for February 1811, "was left to Lady Yarmouth's daughter and Lady Yarmouth's youngest son, at twenty-one, with benefit of survivorship, if both die under twenty-one, to Lady Yarmouth and her eldest son. By the will, which was legally executed and attested by three witnesses, so as to convey freehold property, he devised all his freehold and copyhold estates to Lord and Lady Yarmouth and their children. This devise is, however, revoked by the codicils, and pecuniary legacies to the amount of £250,000 made instead, but as the codicils are only so many sheets of notepaper, they are insufficient to revoke the devise legally made by the will; so that, by this informality, which his Grace did not seem to be aware of, Lord and Lady Yarmouth will receive an enormous amount more than his Grace seems to have intended." To Lady Yarmouth also was left the house in Piccadilly and Richmond and the stables in Brick Street for her separate use.

To Edward Bullock Douglas he left £150,000 and all his books and pictures at Piccadilly and Richmond. He bequeathed £20,000 to Colonel Thomas. £10,000

each to the Duchess of Somerset, the Countess of Dunmore, neither of whom wanted the money; Lady Anne Hamilton, who was not in affluent circumstances, yet generously made over the bequest in its entirety to her brother, Lord Archibald Hamilton; Lady Susan Fincastle, Lord William Gordon, Lady William Gordon, Lieutenant-General Sir Charles Gregan-Crauford, his brother, Major-General Robert Crauford, Lady Elizabeth Montgomerie, Sir James Montgomerie, Colonel Douglas, Major Douglas, Captain Douglas, Mr. Veitch, the Rev. F. Hamilton, Colonel Matthew Sharpe, and Captain Woodford (probably Field-Marshal Sir Alexander George Woodford, or his younger brother, Major-General Sir John George Woodford). Five thousand pounds each was left to Andrew Dickie, Père Elisée, William Murray, Madame Martinville, Major-General Sir Thomas Picton (whom the Duke had earlier befriended), the Countess de Ranault, the Lock Hospital, and St. George's Hospital. Lord Sidmouth inherited £4000, Miss O'Connor £2000, Madame Dorton, General Richard Fitzpatrick (the friend of Fox), Lady Hamilton ("Nelson's Emma"), Sir Nathaniel Wraxall, and Lady Wraxall, £1000 each. Kitty Frederick, at one time his mistress, received only £200; but he had doubtless earlier made provision for her. Besides the legacies left to them, there was an annuity of £1000 for Colonel Thomas, and annuities of £500 for Lady Hamilton, General Sir Charles Crauford, and General Fitzpatrick. The cheque clerk at Coutts's Bank who kept his account received £600 a year for life; Salpietro, leader of the orchestra at the Italian Opera £100 a year; there were weekly allowances

to poor people in London, Richmond, and Newmarket; while his servants, as has been mentioned, were not forgotten.

Owing to the irregularities, his executors, Sir James Montgomerie, Bart., Edward Bullock Douglas, and William Murray, had to put the estate into Chancery, where it remained for some years. "The legacies of the late Duke of Queensberry," the *Gentleman's Magazine* for November 1816, stated, "are at length to be paid, by an order of the Court of Chancery, from the funds paid into Court, subject to the claims of the tenants, who had paid large sums for the renewal of their leases, some of which have been reduced, but the great cause, in which the Countess of Yarmouth and two of her children are plaintiffs, and Lord Yarmouth and others are defendants, is still in dependence. The accumulations of interest on the money bequeathed by the Duke are immense. They will make a handsome addition to the legatees who may survive the proceedings in Chancery." The pity was that by this time some of the legatees died without receiving benefit under the will, and among them was the Duke's old friend, Emma, Lady Hamilton.

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